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August 25, 1928

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Arnold Bennett—Owen P. White—H. C. Witwer
Kathleen Norris—Rob Wagner—Grantland Rice

AUG. 25, 1928

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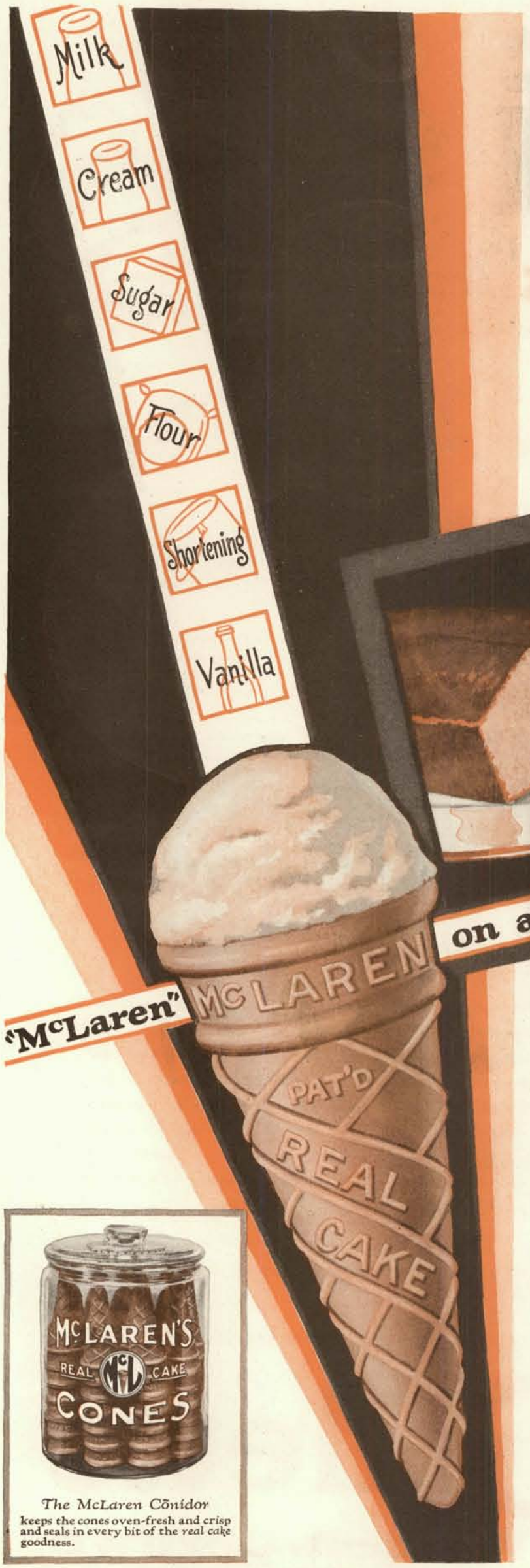

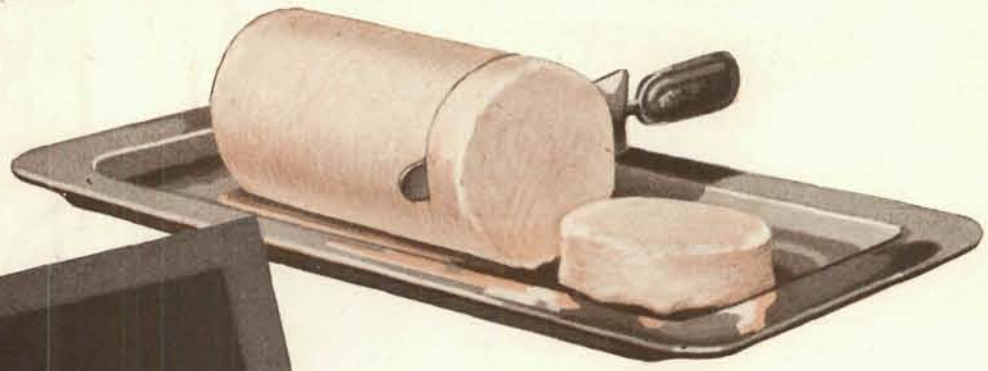

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McLAREN
Real Cake CONES

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CROWDED DAYS The jangle of telephones, a sea of papers on your desk, a stampede of interruptions—and the day is over before you've accomplished all you intended to. Night after night you go home really tired—with nerves perhaps a bit on edge. Then your Gillette Blade has a double job to do in the morning—but it *must* give you the same easy comfort that you get on more leisurely days.

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Jumpy nerves

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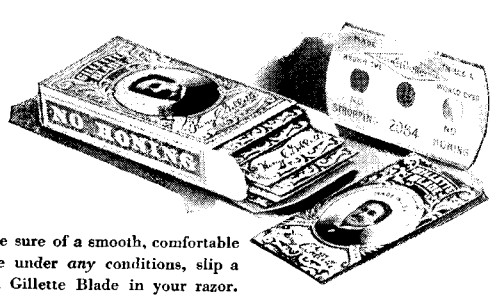
Gillette makes this promise to every one of the 28,000,000 Gillette users in America. To keep it we have spent, during the last ten years, millions of dollars for blade improvements alone—500 patents, embodied in machine processes that are accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch and timed to one one-thousandth of a second; a factory system that makes four out of every nine workers inspectors and nothing else, and pays a bonus for detecting every single blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

All this, so that *every* Gillette Blade may play its smooth, even-tempered part in your daily shave, every morning.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under *any* conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

Gillette

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The Seven Policemen

By ARNOLD BENNETT

When your sister accuses you of leading a double life, it's time to keep your eye on her

THE click of the door latch awoke Mr. Cecil Glasper, who, like lightning and with a duplicity unworthy of his age, profession and reputation, seized the book on his knee and pretended to have been reading. His sister Camilla, maiden, stood at the door in street attire.

"So you aren't gone to bed, my dear," said Camilla, in her clear, quick, prim tones. She was a tall and slender young woman of thirty, with a fair face, fluffy light hair, thin lips and nose, very neat, very alert, very good-humored, and her habitual expression denoted an amicable quizzicalness.

"Apparently not, dearest," said Cecil, from the vasty depths of his easy-chair, and glanced at the clock. "It's half past two."

"I know," said Camilla calmly. "It's even 2:33."

"Four," said Cecil. "Your cheeks are quite flushed."

"The wind."

Cecil was a brownish, benevolent, benignant bachelor of forty, who, because he somewhat neglected his mirror and troubled himself not about a certain increase of girth, looked rather more than his years. He had thin lips beneath a too heavy mustache, and his habitual expression denoted an amicable quizzicalness.

BROTHER and sister lived together and understood one another in a house of medium size in Blanesfield Terrace, Pimlico, London. If they were rich, it was only in the sense that while achieving comfort they spent less than they earned. Cecil had been for a long time, and forever and ever would be, the trusted secretary of two wealthy philanthropic societies devoted to the welfare of poor gentlewomen. Camilla had some renown as a competent translator of formidable works from the German and the Russian, and her learned labors brought a few hundred pounds a year into the home.

"And where've you been?" Cecil inquired.

"Oh, Chelsea," Camilla answered.

Cecil knew that Chelsea meant the studio of an austere middle-aged sculptor and his young wife.

"So late?"

"Well, we were talking—you know! And there was some dancing."

"Oh, a party!"

"No, no!"

"And did you dance?"

"My dear!"

If modern dance music was mentioned in their presence, brother and sister would remark quizzically that they were fond of *music*. In theory neither danced. But Cecil had suspicions about Camilla. He happened to be leading rather a double life himself, to his own surprise and consternation. Hence, quite naturally and uncharitably, he suspected similar possibilities in his dear Camilla. Camilla had once nearly been engaged, during the war. An astonishing episode, for Camilla could be caustic concerning men. The admirer died of a wound.

This event filled her with grief, of which she never spoke. Everybody noticed that it had intensified her causticity and fixed her in spinsterdom.

"I say, Cess!" Camilla's accents were soft and cajoling. She loosed her cloak, threw her hat on the carpet, and sat down on the high hassock or pouf which flanked Cecil's easy-chair on the hearth.

At this point Cecil observed, not without mute expostulation, that Camilla held in her hand a letter addressed to a Miss Alison Cockburn. A couple of hours earlier he had written this letter and placed it on the hall table, where letters for post were usually deposited for the attention of servants who would post them.

Said Cecil, controlling his voice:

Illustrated by G. PATRICK NELSON

"Come out of it. Come down, and quickly, that's my advice to you, my man." Cecil's worst sensation was of looking a fool

"Isn't the address right?"

Said Camilla, with infinite tact:

"I expect you're going out with her again one night?"

"Well, I had had the wild idea."

"Now, Cess, please, please don't think I'm trying to interfere in your affairs—"

Cecil thought:

"That's just what you are doing."

"But are you sure you won't regret it? I've nothing against her. No, nothing. But I understand she's very young, and you told me yourself she never went to bed and never got up. And I've heard other things."

"Who from?"

"Well, friends who know her."

"Oh, so you talk about her?"

"No, we *don't*."

"Well, then?"

"She just happened to come into the conversation."

"Tonight?"

"Yes. All I want is to meet her. Can't you ask her here? Can't *I* write and ask her here?" Camilla's manner was appealing.

THE talk continued, and it was the oddest talk that Cecil had ever had with his sister. They were always affectionately intimate, apart from a few brief, estranging squabbles over trifles, and yet Cecil somehow felt that they were now being intimate for the first time in their lives. He admired the skill with which she managed the colloquy. Oh, yes, he perceived her cleverness! But this perception did not prevent him from being influenced by the said cleverness.

"Very well," Cecil agreed at length, like a good boy, and he took the letter from Camilla's hand. "Enough said. It's after three. I'll listen to your further wisdom tomorrow."

"You won't post it?"

"Do I run out posting letters at 3 A. M.? Off you go to bed!"

Camilla got up and collected her things. Advanced though the hour was, she looked as fresh as the morn. No trace of fatigue on that sharp, agreeable, vivacious countenance. But a touch of conquering superiority in her final glance.

It was the tactless final glance that vitalized the man in Cecil Glasper. He suddenly saw the scene with Camilla as something monstrous and incredible. The interview had no meaning except on the assumption that he was in love, or about to be in love, with a girl too young for him, a girl whom friends had discussed unfavorably, a dangerous girl, a girl whom Camilla wanted to probe before the alleged affair went any further. And Camilla had had the infernal impudence to bring to him a letter which was practically already posted. And he with his ridiculous good

Table of contents on page 49

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nature, had quietly accepted the chit's rebuke!

Cecil rose out of his chair, and his anger rose also. There *was* no affair. (Untrue!) There was the merest acquaintance. (Untrue!) The girl was perfectly all right, perfectly correct, indeed charming. And he would certainly see her again, no matter what answer she made to his letter. He would see her as often as he chose; he would see her every night; he would come home from seeing her at any hour he chose; he would come home at 2:30 A. M. if the whim took him to do so; he would stay out all night, and nobody should dare utter a word of comment upon his proceedings. He liked Camilla; Camilla was fine, but there is a limit to sisterly interference.

And so on and so on.

He would make a stand for freedom; he would terrorize the whole house; freedom was the first prize of life, the heritage of Britons, and he had conducted himself like a milksop. Did he ever attack Camilla's freedom? . . ."

HE PASSED into the hall, waving the letter in the defiant curves of a banner of liberty. He seized his hat, opened the front door, stepped forth and pulled the door to very gently lest Camilla might hear! The letter should be posted.

"Women!" muttered Cecil to himself with grandeur as he walked smartly up the terrace. "I suppose they *are* all the same. Jealous! Hate one another!" Hitherto he had thought that his sister was different from other women, and he was sorry to admit that this idea had been an illusion.

"She's lost all her sense of proportion," he thought.

"Seemed to imagine I could be duped by a woman," he thought. "That she can judge a woman better than I can! That's good, that is! Considering that I'm having to deal with women at the office all day and every day! Hm!"

When he reached the corner the wind, scurrying gustily down another street, nearly blew his hat off, and he saved it only by clutching at it with his free hand. Possibly, therefore, the flush on Camilla's cheeks when she came into the house might really have been due to the wind, as she had said, and not to another cause, as he had been surmising. He was glad, but also sorry, for he desired to condemn Camilla.

Then he saw his goal, the mail box.

And, after the slightest hesitation, he passed it.

"A bit of walk will do me good," said he to himself, and strolled on and on, and passed another mail box. The streets were completely deserted, mysterious, attractive, soothing. Clouds sailed romantically across the dimmed face of the moon. He had not been out so late for years and years. He felt young and adventurous. He traversed the wide waste of the expansive Cadogan region. Jolly to be abroad in the night. He arrived at yet another mail box, and with a sudden movement, unconsidered and audacious, he pushed the fatal letter through the slit and heard it fall on the metal bottom of the receptacle. Probably it was the first letter to occupy that box since the midnight clearance.

"There!" He had done it. "And be hanged to Camilla! I'll teach her!"

No! Indeed, he had not explicitly told Camilla that he would not post the letter. He had perhaps been guilty of fencing, but she could not say that he had promised not to post the letter. Anyhow, he had posted the letter. And she could like it or lump it. Of course he could say, if dissension arose, that he had accidentally left the letter lying in the drawing-room and that a servant had posted it.

Then, as he was skirting a large private garden, shared by the wealthy tenants of a row of tall residences, the boisterous wind lifted the old soft hat clean off his head before he could clutch it, and he saw it wing its way over high railings into the inclosed ground. There it lay, an indistinct object on the sward, only twenty feet distant from him, but as irrecoverable as if it had been twenty miles distant. Awkward, that! He felt abashed by the contretemps He had only one hat (except an antique silk hat, reserved for rare funerals, weddings, and other sad solemnities). Camilla often brushed his sole hat in the morning. And more than once lately she had insisted that he positively must buy a new one. In a few hours she would be missing the hat. She would be inquiring. There would be a regular hullabaloo. He would be forced to confess that he had gone out after she had retired to bed, and had lost the hat. And that fact, in conjunction with the disappearance of the letter. . . . Putting two and two together and making four. . . . Yes, awkward!

HE DECIDED to retrieve the hat. He glanced around. Nobody! Nothing but the gas lamps! Not a light in any of the tall houses, save at one lofty, blinded window, far off. Someone ill, or someone sleepless!

Solitude! He was safe in the depth of the night.

The upright iron rods of the railing were eight inches or so apart, perhaps seven feet high and spiked at the top. Between them were shorter rods, four feet high, also spiked, and all the rods were joined together by two horizontal rails, one three feet and the other six feet from the pavement. He could do it, by stepping first on the lower rail, then on the spike of one of the shorter rods, and then prizing himself up till he was astraddle of the upper rail. He was young enough. This notion that he was old, or even middle-aged, was preposterous. As for his activity, had he not proved it in certain rhythmic exercises with the person named on the envelope of the letter now lying in the mail box?

He had his right toe on the lower rail in a moment and on the spike of one of the shorter rods in another moment. He seized in either hand the spikes of the two higher rods, and used his muscles. . . . Not so easy, still, he was young and agile, and the thing could be done. . . . At length he was triumphantly astride of the upper spikes, insecure, as on a horse without stirrups. The next feat would be to cock his outer leg over the spike in front of him on to the inner side of the railings.

Perilous! He dared not try it. He was afraid of falling in a lump on the empty flower bed that bordered the lawn of the garden. He was stuck. His legs were fixed, moveless. The rough, chill wind disturbed his hair. He called himself by evil epithets. His muttered language was unprintable. Something must be done. Nothing could be done. Clump, clump, clump on the pavement. Surely not a policeman? Yes, a policeman! The majestic figure (not fat, with a face quite youthful) stopped beneath him, half lit by the flicker of a gas lamp.

"Women!" thought Cecil bitterly.

The policeman saw an untidy, suspect person, hatless and guiltily self-conscious, perched aloft.

"Hello!" he greeted Cecil hoarsely. "What's this?"

"I was getting my hat," answered Cecil. "It's blown off into the garden here."

Even to Cecil himself the tale sounded far-fetched and silly. "It's down there on the grass," he added.

"Where?" asked the policeman. "I can't see any hat."

Cecil examined the lawn, but he could not see any hat either. The wind had evidently moved it on into some distant shadow.

"Well," said Cecil, "it was there a minute ago."

HE FELT very unstable as well as cold. He was by no means accustomed to the nocturnal rigors of the equinox in London. Further, he was extremely uncomfortable, squeezed between two spikes and seated on a sort of narrow iron steed that was all spine and no flesh or ribs.

"Do you live in one of these houses?" the policeman demanded, his tone growing more curt.

"N-no," said Cecil. "I was just passing."

"At this time of night?"

"Yes," said Cecil. "At this time. Couldn't have been any other time, could it, officer?"

This attempt to be frolicsome with the policeman was ill-judged.

"If you don't live in one of these houses, you're trespassing," said the policeman harshly. "Because this garden's private property, and so's the railings. If you've taken a fancy to go in for being an acrobat, you ought to try it on your own railings. Where do you live?"

"Blanesfield Terrace."

"Oh! So it's Blanesfield Terrace, is it? Nowhere near here. I suppose you'll say you came out for a bit of exercise?"

"No. I came out to post a letter."

"Well, there's about ten mail boxes and a post office between here and Blanesfield Terrace. What about it?" And as Cecil did not answer the question the policeman concluded: "Come out of it. Come down now, and quickly, that's my advice to you, my man."

"I can't get down. I'm stuck," protested Cecil, whose worst sensation was the sensation of looking and feeling a fool.

"See here," said the policeman, with menace. "Shall I have to pull you down?"

"I wish to heaven you would," said Cecil.

"Got any tools in your pocket?"

"Tools?"

"Yes'm, tools. A jimmy, for instance?"

"Fountain pen," said Cecil. "That's the best I can do for you."

At this juncture Cecil, from his eyrie, saw a most extraordinary phenomenon, namely, a file of six policemen with simultaneous clump, clump, clump, on the opposite pavement. He wondered for an instant whether he was not in bed and dreaming, but the reality of the

"I'm so glad I found you in. I telephoned to the office, and they said you hadn't come"

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rail which divided his dangling legs was beyond any metaphysical challenge.

"Here, lads!" said the original policeman.

The stalwart string of constables curved in obedience to the summons, crossed the road, and drew up beneath Cecil in military order.

Said the original policeman:

"Here's a cove says he's armed with a fountain pen. Seems as if he climbed up there to write a letter to his sweetheart. 'Because I love thee!' And he refuses to come down. Pull him down, two or three of you."

The railings were instantly clustered with policemen. One of them, with unnecessary violence, lifted Cecil's right leg over the upper rail. Cecil fell on top of two others, and the trio collapsed on the pavement, with no damage other than a rent a foot long in Cecil's trousers.

"Don't loose him," the original policeman commanded. "He looks a bit too slippy for my taste."

Cecil was pitched upward to his feet, and seized by both arms in the grip of the law.

"Where did you say you lived, my man?"

"Blanesfield Terrace."

"What number?"

"Seventeen."

"Well, we'll have a look at No. 17 Blanesfield Terrace," said the first policeman. "Then we'll have a look at the Walton Street police station. Come on with him, lads."

"I'll go quietly," said Cecil, attempting vainly to free his arms.

"You bet you will," said the policeman.

As he walked in shame, one policeman in front, one on either side, and four behind, Cecil reflected upon the mutability of human existence. A few minutes earlier he had been a respectable householder, an educated man, a secretary to philanthropic societies of the highest standing. Now he was a criminal. Hitherto he had always regarded policemen as benevolent beings who said "sir," and interrupted the progress of three-ton lorries in order to facilitate the progress of perambulators. Now policemen were adamantine robots of the law, without bowels.

UNTIL the arrival of the cortège at his own house Cecil Glasper kept his promise to go quietly, though he had been somewhat tried by the ribaldry of three customers of the Sloane Square coffee stall, close by which the policemen had too deliberately marched him, whereas it would have been quicker and more humane to take the prisoner diagonally across the square. These three customers, two men and a woman, were in rich evening dress, but their demeanor and their remarks were unworthy of their attire. "Looks as if he might have been respectable once," the lady had taunted, with a wanton, loose giggle. Cecil, hitherto quite unacquainted with nocturnal London, had felt outraged by the monstrous manners of a great and supposed-to-be-civilized city. Nevertheless he had contrived to maintain an outwardly calm dignity.

As they were mounting the steps of No. 17, however, one of the two pinioning policemen slipped and fell on his knees. Did he loose Cecil's arm, as any policeman of decent feelings would? He did not. He dragged Cecil down with him. Under a sudden, angry impulse Cecil fought for freedom. Useless! All seven were instantly upon him. The coarse, physical brutality of the law astounded and shocked him. He ceased to fight.

"Got a latch key?" demanded his original captor.

"Say, 'I love you, darling,'" said the telephone

"Men usually have," Cecil icily replied.

"Where is it?"

"In my pocket—strange to say."

"No lip, my lad," No. 1 warned him.

"You can use anything I say against me," said Cecil, in a lashing tone.

"Which pocket?"

"Left-hand hip pocket. I'll get it for you."

"Oh, no, you won't," said No. 1, and began to search Cecil's pockets.

WITH a curious moral cruelty, and entirely ignoring the information given to him by Cecil, No. 1 investigated first the prisoner's left-hand front pocket, then the right-hand front pocket, then the right-hand hip pocket and finally the left-hand hip pocket, from which his fingers emerged with a bunch of keys. The groping of another man's hands in the sacred privacy of his pocket, hitherto immaculate, was Cecil's last humiliation, an insult which he nobly swallowed.

In a moment the door was wide open.

"I hope you're convinced now of my bona fides," observed Cecil, with increasing nobility.

"Convinced of his what?" cried No. 1, leering at the others, and gave an enormous laugh.

All the others responded with enormous laughs: noise enough to wake the sedate terrace from end to end.

"Shove him in, lads," ordered No. 1. "Him and his bona fides too. Bona fides, eh! I daresay he's only a lodger here. Attic. Bed and breakfast and clean your own boots."

And Cecil, unpinioned at length, was shoved into his Englishman's castle head foremost, disgracefully, ignominiously. He thought, "At the police court I shall give my own version of this affair." But he thought again, "And what will be the use? They'll all lie together, and the magistrate will believe them, or pretend to. Magistrates always do. It's a regular conspiracy. Helpless! Helpless! That's what we are."

The door was banged with immense force. The whole house shook.

"That will wake Camilla," thought Cecil. "And if she comes down—" He stopped thinking.

The narrow hall was full of policemen—bursting with them—and Cecil somewhere defenseless in the throng. It was at this point that he had confirmation of a suspicion already formed in the streets: namely, that within a certain period several at least of the policemen had not successfully resisted the sovereign attraction of alcoholic liquor. Still, being a magnanimous man, with tastes, he admitted privately that policemen were also human beings and well entitled to fortify themselves with historic liquids before going on duty in the middle of the night; there could be no reason why policemen should be total abstainers.

"We'd better telephone to Walton Street, lads," said No. 1. "I say, mister, where's your telephone?"

THE telephone was situated in the small, useless room which in London houses is always found at the back of the dining-room on the ground floor. Four of the officers vanished into this room, the other three having been instructed to keep guard over the prisoner, who stood idle with one hand in his ruined trousers.

"What's this?" demanded one of the three sentinels, pointing suddenly to a piece of sculpture perched on a bracket in the hall.

"A statuette," Cecil replied.

"Is it a (*Continued on page 32*)

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Behind the Scarecrow

By OWEN P. WHITE

Illustrated by HARRY HAENIGSEN

THE campaign will warm up as the weather grows cooler, and very soon you will hear a great deal about the sad plight of the farmer—the backbone, to coin a phrase, of the nation. Mr. White tells here why most of this particular kind of eloquence will be bunk. He has talked with many farmers and with men whose welfare depends on the farmer's prosperity: the implement makers, grain elevator men and grain dealers. What's behind the scarecrow? It isn't the farmer.

The farmer is the backbone but not the boob of the nation

REGARDLESS of the final outcome of the November battle, the Presidential campaign of 1928 will probably go down in history as one of the most gorgeous oratorical orgies in American annals.

All the politicians are having plenty to say, but whether they know what they are talking about is something else again. Sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't. Take Senator Pat Harrison as an example.

Four or five days prior to the convening of the Houston disorder the papers reported that Senator Pat, who was making a bid for something or other, had made the statement that PROHIBITION IS NOT a political issue, but that the solution of the farm problem is a thing that all the voters in the United States should sit up and worry about. But, you see—and probably Senator Harrison can now see it also—prohibition is causing his own party no little trouble, whereas the question of farm relief has been transformed by both Democrats and Republicans into a mere wordy sop which they have cast before the haymakers, potato diggers, corn huskers, wheat growers and fruit raisers in the hope of coraling their votes.

The American farmer, however, is not dumb. He knows his own business far better than the gentlemen in Washington know it; and he is not at all convinced that there is any truth in the assertion that he is approaching peasantry, or that the entire agricultural industry of this land of ours is a very sick infant.

Of course, being human, the farmer would like to have somebody legislate him into affluence, but being also fairly intelligent, it doesn't appear that as many as 5 per cent of him are expecting anything as gracious as that to happen.

To illustrate: Out in the office of a country elevator in Kansas six men were assembled when the word came over the grain wire that President Coolidge had vetoed the farm-relief bill. Five of the men, who were all real dirt farmers, said, "Bully for you, Cal! You know your onions." But the sixth, a local country politician, broke loose into a beautiful tirade about what was going to happen to agriculture if the government didn't save it. The five agriculturists walked away, leaving the local Demosthenes still raving about the curvature in the backbone of the nation.

Now, is there anything calamitous impending, and is there anything about the agricultural situation that needs to be bolstered up by cumbersome, or even scientific, legislation? Apparently, if one may believe men whose business it is to know more about the farm industry than any individual farmer can possibly know, there is nothing for us to get "het up" about, because, as these men view the situation, there is nothing disastrous even dimly visible upon the far-off horizon.

Grain dealers, board of trade operators and implement manufacturers, all men whose prosperity depends entirely upon that of agriculture, and who, therefore, should know whether there is any truth to the gloomy picture being painted by the advocates of legislative farm relief all say that it is the bunk.

Ask the Man Who Bills 'Em!

TAKE the implement manufacturers. Probably no one will deny that these men, who deal with farmers in all sections of the country, would be having a pretty hard time in their own business if their customers were all "broke." But the interesting part of it is that the MAKERS OF FARM MACHINERY ARE EXCEEDINGLY PROSPEROUS. They are looking to the year 1928 to be the biggest in their history.

Nor is that all. The local dealers in farm implements, who sell direct to the farmers, are in better shape financially than they have ever been. The second largest concern of its kind in America, making plows, mowers, binders, etc., reports that slightly less than 2 per cent of its retail distributors failed to discount their bills for the season of 1927-28. Does that look as if the farmer was not able to pay HIS bills, and is not a man's ability to pay on the nail a pretty fair indication of prosperity?

But take it over a longer period of time, say since the deflation of 1920, and see how the implement concerns have been getting along. In 1920-21 the concern referred to above, reacting directly to the LACK of prosperity among farmers, lost $9,000,000. Today, having reacted to farm PROSPERITY, that concern has not only wiped out its loss, which was covered at the time by an issue of $10,000,000 in gold bonds, but has actually accumulated a combined reserve and surplus of $38,000,000. Every penny of that huge sum of money came from the farmers; there are a dozen other implement makers who can show the same record of prosperity, and yet the politicians are trying to tell us that agriculture is doomed.

The politicians, however, cannot make the implement men accept their pessimistic views. In recent weeks the writer talked to some of the biggest men in the implement trade in the United States and was unable to find even ONE who was of the opinion that there is anything basically wrong with American agriculture.

One man, for example, with the John Deere Plow Company, who had gone carefully into the matter, because it means millions a year to his concern, and who wanted to find out whether the urban worker is so much better off than the farmer, produced some interesting figures. Here they are:

Per capita expenditures in retail stores in agricultural communities:

Atlanta	$728.32
Fargo, N. D.	767.68
Springfield, Ill.	703.45

Per capita expenditures in retail stores in urban communities:

Baltimore	$456.72
Providence	433.44
Syracuse	565.10

This comparative list, which was compiled by the United States Chamber of Commerce, can easily be strung out to great length, but what's the use?

There are many things, to be sure, that those whose business it is to know are able to point out as being detrimental to the farm industry, but they are all things for which the farmer must find his own cure.

For instance, the estimated sale of farm implements for this present year, as the figures were given to this correspondent in a mahogany-trimmed office in Moline, Ill., will amount to $450,000,000, and it is actually conservative to say that ONE THIRD of this vast sum is being spent to replace and repair farm machinery which has NOT WORN OUT but which has been allowed to RUST OUT! This sinful proportion of waste goes on year after year; the implement makers know all about it, actually count on it, and naturally look on RUST as their most substantial business ally.

Then why not, in the face of this, and in order to save the poor farmer from the poorhouse, first muzzle our patriotic orators, of both species, and then, after equipping them with a pair of overalls, a monkey wrench and a bucket of grease apiece, scatter them throughout the land to teach the farmers how to care for their tools? Do this, save the agricultural industry approximately $150,000,000 a year on its implement bills, and possibly it won't be so necessary to endeavor to control the world markets on its products!

And, now that we are discussing money in large lots, it may be interesting and possibly instructive, especially to politicians, to refer briefly to the famous McNary-Haugen Bill. In doing this, however, we will consider another individual farmer.

Politics' Little Joke—The McNary-Haugen Bill

THIS particular agriculturist was a young man, who, just when everything was inflated, was so unfortunate as to have his father die and leave him a 500-acre farm and $35,000 in cash. Business was good, farm products were bringing terrific prices and naturally the value of land went up like a rocket.

The young man didn't sell. Instead he listened to his banker and allowed that financial wizard to talk him into buying 500 acres of land, adjoining his own 500, at $500 per acre. The banker, of course, financed the deal to the tune of $250,000 and in order to protect himself took a mortgage on the entire 1,000 acres.

The boy, now potentially the owner of a half million dollars' worth of real estate, took the $35,000 Dad had left him, built a fine home with it, and before the plaster was good and dry in the living-room the crash came; deflation set in; land couldn't be sold for $100 an acre, and what happened?

Reproduce the above unhappy situation in hundreds, yes in thousands of cases all over the rich corn belt; visualize, if you can, the distress of the poor bankers who hold the mortgages, and then witness the portentous birth of the McNary-Haugen Bill.

Something had to be done to raise the price of land, otherwise the BANKERS

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would suffer. Bankers, however, are not very acceptable objects of legislative charity. But the farmer is; he is the backbone of the nation; he fought at Lexington; from his loins must spring our future manhood, and while a politician can't talk for three minutes about the necessities of the poor banker he can let go and never stop when it comes to discussing the hardships of the honest farmer. That was the glowing idea that produced the McNary-Haugen Bill. An ex-army officer, at the behest of an implement man, drew up the plan for farm relief in the hope that it would boost land values and pull the poor BANKERS out of a bad hole. It didn't. The plan was whipped into shape, presented to Congress, failed to pass, and at the same time FAILED TO PASS OUT OF THE MINDS OF THE POLITICIANS. These men could see in the bill for farm relief something very much akin to the tariff.

Economists have always said that the tariff should never get mixed up with politics, but the politicians have never agreed to that doctrine. They are convinced that the best place for the tariff IS in politics, and, still in the face of the economists, they feel the same way about any bill for farm relief that will give them, and those who come after them, from generation to generation, a chance to juggle with the surplus farm products of America. So it was that a bill which was originally intended to relieve the banker, but didn't, and which 90 per cent of the farmers don't care a thing about, finally has caused both great political parties, after almost a decade of squabbling, to write wordy planks into their platforms merely for the satisfaction of the politicians.

Turning Back to Town

THE grain dealers agree with the implement men in saying that the farmers are prosperous and that the stalwart, sturdy race is in no immediate danger of dying out. When asked about that particular phase of the situation, one man, who operates a large elevator in Davenport and a string of country elevators in Iowa and Illinois, and whose father was in the business before him, characterized it as "tommyrot."

"There are," he said, "a good many men leaving their farms today and going back to the cities, but why are they doing so? There are two answers to this question. The first is there always has been an excess of land in this country, and when the government added millions of acres by its reclamation schemes and induced men to go to work on high-priced acreage it simply overdid the thing.

"The agricultural industry became overcrowded, and the natural result is that a large number of men, many of whom were not farmers in the first place, are turning back to the towns and seeking work. This condition, however, will adjust itself in a reasonable time, and so will the condition created by reason number two, of which I have spoken. This reason is one that is as old as industry. Men are being forced out of farm employment by machine competition. Today one man with a three-row cultivator and a small tractor can cultivate thirty-six acres of corn a day. Under former methods, if he managed to clean up six acres, he had to step fast from sunup to sundown. In the state of Kansas alone 4,000 men were thrown out of employment in 1925 because 2,000 combined harvesting machines were put into the wheat fields. But does that indicate that agriculture is on its last legs? Certainly not. It only indicates that agriculture is trying to catch up with the other industries in this country, and in time it will do it. Watch and see."

All right, and now how about this great SURPLUS of farm products that the loud speakers in both parties are finding it so hard to digest; what's going to become of that?

The grain dealer laughed. "You leave that to the farmers," he said; "they are a lot wiser than the politicians, and watch them handle it. They know, or at least every sensible, practical farmer knows, that what he should be worrying about right now is the farm products we are IMPORTING and not those we are EXPORTING. About two billion dollars' worth of various farm products, practically all of which can be produced at home, are imported annually into the United States.

"The farmers know all about this: they know that these IMPORTS make up a very large part of the 'surplus' the politicians are hollering about, and the smart ones are already beginning to use their individual surpluses to fight the imported one. Right now, here in the corn belt, they are turning their grain into fat hogs, fat cattle, milk, eggs, butter, cheese and poultry more than ever before, and we men in the grain business are already feeling the effects of it. Every year the amount of grain handled by us is growing less and less, so that it looks as if in a short time there'll be no country elevator business for us. We may suffer, but the farmer won't because he'll he putting two billion dollars a year into his pocket for foodstuffs that we are now importing.

Worth Listening To

"FARMING methods are undergoing a change; the universities and colleges are turning out scientific young men who know how to till the soil, preserve its fertility, rotate crops, diversify, and reduce natural risks to a minimum. In a short time, say ten years, these oncoming young men will be in charge of the agriculture of the country, and when that happens you can laugh at any bills for farm relief because you will see a revolutionized industry. These new farmers are going to do just what the manufacturer does: figure on so much PRODUCTION PER MAN AND MACHINE instead of on so much per acre; they are going to pay high wages for good labor, and they are going to achieve for themselves beneficial results that are entirely beyond the reach of oratory and legislation."

Having thus almost exhausted the implement men and grain dealers by getting them to talk about something which they say amounts to really nothing at all, this correspondent next went to Chicago and had an interview with a farmer president and an outstanding member of the Board of Trade. This man had the same views as the others except, as his relationship with agriculture is based on a national conception of the sale of its products, both at home and abroad, he expressed himself in broader terms.

When asked if there was any real need for farm relief, as called for in the two national platforms, he said "Certainly not," and then went on to explain that his opinion was based on surveys that he and his associates were constantly making.

In fact, if the views of a man who deals at large with the farm products of the nation are of as much value as those of men who deal solely with its votes, then this man's opinions are worth setting down.

He believes that much of the legislation already passed with the alleged intention of benefiting agriculture has hurt it more than it has helped.

"Take the reclamation plan," he said. "It has done the industry incalculable harm because men cannot produce on high-priced, heavily taxed lands at a profit. That was a fancy scheme that the politicians "sold" to the country, and now because men are leaving reclaimed areas and seeking employment elsewhere, these same politicians are crying out from the housetops that agriculture is being abandoned.

"It isn't being abandoned. Men simply won't work where there is no money to be made, and if the farm-relief advocates want to help constructively and at once, let them remove the burdens of the cost of reclamation from Western lands and note the difference.

"This is one example," he went on, "of political-bureaucratic inefficiency, and here is another. Somewhere in our politically created statutes for the protecting of the farmer there is an 'emergency clause' which empowers somebody suddenly to place an import duty on grain when the necessity arises.

"Well, not so long ago the necessity arose; the Argentine was flooding this country with corn before our crops were ready, and naturally something had to be done to save our corn farmers. The remedy was at hand; it was in that so-called 'emergency clause,' and the farmers tried to get it into action. But they didn't. Before these ponderous gentlemen in Washington could be made to understand that an 'emergency' existed the emergency had passed; the Argentine had dumped its corn on us and we got nothing for our own.

"That instance furnishes one of the reasons why the agricultural industry has little or no faith in political promises of assistance, but, except in emergencies, agriculture doesn't need that kind of help. Intelligently directed, practical aid? Yes, the farmers can use that and would be glad to get it but not necessarily in the way of 'class legislation.'

The Real Answer

"BUILD an inland waterway, for instance, which will enable the farmers of all the great central valley to get their produce of all kinds to the Great Lakes or to the Gulf via water, and more will have been done to STABILIZE PROSPERITY than if you passed a dozen bills for the stabilization of PRICES."

The foregoing paragraphs have all been written as expressive of the views of hard-headed business men whose practical interests are identical with those of the agricultural industry. But, for fear that they may be accused of bias or prejudice, let us quote from two other sources.

The Business Men's Commission of the National Industrial Conference Board spent a year, without bandwagon tactics or ballyhoo, in investigating the farm problem, and in rendering a report which forms a volume of 275 pages, they say:

"Under conditions as rapidly changing as those of agriculture today all such efforts [toward drastic relief] are in danger of being based upon conditions which may no longer remain valid and of leading to more harm than good. It is therefore obviously necessary to be extremely conservative and cautious in the application of remedial measures."

This statement bears out fully what the grain men and the implement makers had to say regarding the rapid improvement in agricultural conditions in the country, and if that is not enough to convince one that the farmers are NOT in such a terribly bad way, then listen to this:

In a book published by the University of Pennsylvania (*Continued on page 30*)

Of course, being human, the farmer likes to be cried over—it's good for his bank balance

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Tremendous Trifles

By GRANTLAND RICE

Archie Compston lost a chance for a championship because he wore the wrong shoes. Bobby Jones lost one because he taped his clubs. In sports, as elsewhere, little things can sometimes beat the best of them

"THE race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." Certain unexpected details often change the tide of contest. And few on the outside ever know what really happened.

For example: In the last open golf championship Archie Compston, the big, long-hitting British star, was tearing along like the wind in the second round. He had gone out in 35. He had caught Hagen and passed him by a margin of 5 strokes. He was leading Johnny Farrell and had caught up with Bobby Jones. And then on the last nine Compston suddenly flopped and came back in 46. Hagen was back in 32, picking up 14 strokes in 9 holes against the man who had recently beaten him by 18 and 17 in a challenge match.

No one seemed to understand why so good a golfer could break so badly with barely a moment's notice. But there was a reason.

The day had been clear and bright when Compston started out, and he was wearing soft and rather smooth rubber-soled shoes. Now, there is a place and a time for both the rubber-soled and the spiked shoe in golf.

As Compston started for the 10th green a heavy storm broke over the course. It was no place for the smooth-soled rubber. Compston almost fell down twice. His long drives began to leave the course. He had no foot balance left—and balance happens to be the foundation of the golf swing.

That Wet Night in Philly

COMPSTON himself offered no alibi. It was some time after the match that the reason for his big crash came to light.

When the gloves arrived at the ringside for Tunney's title chance in Philadelphia they were found to have been made up from Dempsey's hand measurements. Tunney's fists were almost lost when tucked into leather suited to Dempsey's bigger guns.

Tunney protested, but it was too late to do anything about it with a storm threatening to break at any second. Later, during the downpour, the gloves became water-soaked, the padding in them expanded, and they became almost skin-tight.

Of course Gene ran the risk of breaking up his hands on Jack's head and face. But those hard, tight gloves were largely responsible for the terrific cutting which scrambled up the Old Mauler's ironclad features.

If Tunney had broken a hand that night, he would have had a first-class alibi, but no one would have gulped it down. Even the good alibi rarely gets you anywhere.

Wide World

Archie Compston, husky British star

To the fans a good excuse is worse than none at all. They go by the score only—by the final result.

Jess Willard and his friends have always claimed that Jack Kearns had taped Dempsey's hands at Toledo with something a trifle harder than feather padding. Whether this is true or not, it is certain enough that Dempsey carried no lining of soft velvet in his gloves. Evidently it never occurred to Willard to have one of his seconds present when Dempsey's hands were taped. And the alibi couldn't bring back the lost championship.

Frank Moran made the same mistake with Fred Fulton years ago. "I never thought about examining Fulton's taped hands," Moran said, "but when he raked me over the eye in the second or third round I knew I had made a sad mistake. I thought he had cut me with a handful of thick, hard glass. The trench he left must have been nearly an inch deep, and they had to stop the fight in a few minutes. I never made that mistake again."

"We used to get by with murder," an old-time fight manager said lately. "I've helped to beat better men many a time by slipping in brass knucks or a piece of iron that curved over the hitting part of the fist. But those happy times are gone. There are too many boxing commissions and smart managers these days."

Youth has to learn by experience. Some years ago Bobby Jones reached the final round for the Southern golf championship. He was picked as an easy winner, but apparently blew up and was beaten badly. It had been raining in some of the previous matches, and Bobby had taped the grips of his clubs with adhesive. Later on the tape hardened and became very rough. In the semi-final round it practically wrecked Jones' hands. There was very little skin left on either paw.

As a result Jones suffered pure agony every time he hit at the ball. He was all over the course, and after his terrible exhibition several of the soothsayers predicted that any one capable of cracking that badly in a final round would never win a championship. Few knew what had happened, and Jones refused to present any alibi. He took his trimming and thereafter put no more adhesive tape around the grips of his clubs.

A few years ago, in a tennis tournament, Elizabeth Ryan was drawn against Helen Wills. Miss Ryan was given no shining chance to win. But after rain started falling and both began slipping on the wet turf, Miss Ryan promptly discarded her shoes. From that point on the shrewd veteran of women's tennis went on to win, proving again that by quick thinking at the right time "the swift and the strong" can be vanquished.

Consider the comparative cases of young Roland Hancock and Johnny Farrell in the last U. S. Open. Hancock needed only two 5's to be open champion. On the 71st hole he sliced his tee shot into territory where the turf had been removed and the ball was resting on grassless clay. Hancock thought this was a hazard, but he wasn't sure.

With more experience he would have asked for a ruling and either had the ball lifted or soled his club. He tried to play the ball as a bunker shot in his excitement—and took a 6. A day later, against Bobby Jones, Johnny Farrell had almost the same experience. He sliced his drive into loose ground surrounding a young tree. The ball was in a bad spot. Johnny promptly asked for a ruling, had the ball lifted without penalty—and halved the hole.

The quality and quantity of modern competition has reached such a stage that no leader can afford to overlook anything in the way of proper equipment, and few can afford to repeat any mistakes in judgment. The earlier tricks of the game, however, are passing out. The kind of thing, for example, that gave Miller Huggins, the Yankee manager, the record for chances accepted in a single game. Huggins had 19 put-outs and assists at second while playing for St. Paul. Recently, under pressure, he coyly admitted that St. Paul's manager had put the baseballs used for the game on ice for twenty-four hours, and second base was about as far as any one could hit the frozen ammunition. "For all that," says Huggins, "I had 19 chances, and I accepted 19 chances. You can't get away from that, can you?"

Diamond-Studded Dirt

IN ONE of the recent Artists' and Writers' golf tournaments Rube Goldberg, the celebrated cartoonist, offered one of the most startling of all the inside alibis for his erratic showing. This tournament was played at Rockwood Hall, where the late William Rockefeller had expended something like $5,000,000 on landscape surgery before he died and the property was turned into an extremely beautiful golf lay-out.

"I understood," said Rube, "that divots on this course were worth $7,000 apiece and that a divot detective was waiting at the 18th green to search each player. I didn't want to take a chance on a $7,000 divot dropping down the back of my neck or falling into one of my pockets. So I took up no divots. That spoiled my game. The next time I play this course I will take witnesses along."

There are more things to modern sport than mere skill and speed and strength.

Wide World

Elizabeth Ryan, shrewd American veteran

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Hooked Rugs

A Short Short Story

By GEORGE F. WORTS

Illustrated by NANCY FAY

It did not occur to the two callers that parting with these things might have caused the old woman pain

EDITH JOHNSTONE parked her glistening maroon roadster before a handsome white house with emerald-green shutters and hastened up the flagstone walk. A Japanese butler admitted her to a hall beyond which was a living-room luxuriously furnished, in the mode with early American relics. A glance disclosed a trencher table of pine, as rich and lustrous as amber; a cherry spinet; several fiddle-back chairs and, on a tiptable near a window through which sunlight streamed, candelabra of Waterford glass as blue as the singing blue of the Mediterranean.

In a voice hard with the metal of excitement Edith Johnstone asked, "Is Mrs. Guyer in?"

The butler said, "Yes, Mrs. Johnstone," and a woman with slim fawn-silk legs came trotting down the curving white-and-mahogany stairs so rapidly that the short dress of her smart blue suit belled out.

Edith Johnstone's green eyes were glowing. A spot of red rode high on either cheek. She began talking rapidly, with nervous gestures.

"Bess, I've found a gold mine! Esther Barnes just told me that that old Simpson woman out the Red Rock Road is selling things that've been in the family generations. She's practically starving: She tried to knit scarfs and sweaters, then she tried to bake cakes for parties, then she tried selling aluminum ware. She gave luncheon parties at people's houses, supplied the food herself and cooked it in aluminum ware, and then tried to sell pots and pans afterwards. But people ate her food but didn't buy her aluminum. I guess she's run out of ideas. She's living in the little salt-box house that her great-great-something-grandfather built before the Revolutionary War."

"I know her," Bess Guyer said. "Dad was always talking about what fine old stock the Simpsons were—how resourceful they were—always the first to change with the times. She's been trying to educate a granddaughter, and she certainly hasn't adjusted herself to *these* times. That salt-box house must be full of heirlooms she moved from the big Simpson house when it was foreclosed."

Glittering hard-blue eyes embraced glittering hard-green eyes. The wives of rich young go-getter husbands, both Edith and Bess had ample funds for gratifying their current passion—antiques. They tracked down bargains with the gusto of a hound tracking down rabbits.

"We'll have to do it now," said Edith. "I have a luncheon at one and bridge this afternoon and tomorrow and the next day I'm positively booked solid."

"So am I," said Bess. "It's the only two hours I've got this week."

Three minutes and forty-five seconds later the two fashionable young matrons of this fashionable Connecticut community were in the maroon roadster, being pursued by a cloud of dust and last fall's leaves.

At a fork stood the paintless salt-box house. Two fine old elms like sentinels sheltered and protected it. The half of a huge millstone, which served as a doorstep, had been hollowed by the scuffling of six generations of feet.

Time had laid upon the little salt-box a silver-gray patina. It had a jaunty air, as if the collective assaults of 174 years had merely given it faith.

A sharp knock at the door prompted a serene voice to say, "Come in." The two young women entered a large low room which gave a first impression of barrenness, because the floor was scrubbed so white. But a quick inspection disclosed numerous attractions and caused the two smartly dressed visitors to exchange shrewd glances. There were banister-back and slat-back chairs. There was a cherry pie-crust table. There was, in a corner, an old pine cupboard full of china. On the mantelpiece, above the large blackened fireplace with its inevitable wrought-iron cranes and Dutch oven, were gleaming pieces of colored glass, a banjo clock, pewter candlesticks. Samplers on the wall testified to the industry of young ladies of a century ago. On the floor were several hooked rugs. It was evident that there were many less now than there had been.

BESIDE a sunny window sat an old woman in black with white at her neck. The black dress was rusty. She looked poor. Poor but saucy. Mrs. Simpson was knitting. As her long bone needles flashed she gently rocked. There was an air of tranquillity about her—you expected her to be faintly fragrant of lavender. She was pink-cheeked and bright-eyed, and she wore steel-rimmed spectacles. She sat in the middle of a charming oval rug, a hooked rug that was a pink suffusion, like sunlight sifting through early morning mist.

Her two callers wasted no time on amenities. With swift appraising glances they went about the room, picking up this, and, in quick sharp voices, demanding the price of that. It did not seemingly occur to them that their hard, brisk, businesslike air, their thinly disguised greed, was inconsiderate; that parting with these things might have caused the old woman pain.

Another old woman entered. She walked with the aid of a gnarled black hickory stick. Her eyes, under yellow-white hair, were black and hostile. The hickory stick made a tapping sound, like the cane of a blind man. She gave the two busy young women a look of disapproval as she limped over and sat down with a snort beside Mrs. Simpson.

Bess briskly asked, "How much for that rug—the one you're on?"

Mrs. Simpson glanced up from her knitting and glanced down over her steel-rimmed spectacles. She mentioned a price. Bess gave Edith a hard glance which said, "Someone has been telling her about prices." She snapped, "I'll take it. Haven't you a lot of things in the attic?"

Mrs. Simpson nodded:

"But I won't be bringing them down till next week."

She who had come in with the aid of the hickory stick muttered something under her breath as Mrs. Simpson shifted her chair off the pinkly glowing rug.

Bess said:

"I'm taking these three hooked rugs, this sampler, this chair, this glass bird and these pewter candlesticks. They come to a hundred and six seventy-five. Supposing we call it an even hundred."

"My things," briskly said Edith, "come to eighty-two-fifty. Supposing we call it an even eighty."

Mrs. Simpson became confused. Her knitting needles trembled. Her pinkness became pinker. Crisp green and yellow bills thrust into her lap seemed to confuse her still more. The black eyes of her companion sparkled angrily.

The two young matrons hastened off with their purchases. When the roadster's exhaust had melted away to the familiar chirping of a cricket, Mrs. Simpson's caller glanced at the small pile of bills and snorted again.

"Hooked rugs! You old hypocrite!"

Mrs. Simpson continued tranquilly to knit. "I don't lie to them," she calmly replied. "They can't buy antiques cheaper anywhere. The time I spend rummaging around and going to auctions entitles me to a nice, long profit. If business keeps picking up, I'm going to buy another ten acres of the old Simpson farm next month."

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Silence isn't Golden any more

By ROB WAGNER

HERE'S some inside gossip about the panic that's sweeping Hollywood—the great strain on bank rolls in reorganizing studioland; the greater strain on the brains of actors and actorines who now have to learn to talk as well as to clinch. For the box-office records these days are being smashed only in the movie cathedrals that have installed speakie equipment.

BANG! (*sound of closing door*) Click! (*the lock turns*) "Don't you da-a-a-a-re swalla that key! I'm a pure girl!" Scuff! Scuff! Scuff! (*sounds of crashing breakaway furniture*) "G'way, you bro-o-o-o-t!" (*a gesture from the director to stand closer to the microphone*) "Ouch! Ouch! Quit yer bitin'!" Clickety-click! Clickety-click!—Clickety-click!—"Horses' hoofs! —Thank Gawd, there comes Harold! I'm sa-a-aved!"

Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z! (*sound of wind machine*) "Hereiyam, forty miles from home in a blinding snowstorm!" Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z! "But, ha, there's my old banjo! Who coulda bin so kind?" Plunkety-plunk! Plunkety-plunk! Plunkety-plunk! Plunkety-plunk! "Well, seein's no one's around, I'll sing a little song." (*sings*) "I should blush t' tell, but then I must—" Plunk-plunkety-plunk! "Within her heart I placed my trust." Plunk-plunkety-plunk! "I was strolling through the ga-a-a-arden, where—" (*etc.*)

Cra-a-a-sh! Bang-bang-bang! Plunk! Thud! "You stole m'wife! You-you-you-you horsethief! !" Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! "Officer, *I* killed this insect! Do your dooty!"

Yes, dear fans, if we are to believe the excited bell ringers of the big studios, you are in for it. No longer may you seek the restful shadows of the dear old Superba, where, sunk within the soft cushions of your deep loge seat, and soothed by the dim, cathedral lighting and the rich, low tones of the dulcet organ, you have dreamed your vicarious romances with the phantom figures that have come to you from the Magic Land of Makebelieve.

However fed up you are on the tumult and noise in which you live, in vain will you seek surcease from its blatancies within the grand old sanctuary that has been a soothing anodyne to your frazzled nerves these past ten years.

For within the year—so the more enthusiastic executives tell us—the Superba Theatre will have installed oral instruments that will assault the ear with every wave length to which the human tympanum is sensitive.

Those dreamy silences are to be punctuated by vocables that will goose-pimple your spine, by explosions that will pompadour your hair, and by jazz-band storms that will stir you to deeds of derring-do—or start you on murder bent! You will listen to guttural heavies, lisping baby dolls and adenoidal heroes. Crashings, bangings, whirrings. Sneezes, breezes and funny wheezes! Bells, yells, and "Oh, hells!" You may find it better entertainment, but at least your *dreams* are ended.

For The Noisies have arrived!—with a bang!

Al Jolson started the trouble. Yes, trouble is the word, unless you think it is no trouble to rebuild twenty or thirty studios, reorganize the fourth—or is it the second?—largest industry in America and equip every theatre in the country with sound-producing gadgets. A few short-reel novelties—and then The Jazz Singer by Warner-Vitaphone!

Thousands of people had heard Jolson's songs on the phonograph, and though they enjoyed them enormously, there were many who could not understand the singer's great personal popularity in the big cities where he was known. Now, however, they heard his songs in direct contact with his own magnetic personality, and they instantly joined in the metropolitan applause.

"Rebuild Everything!"

THE same success attended the Movietoning of the Spanish singer, Raquel Meller. It cost $15 to see and hear her in Hollywood. Now her artistry was made potentially available in the cheapest theatres in the remotest sticks. Furthermore, unlike many of her $15 auditors, the fans were able to see her close enough to witness the great artiste's facial pantomime, which is so essential a part of her singing.

It was the sensational success of these famous entertainers that stampeded our executives into so hysterical a panic of change. A whole new world of entertainment was at hand; great singers could be both seen and heard, and the big stage stars such as Dave Warfield, whose voices are so important in their work, could no doubt be lured from the footlights to the Kleig lights.

"There won't be any silent picture in two years!" cries one of our biggest executives.

"Make no new pictures costing over $100,000, pending experiments with sound devices!" shouts a second.

"Rebuild everything!" whoops a third.

Considering the fact that speakies have been on their way for a long time, one may wonder at the excitement at present shaking Movieland to its celluloid foundations. But nowhere else in the world is the herd instinct so strong as it is in the movie herd. Everybody makes pictures pretty much like everybody else. One can take a chance on a new kind of story in a magazine, or even on a stage play, but when the cost of the experiment is likely to be anywhere from $100,000 to $1,000,000, one is likely to think twice. But let a producer heroically—or accidentally, which is oftenest the case—tackle a new idea and make a success of it, and he instantly stampedes the herd. Fox makes a killing with The Miracle Man; right away we have a whole drove of Miracle Cats, Dogs and What Nots. In the midst of a fashion for domestic drama, Doug Fairbanks puts over The Mark of Zorro; the very next day the order comes from every big executive in Movieland to make nothing but costume pictures.

Only the other day I heard a famous executive turn down a splendid comedy idea. "No," he said, "'tain't a comedy year. Look at the success of Underworld and Chicago. Melodrama's what they want!"

And now Al Jolson's success in the Vitaphone has caused us to plunge into the speakies as though there never were to be any more silent pictures.

Yet it isn't as though we didn't have noises before. In the early days of pictures we rang bells, imitated choo-choo cars, cracked whips and shook crash boxes. We even had talkies, a phonographic record giving the words of the singer. But these were the noises of an infant industry, and the fans soon agreed with the old adage that an *infant should be seen and not heard.*

Now the child apparently has passed its raucous adolescence and arrived at maturity with a whole new set of vocal chords, and, judging by reports from the Great God Box-Office, there evidently are a lot of people who wish to hear it as well as see it.

The instruments that have made the dumb drama articulate are really not so difficult of comprehension as most people think; that is, if you understand the simple principle of the telephone—which you probably don't. Otherwise, why do you yell so much louder when speaking over long distance? The truth is, the *sound* of your voice stops six inches from your lips, at the little black diaphragm in the telephone box.

The Telephone Begins It

THE diaphragm, vibrating from your voice, changes the sound waves into electrical impulses or waves that travel instantly and *silently* (the "singing" of telephone wires you hear in the country is not messages) over the wire to the other end of the line, and there these impulses, striking another diaphragm in the receiver, are turned back again into sound waves.

All speakies, of whatsoever name or design, begin with a telephone. Now that the telephone has grown up and become more sensitive, it is called a microphone or "mike."

Madge Bellamy imitating Harry Lauder for the Movietone

The mikerobe, sitting in a car down the street from the taking of a scene, listens in and O.K.'s the voice

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While the actor, band, or singer is being photographically recorded on the film, he is at the same time addressing his noises into a microphone which is telephoning them to one of various sound-recording devices.

In the case of Vitaphone the sound —now translated into electrical impulses—travels over a wire into another room, and here these impulses, striking another diaphragm, with a sharp needle in its middle, vibrate it against a revolving disk of wax, thereby making a wax-wave record of the voice in perfect synchronism with the film.

You recognize the device? It is our old friend the phonograph!

Two Kinds of Speakies

THUS you see that the taking of the picture and the recording of the voice or sound, though made at the same time and therefore in perfect synchronism, are done on two separate and independent devices.

As the phonographic recording requires an elaborate laboratory equipment, it practically confines the making of speakies by this method to the studio. The new Vitaphone plant at the Warner Studios consists of several sound-proof stages, orchestra and playback rooms, conning towers for observation and listening-in, and the rooms in which the wax records are made. Furthermore, such absolute silence is demanded on the site that the cameras have to be concealed within ponderous sound-proof booths.

Obviously it is quite impossible to carry such an elaborate equipment on location.

In the Fox Movietone the microphone, instead of sending its impulses off to a remote laboratory to be recorded on wax, sends them directly to the camera, where, passing through a little tube, they are translated into light bands and photographed on the film right alongside the picture.

Reproduction of the picture and sound in the theatre is equally simple. A small attachment to the ordinary projection machine accomplishes the miracle. The picture is thrown upon the screen in the usual way, while an auxiliary light in the little attachment, passing through the photographed light bands, turns them into electrical waves which pass over a wire to the back of the screen. There, by vibrating the diaphragm of the loud speaker, they are turned back into sound.

Let's look in on Warner Brothers, where the Vitaphone is holding forth. The stage is set for a "swell interior." Microphones are concealed from the camera in all directions. One is behind a vase on the table, another in the telephone mouthpiece, another hangs in the chandelier above, while still another is concealed outside the window.

Three characters, Irene Rich, Hobart Bosworth and Buster Collier, are about to make a scene. The camera booths on their rubber wheels are pushed into place, the lights are "hit," and the action and dialogue are rehearsed very much as in a stage play.

Finally the director, satisfied with the timing and the lighting, gives the order for a silent rehearsal. A warning whistle blows. Then another blast, and every sound down to the swishing of a fan is stilled within the great vault-like studio. The director raises his hand to start, and the carefully rehearsed action and dialogue are gone through with to the end of the sequence.

All this time the fellow in the conning tower—whom we might call the mikerobe, since he has, as yet, no other title—has been listening in on the microphone to learn how the dialogue will register on the phonograph. Opening his window, he calls out:

"Miss Rich, in your second crossing, don't lower your head so much. Mike doesn't hear you. Mr. Bosworth, your voice is fine, but your sneeze was a little weak. And, Mr. Collier, be careful of your s's. You sound as though you were saying, 'Sleven dollars and sleventy-sleven slents.' Let's try it again."

Thus it is rehearsed several times until the silent order of "Camera!" is given. At the conclusion of the scene the whole cast and crew move over into the "play-back" room, where they immediately hear the phonographic record they have just made.

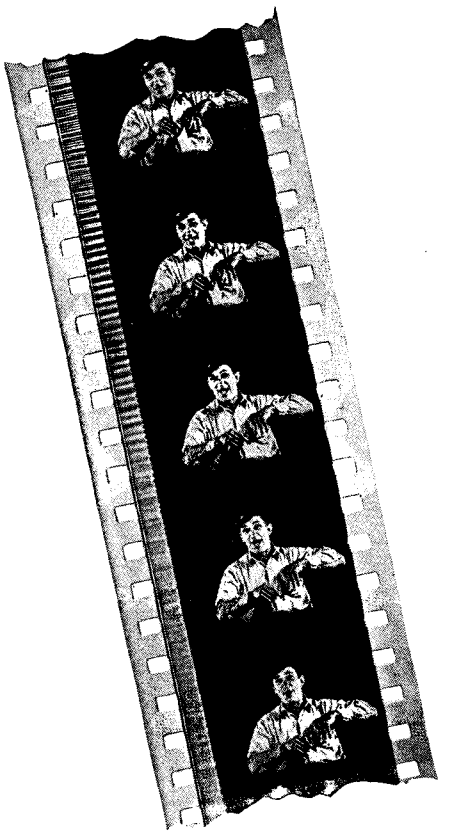
Now we'll run over to the Fox lot and see how the Movietone works.

Arriving there, we meet the newsweekly fellows returning from the Olympic tryouts in the Los Angeles stadium. They explain that all they have to do to record a news event is to pack around a camera, a mike and a bunch of batteries that can be carried in a suitcase. They laugh at Vitaphone workers because they can't take their recording laboratory on location. But the Vitaphone fellows smile and say: "Don't worry; we're fixing up a truck for just that purpose."

From Speeches to Meadow Larks

IT WAS through Movietone that we were able to hear our President's New England twang as he pinned medals on Charlie Lindbergh's altitudinous breast, and then heard the dear boy's classically short and modest reply; that we saw and heard Mussolini strutting his stuff, and Ben Lindsey blinkingly setting forth his views on unexpected motherhood; that we have been able to hear the crowds cheer and the bands play in street parades, and if we were very alert we even heard, though we did not see, a meadow lark trill its little song in the picture of the horse race down at Tia Juana.

In fact, the first and experimental uses of Movietone were with short subjects—news events, vaudeville sketches, speeches and brief dialogues with collateral noises and musical accompaniments.



Victor McLaglen's first "speakie" test. The shaded lines at left of picture are the sounds of his voice translated into light waves

The Family Picnic starts. Note the man with the microphone just out of camera range

A scene from the first 100% Movietone comedy, The Family Picnic

But this day we are in the studio, as luck will have it, we witness the starting of the first 100 per cent Movietone comedy-drama, every foot of which, interiors and location shots, will be a marriage of sound and picture—The Family Picnic, a modest little story by Harry Delf, author of The Family Upstairs and other plays.

Glancing at the script, we see that it is a combination of motion-picture continuity and play book, the numbered scenes and camera set-ups being interspersed with dialogue.

The story opens in a little bungalow showing the family preparing to go on a picnic, but, as is usual in picture making, the story will not be shot in continuity. The scenes this afternoon are to be made on location, showing the family on the way to the picnic.

The difficulty of shooting an ordinary picture in traffic is so great that many studios prefer to build their own streets rather than face uncontrolled daily travel and the annoyance of rubbernecks who wish to get into the picture. But in this case our little band of pioneers sets boldly out for the suburban town of Burbank.

On a quiet side street, blocked off by friendly police, the cavalcade halts to pick up a few preliminary shots showing the family leaving their little bungalow. Raymond McKee, the young husband, is waiting in his bright new car. Growing irritable, he calls out: "Emma! Emma!"

Uninvited Pests

THE camera gets the scene, and the mike, hidden in the shrubbery, gets the voice. The mikerobe—in this case sitting in a car down the street—listens in on the microphone and O.K.'s the voice.

The camera is then turned to pick up Emma and her excited kids coming out of the bungalow. As the group comes toward the camera, Pete, the prop man, now carrying the mike, keeps just ahead of them outside the camera angle, and thus while the scene is being recorded on the photographic film, Emma's uncomplimentary remarks anent her nervous husband are being recorded in delicate light bands right beside it.

Next comes the big experiment—running shots of the little family in their car as they drive through town. After several tests it is found that neither the actors' nor the camera car may run under its own power—the engine noises are too persistent. Consequently both cars must be towed by another one well out in front. Fine! The mikerobe reports just a low murmur of a running engine that will not drown the dialogue.

Now an added trouble appears—the "noisynecks" (this is a new game and we have to invent words as we go along). Honking motorists keep sneaking up alongside the cavalcade, boys on roaring roller skates shoot by, barking dogs and the ubiquitous village comedians join in.

At last the police, always sympathetic to our movie troubles, tear up and down the street on their motorcycles, threatening all the rubbernecks and noisynecks with arrest.

At last the (*Continued on page 47*)

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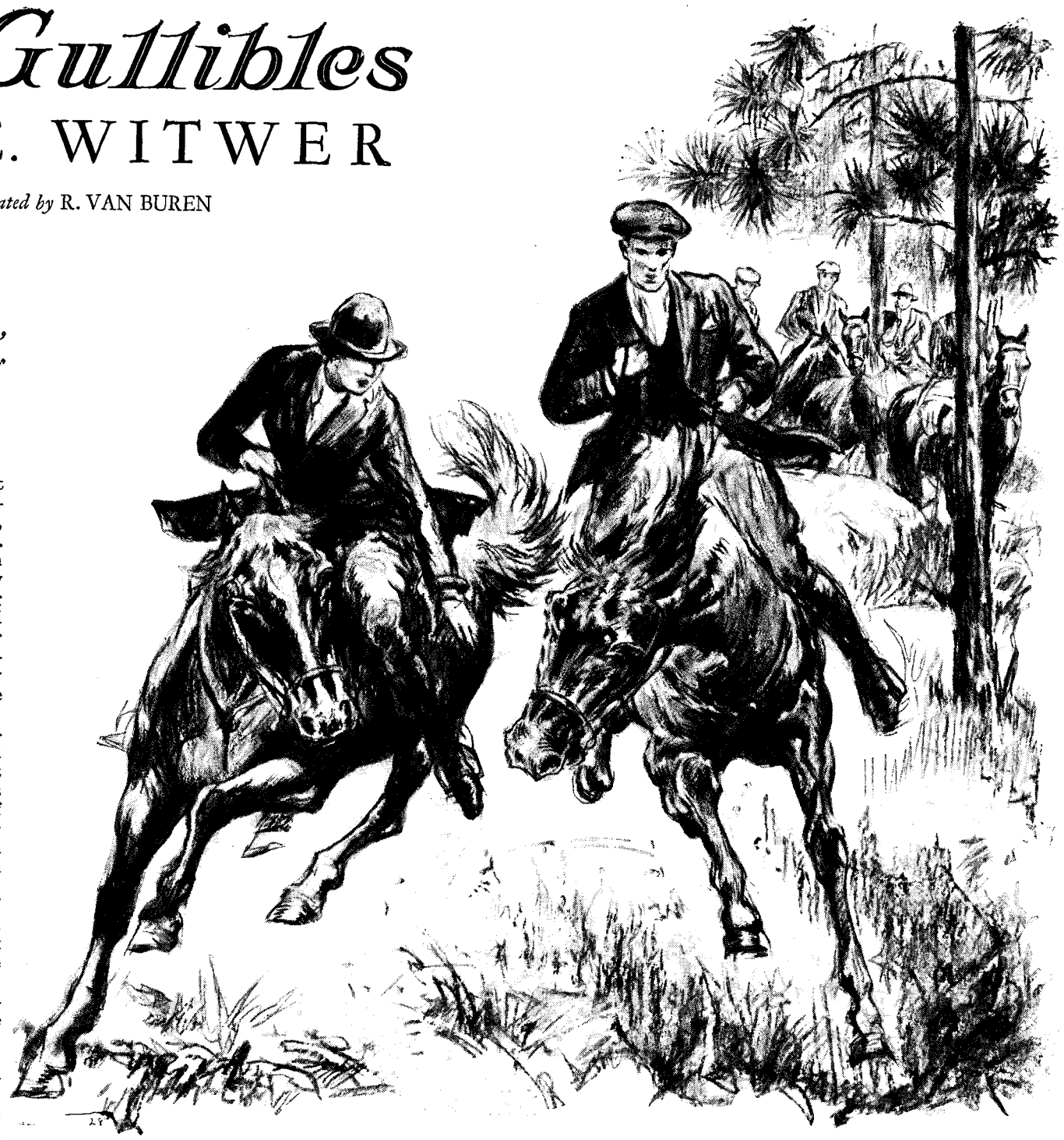
Sea Gullibles

By H. C. WITWER

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

This reel, what I mean, stages bigger and better rescues all around



Fay leaned out of the saddle like them Cossacks does and snatched at the runaway's bridle

WELL, boys and girls, it ain't "The Dumb Drama" no more—that is, it may still be dumb, but it's no longer speechless. Yes, scholars, in round numbers I mean what used to be the movies and is now the talkies. Not content with adding prologues, vaudeville acts and such till the film itself's a mere detail, the master minds has now made the leaping photographs speak. No fooling, the only thing quiet about a picture house these days is business.

Good voices has become just as important as good looks, mind you, if you wish to crash the studios, and that must ruin the foreign stars which ejaculates cracked English. Likewise they's a lot of the home-bred talent which will never hypnotize no crowded theatres with their delivery, so I suppose doubles from schools of eloquence will be in heavy demand. It's no longer a question of whether you screen well, but do you *scream* well, and when they come back from the camera tests any more they're all hoarse.

On the other hand, the talking hook-up is giving a few of the high-hat movie stars a chance to wow the photoplay addicts with their ear-soothing chatter. And if by some chance they can *sing*—well, their super-production's a house-record breaker, what I mean. So, little ones, for some the speakies is poison and for others a life-saver. For instance, let's take the case of Fay Daniels and "Gentleman Jack" King. A little soft music, professor!

Shake hands with Marty Evans—that's me—at that time supervisor of Jackie King, namely, one of the flashiest welterweights which ever rubbed a shoe in a rosin box. Honest to Lasky, he could outpoint a electric fan and outhit a pile driver. We'd been running a gym in Hollywood where Jack had went for a rest, to wind up working in pictures as a "enter-with-others" after flopping as co-star with a beautiful waitress in a nightmare produced by himself. The traffic stopper which had been dealing 'em off the arm till Mr. King came into her young life was nobody else but Fay Daniels, and the experience she absorbed in my dizzy, though handsome, box fighter's Poverty Row quickly landed her with Colossal Productions as top leading lady. From the start she clicked like all get out and soon was sharing the electric lights with Kempton Calhoun—more about *that* egg right away!

Well, as the old oaken bucket says, guessing the wrong way on the raucous stock market made Swiss cheese of Jack's bank roll, and, being smart, he dusted off his gloves and hopped back into the ring for the cake money. Full of pep and no control, his plans was intricate yet simple if he played his cards right. My go-getter aimed to punch his way to a scuffle with the world's welterweight champ, cop the crown, defend it once for serious currency and then dive head first into the business end of the movie racket with Laemmle and them.

"Then I'll marry Fay Daniels and settle down!" my battler prattles, his tone applauding the layout.

"You better discover some dough somewhere and settle *up!*" I growls, waving a fistful of bills at him. "Read these and weep. We owe a buck and a quarter to everybody but Nero, and half these guys is ready to haul off and sue!"

"That's just too bad," returns Jack calmly, "if they got money enough to hire lawyers, they can well afford to wait till I get a break, if any. I bet the court will agree with me."

It was them kind of bets which broke us.

JACK showed the world he still packed the old dynamite in his right by stopping the rough and tough Bad News Riley at the Olympic in ten bloodcurdling frames. On this shambles he won a raft of dimes from Kempton Calhoun—née Peter Dugan, a life guard before he was snatched up by the films. In the "came-the-dawns" Calhoun was a hero, but in real life this prancing tomato was Jack's menace and deadly rival for the priceless affections of the gorgeous Fay. He was madly in hate with Jack, good people, and I hope to tell you his feelings was warmly returned—neither could look at the other without getting nauseated.

Now, while Jack was bubbling over with his yen to sally forth and get the pennies, I'll state he was anything but gleeful about leaving Los Angeles, which, of course, meant leaving Fay. With him out of the way, not only Kempton Calhoun, but a flock of other promoters would have a clear field for a time, and he could hardly expect the girl to enter a convent till he bounded back from the wars, if at all. I felt the same way about Queenie Davis, viz., a cute refugee from the bathing-beaut dramas, sometimes stunt double for Fay and my one failing. A glance from this little disturbance was the same as two quarts of college gin, a outside loop in a airplane or a blindfold ride on a toboggan, what I mean. However, it was a plain case of duty calls, so I went ahead cooking up bouts for Jackie, the last of which would bring us to Madison Square Garden for a gigantic.

For a month or so we'd been springing from bed at six in the morning and taking a brisk horseback ride before breakfast in the snappy air of the cool mountain trails. This prescription presents you with the horse's appetite and shows you some scenery you'll remember till your dying day, which, if you stay in California, will be never, according to the natives. They was usually a gay bevy of us, including Queenie, Fay, Calhoun and Melbourne Maxim, the big director and a wild admirer of Jack's left hook. Me and Jack was just learning the mysteries of sitting a horse, neither being born on a merry-go-round, but the rest of 'em was all second Tom Mixes aboard the equines.

WELL, kiddies, one morning we was all ready to gallop forth when I found I forgot my horse, or something, and I had to go back to the stable. The first thing I seen is Kempton Calhoun in a huddle with one of the grooms which used to ride out with us just in case. They didn't peg me, and as it was always open season for this poisonous Calhoun banana, I slipped behind a stall, tuned in and got a earful. Then I scampered back to Jack, fit to be tied!

"Listen," I whispered to him, "have you ever stopped a runaway horse?"

"I've boxed plenty hounds, but never no horses!" says Jack.

"This is no time to wisecrack," I snarls impatiently. "Calhoun's slipped the stable boy a roll to scare Fay's mount so's it will run away with her—divide *that* by six!"

"Well, I'll be a wicked expression!" exclaims Jack in alarm. "What's the idea of him doin' that?"

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"So's he can rescue her in front of this mob and make you look like a chump," I quickly tells him, "I just eavesdropped the whole plot. He's another Paul Revere in the saddle, while it's impossible that there's a sorrier horseman than *you* in captivity. Are you hep?"

"Wait here till I see that groom!" answered Jack grimly and galloped back to the stable while the others shoved off without us. He joined me inside of five minutes, grinning like a tooth-powder ad, and as we caught up with the bunch he told me out of the side of his mouth:

"Everything's jake. That groom dotes on me and hates Calhoun's eyebrows. You can bet all the tea in China that ape's goin' to get crossed like the Atlantic. Wait and see!"

I WAITED and saw. We'd been out about half a hour when the groom, riding behind Calhoun and unnoticed by him, suddenly lashed our personal villain's palfrey smartly with his whip. The horse instantly plunged wildly forward and got control of the bit, as, mark you, Calhoun was by no means expecting anything like *this!* The next second his frightened animal's racing for a canyon like a bat out of Hades, and it was as plain as the face on my nose that Mr. Calhoun could no more stop it than he could stop bootlegging! Most of our party seemed thunderstruck till Fay spurred after Calhoun, leaned out of the saddle like them Cossacks does and snatched at the runaway's bridle. She brought it to a trembling halt not more than twenty feet from a drop over a cliff into no place.

"And not a camera in sight!" breathes Queenie Davis when we'd mobbed the blushing Fay with applause. His face getting red and white by turns, Kempton Calhoun was trying to read Jack's tantalizing grin. Instead of him staging a sensational rescue of his beautiful leading lady, she had to save him right in front of everybody. Calhoun was sunk, what I mean, and had to like it!

"What a cruel broncho you ride, Fay!" said Jack enthusiastically. "Who taught you out here?"

"Jack, I was raised with horses!" Fay laughs. "I used to break 'em on Dad's ranch in Oklahoma."

Jack lifts his eyebrows and regards the outsmarted Calhoun, which heard this information in mortified silence.

"What d' ye think of *them* mushrooms, Big Boy?" sneers Jack. "Maybe the next time you'll leave them funny ideas of yours to the scenario writers!"

Well, via the mails, I propositioned Shylock Wiggins, which was fronting for the welterweight champ, Jimmy McCabe. Wiggins win himself that "Shylock" monicker when he grabbed off a twenty-five-hundred-buck weight forfeit from a challenger which come in one quarter of a pound overweight. I finally got a letter from Wiggins, people, which caused me and Jack to froth at the mouth. This Humpty Dumpty wrote that after plenty of due consideration he was willing to let McCabe cuddle up to Jackie if I built up my boy into a box-office natural. Then he give me some advice:

"Go through the sticks and knock off them palookas," he wrote. "Don't bother with nobody which knows the difference between a right hook and the referee, get me? Just take the local panics which you can bounce in jig time, as a string of one-round knockouts is always great publicity, whether the guys you flatten is bums or not. I have put a nominal price of fifty grand on the title, and you must lay this paltry sum in my lily white hands before we get in the ring. If we cop, I'll give you back your fifty. If you wash us up, well, at least the poorhouse ain't staring us in the pan. This is simply business, kid. Answer soon, as we love to get mail.

Yours for more pushovers,
SHYLOCK WIGGINS.

(The guy which puts the static in the radio programs.)

Can you feature that? This burglar wants to put the wasp on us personally for fifty thousand, on top of his champion's cut of the gate. Such is what box fighting has come to these days of million-dollar purses, powder-puff champs and heavies which can quote Shakespeare tc the other boy in a clinch. I'll have you know the *real* scrapping's done over signing the articles—what you see in the ring is a couple of tired business men doing their daily dozen.

WELL, subscribers, I managed to unload our Hollywood gym on a couple of umpchays for a sweet profit, and once again we're properly moneyed. Then Melbourne Maxim tipped Jack confidentially that Colossal Productions was getting ready to cast Fay Daniels aside like a broken toy when her contract expired. They figured the public was getting fed up with the Calhoun-Daniels combination, and they wished to break it, at the same time avoiding giving Fay the healthy wage increase a new deal would call for. This kind of figuring costs the big companies human gold mines every day, and I don't mean year.

Jackie pondered over the deal Fay was going to get, and the more he pondered the more red-headed he got, being triple cuckoo about this charmer. What does he do but dash over to the Colossal lot and for no reason what so ever buy a option on her for ten grand. What a boy!

Meanwhile I'd went to work and lined up a triumphant tour East for Jackie, which was to finally bring us into the Garden to box for Tex Rickard. We had bouts at Denver, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Buffalo for tasty guarantees with maulers which would help pack the clubs and likewise help swell Jack's knockout record, I hoped. I was dickering over the phone about our drawing-room, when he walked in and exploded a bomb right in my face.

"I got some good news for you," he cackles, grinning from ear to ear. "Fay and Queenie's goin' to New York on the boat."

"Why the boat?" I asked, scenting grief.

"THEY'RE doin' a sea opera," he explains, "and they shoot some hoke sequences en route. It's a talkie, and the first one Fay's ever did. She's leery of how she'll sell on that voice-recordin' gadjet, but it's right on her doorstep."

"Yet Colossal's leaving her go," I murmured softly.

"What does them sapolios know about—about *anything?*" storms Jack. "Fay don't know I bought that option on her, but she's jerry that her contract ain't goin' to be renewed. She told me she got thinkin' about it while she was singin' and that's what put the sob in her voice which'll lay 'em in the aisles!"

"That's fine," I says. "Well, I trust we'll lay One-Round Carson in the aisle at Denver, our first stop."

"Be your height!" laughs Jack. "The boat don't dock at Denver. We sail tomorrow on that scow with Fay, and you can cancel all them brawls or postpone 'em."

Then the fun began:

I leaped up so fast I upset my chair, but it wasn't one twentieth as upset as *I* was! I shouted, purred, pleaded, threatened, cursed and coddled. I pointed out that we had to glom fifty grand somewhere to get that fight with the champ.

"And on top of all that," I bawled hoarsely, "the Boxing Commission will rule you off for life for nonappearance in four states. Try *that* on your saxophone!"

"Me-yah!" Jackie grunts. "Tell 'em I'm sick. You can send 'em a medico's certificate and then claim this ocean trip's for my health. That'll baffle 'em. They's no use barkin' and meowin' at me, Marty, I'm goin' down to the sea in ships with the girl I love!"

"All right!" I snarls. "You're your own boss, with a fool for a employer. What'll I tell 'em matchmakers is the matter with you?"

"Heart trouble!" grins Jack.

Well, anyways, Queenie Davis would be along to take the curse off the journey.

It'll be many's the day and many's the night, friends of the air, before I'll forget that voyage on the bounding main. Everybody wanted a seat at the captain's table in the dining-room, but Melbourne Maxim crossed the gallant ship's company by parking the forms of his movie troupe there. Deck tennis, quoits, the benefit concert for the disabled seamen where everybody did their act, sea gulls and sea gullibles, the captain's dinner and the big masquerade ball, leaping porpoises, basking sharks, sleeping seaturtles, flying fish and birds of a feather! The handsome purser trying to do himself some good with the cuteys, the deck promenaders which gets on the boat and then (*Continued on page 43*)

"Why don't you look where you're going, you big stiff!" snarls the small stranger

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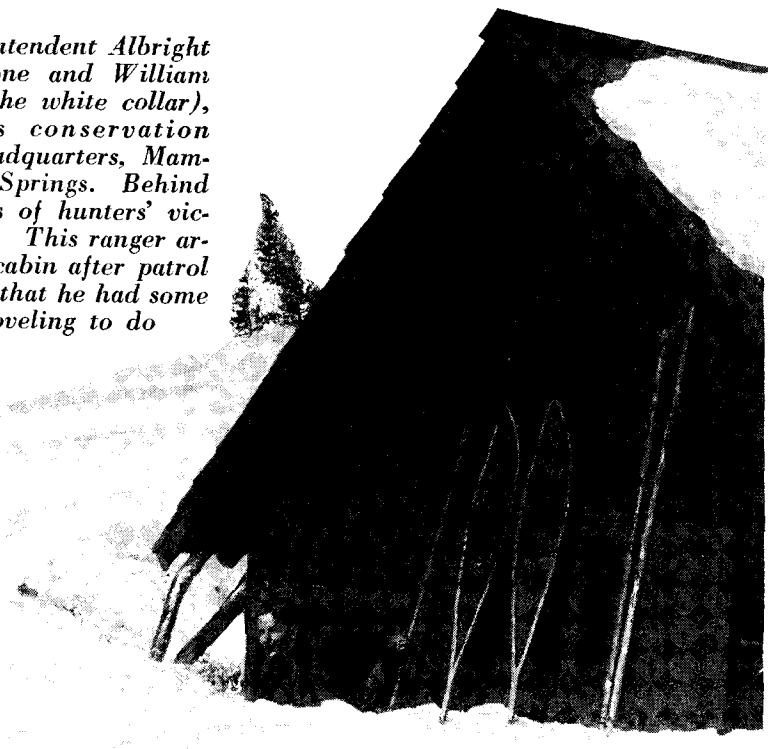

Left: Superintendent Albright of Yellowstone and William Adams (in the white collar), Massachusetts conservation head, at headquarters, Mammoth Hot Springs. Behind them, antlers of hunters' victims. Right: This ranger arrived at his cabin after patrol work to find that he had some snow shoveling to do

Keepers of the Wild

By HORACE M. ALBRIGHT

Superintendent Yellowstone National Park

As told to FRANK J. TAYLOR

IT'S summer time, and the rangers of our National Parks are ready, primed with nature lore and stories, for the ever-questioning millions who will gypsy through Yellowstone, Rocky Mountain, Yosemite and other gorgeous preserves. An intrepid fellow, this ranger—whose winter is as hazardous as his summer is humorous. Here's his year-round saga:

ALL persons look alike to a national park ranger, who has a way of reducing everybody and everything to the true democracy of the wilderness trails. Sometimes the process is pleasant; sometimes—

Well, two cases come to my mind at once.

First, there is Ranger Billy Nelson of the Yellowstone. Billy is a seasoned old-timer, as the all-year-round rangers are called. He has shunned cities and pavements, and lived all his life in the solitary company of real majesty—the mountains. When Albert, King of the Belgians, visited Yellowstone National Park, Billy Nelson was assigned to guide him on a camping trip.

The chief ranger carefully coached the old-timer on the necessity of addressing King Albert as "Your Majesty," and on all the formality and etiquette of the occasion. Billy met the King, per orders, when the royal party entered the park, and was presented. And then this conversation ensued:

"They told me what to call you, King, but I've forgot it. So if it's agreeable to you I'll call you King, and you can call me Billy."

"All right, Billy," said the King.

"All right, King," said Billy.

The King and the ranger got along famously and became fast friends. Billy Nelson is known as perhaps the best camp cook in the Park Service, and the fare he provided for the royal party may have compensated for the horror of the King's attendants at hearing the old ranger shout:

"Say, King, shoot me that side of bacon, will you? How about another cup of Java?"

Ranger Billy Nelson was decorated with the Order of Leopold.

Then there's the second case. It has to do with one of the young ninety-day wonders, as the temporary summertime rangers are called, and a local celebrity, and it too happened in the great Yellowstone.

The local celebrity, feeling the urge to advertise his name more widely, wrote it on the cone of Old Faithful geyser. He was caught in the act by the young ranger, arrested, and given the choice of appearing before the magistrate to be tried or mixing a pail of soap and water and scrubbing his name completely off the cone.

He protested vehemently about the tyranny of the rangers, and the indignity of having to wash a geyser. Finally he decided to obey the ninety-day wonder, in lieu of going to court, where he might have received more publicity than he desired.

A Ninety-Day Wonder

THE local celebrity's scrubbing act was enjoyed by a large audience, and when the job was done he came to my office, boiling-mad, to demand that the ranger who made a washerwoman of him be fired. I was away at the time; the assistant superintendent listened patiently but without sympathy. Finally the irate visitor said:

"Well, it's just what you'd expect from these rangers. They're the dregs from the cities. They couldn't make a living anywhere but out here."

"Yes, I guess that's it," admitted the assistant dryly. "That ranger who made you wash the geyser never had a chance. He's nothing but a grandson and a great-grandson of two Presidents of the United States!"

The ranger was William Henry Harrison, 3d, one of our best ninety-day wonders.

You see, people are not people at all to the ranger. For him the world of humans divides itself simply into "dudes," "sagebrushers" and "savages."

Dudes are visitors to a national park who travel on trains and motor stages.

Sagebrushers are visitors who roll their own motor cars.

Savages are mostly college youngsters who work, during the summer months, in the hotels, lodges and camps, or for the transportation companies. They are divided into tribes—the Pillow Punchers, the Gear Jammers, the Bubble Queens, the Pack Rats and so on. It's easy to guess their jobs.

They have a common cry, these species. The dudes use it most, the sagebrushers often, the savages infrequently. It is,

"O, Ranger!"

To make it really sound like the call of the dude in the wild, you have to sing it out with rising inflection. It is invariably the prelude to a barrage of questions:

What makes the geyser spout? Where does the buffalo park his eyes? Why does the beaver build dams? How does a waterfall fall when it freezes? What does a ranger do all winter?

The rangers are the original ask-me-another boys. More than two million dudes and sagebrushers visit the national parks each year now, and the visitor who goes through a park without asking at least ten questions is abnormal. Multiply two million by ten!

"O, Ranger, can I take your picture with a bear?"

"Just a minute, ma'am, until I tell this gentleman where to catch some fish."

The ranger will direct him to Fishing Bridge, a favorite spot for catching cutthroat trout.

"Where's there a bear?"

"Well, ma'am, there was one right here a few minutes ago. Maybe we can find him."

Molasses Chews for the Bears

IN THE Yellowstone the bears have a habit of coming around the corner of the cabin at this point of the conversation.

"O, Ranger, what a lovely bear! What's his name? Stand closer to him, won't you? Say, would you mind putting your arm around his neck? It would make a peachy shot. We'd just love it!"

"Sorry, ma'am, but it's against the regulations to hug the bears."

"Pshaw! Why do they have such foolish rules? Well, then, just pretend to be feeding him something."

"It's bad business, ma'am, to fool a bear. These are wild animals, and they're liable to lose their patience if you pretend to feed them and then don't do it. You'd better step into the store and buy some molasses chews. Then we can take all the pictures you want."

Click! Click! Click!

Another ranger was immortalized in picture for the nineteenth time that day.

In his uniform of olive-drab, the ranger is the information bureau, guide, confidant, pal, and rough-and-ready philosopher of vacationing America. And if these aren't enough—there's the ever-present hazard of forest fires to be watched for and fought.

The visitors love the story of Ranger

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Joe Douglas, who was crossing Yellowstone Lake on skis in the dead of winter one day when he came to a place where the wind had blown the snow off the ice. Skis are of no use as a means of transportation on the bare ice, so Doug unstrapped them and carried them over his shoulder while he walked. In an unwary moment he plunged through an air hole into the icy water. Fortunately, the skis bridged the hole and undoubtedly saved his life. Clinging to them, Doug cautiously pulled himself out of the water and trudged on, his clothes frozen stiff about his body. Reaching shore, this old-timer dug through four feet of snow, located some wood, built a fire, undressed and stood there naked while he dried his clothes by the blaze. "It was one of the warmest days of the winter," Doug explained: "Only 'bout seven below zero!"

Strangely, these months of privation and struggles, patrolling the snowbound mountain peaks to protect the wild animals from poachers and to maintain the telephone lines, are the season that the old-timers love best. They lead a lonely existence, trekking on snowshoes and skis over domains as large almost as some Eastern states. For as long as six months at a time winter holds many of the national parks in its icy grip, and snowdrifts are piled so high over the little log fortresses which the rangers call home that they can be recognized only by the yards of stovepipe which the men extend above the chimneys, or by the snow shovels which they hang in the tree tops, not only as landmarks but to have tools available to tunnel into the cabins.

The national park ranger leads a lonely life, patrolling the peaks and protecting wild animals from poachers. This is a typical ranger's cabin

Below: Fishing Bridge, Yellowstone, crowded by sagebrushers, every last one determined to broil a cutthroat in the open

When Winter Comes

THAT recalls an item I noticed in a ranger's daily report one winter:

"Ate lunch today on top of a telephone pole in Sylvan Pass."

The drifts in Sylvan Pass sometimes reach forty feet in depth. The visitors to the Yellowstone during the balmy summertime, when the mountain sides teem with wild flowers and butterflies, can hardly realize the change that takes place when winter comes.

But the toughest moments of a ranger's life aren't always in winter! Ranger Martindale was once giving an informal little talk to a group of delegates to a religious convention, gathered about the cone of Old Faithful geyser. He was explaining how deposits from the hot water had built up the geyser cone over a long period of years, when he was interrupted peremptorily:

"Ranger, how long did you say it took to make this cone?"

"About forty thousand years," explained Martindale.

"Young man, do you ever read your Bible?"

"Sometimes," admitted the ranger.

"Then you know that the world is not yet forty thousand years old, nor half that, nor a quarter."

"But we can measure the annual deposit of this cone, and we can calculate fairly accurately that it took about forty thousand years to build it up as high as it is now," explained Martindale.

"Well, if you read your Bible more carefully, young man, you would know that it took the Lord only six days to make the whole world," insisted the visitor. "And if He wanted to, I guess, He could make ten Yellowstones in ten minutes!"

Why is a Dude?

IN THE early days, before the ranger naturalist undertook the job of explaining the wonders of the parks to people, untrained guides told many and weird stories about the geysers. These stories are now known in the parks as "whoppers." They are repeated as jokes, but sometimes they are taken seriously.

An elderly woman asked a driver what the great piles of wood, stacked along the road near Old Faithful, were used for, and was told:

"Oh, those? They're to heat the water for the geysers."

This gullible old lady finally came into my office to accuse the park service of nature faking.

Why is a dude a dude? Well, the nickname originated many years ago simultaneously, so far as I can learn, in the Yellowstone and on the Eaton Ranch in Wyoming. Visitors who could afford to travel on trains and the old horse-drawn stages were looked upon as people of affluence. The dudes used to don rough clothes and try to look like regular "horse wranglers," but they always gave themselves away by some little foible, like washing behind the ears.

That was always the test of a dude—to look behind his ears!

From a term used in derision dude has come to be a nickname of some distinction. Dudes call each other dudes here in the Yellowstone and relish the idea.

There are as many as a thousand buffalo, five thousand deer, five hundred antelope, ten thousand elk, four hundred moose, two thousand mountain sheep, and many beasts of other species in the Yellowstone alone.

"Ranger, how do you know how many wild animals there are?" visitors ask.

"We go out and count them," replies the ranger.

This is invariably greeted with laughter. But it isn't a joke at all, as the rangers assigned to the wild animal census during the winter months can verify; it is hard work. It is not as impossible as it sounds, for the reason that the wild animals congregate in the wintertime in certain partly sheltered areas, where food is provided for them when the snow conceals their natural foods.

Another tough job that is regarded as a joke by the dudes is that of vaccinating the buffalo. The rangers have a great round-up every fall, and all the young buffaloes must be inoculated with a serum to prevent a disease which thrice threatened to wipe out the herd. Considering that a fully grown buffalo weighs a ton and that a new-born calf weighs almost as much as a man, it will be realized that vaccinating a medium-sized buffalo who doesn't want the treatment is plenty of exercise.

It takes a ton of feed a year for a buffalo, just to carry him through the winter. From a remnant of only twenty-three animals in 1902, the Yellowstone herd has increased to more than a thousand, not (*Continued on page 30*)

The fawn is not afraid of its little friend: wild life is safe in the Yellowstone

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"Of course you shall go back," answered Ludwig. To himself he said, "Little fool!"

Heat

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

What one day of intense temperature did to Fernando Miller and to his family

THE thermometer stood at 104 degrees Fahrenheit when Fernando Miller woke at ten o'clock. The section of Harrisburg on the Susquehanna level was notable for its high temperature, and the narrow street, lying many squares from the river, caught no river breeze. For a week the mercury had risen steadily and today promised to pass the highest record. The window shades were thin, and the sun beat upon Fernando's bed, the bed of a drunken man in a room which was otherwise neat.

There was a buzzing of flies, striving hungrily to enter, and the humming of an angry bee, determined to reach the source of the alcoholic odor saturating the air. It was not hard for Fernando to find alcohol; willing to take any sort of risk to supply others, he had no difficulty in satisfying his own thirst.

His occupation was none too safe; those from whom he bought were whites of the lowest type; those to whom he sold were Negroes who, kindly as they were, could not protect him. He liked Negroes—they were easy-going, and he suffered no shame in their company. He remembered that at noon there was to be a parade of a colored benevolent organization and he smiled drowsily, anticipating a brisk trade. He could find business among the assembling convention at this moment if he had energy enough to go for it.

The sun at last drove him from bed. The shade seemed to offer no more obstruction than a sheet of tissue paper; the fervid rays pierced his eyelids, burned his flesh, and sent waves of heat through his head. He rolled over, carrying the bedclothes with him, and slipped to the floor.

"Ah!" he sighed. "Nice! Cool!"

For a half hour he lay still. He had no drunkard's headache, but only a drunkard's heavenly satisfaction in himself and the world and the spot where he lay. He felt after a little while a vague discomfort which he was too sleepy to identify as thirst.

RISING through the floor there came the sound of running water and the odor of soiled clothes and soapsuds. Bessie, his wife, was washing the grimy clothes of their son Harry and several of his mates in the works at Steelton. The water was not running from a tap—in these poor houses there was no plumbing—it was being drawn from a hydrant, carried to boilers on the stove, and thence poured into tubs. There was no other sound; Bessie was a large woman, but she moved easily and lightly.

A new thought took vague shape in Fernando's mind, and he expressed it in a whisper, smiling beatifically:

"Bessie is fat."

At eleven he rose to a sitting posture. Conscious of discomfort, he was not sufficiently awake to disengage his legs from the sheet which wrapped them. The sound of splashing continued, the odorous steam grew thicker.

"Bessie is busy."

Until half past eleven these words, with their pleasant similarity of sound, entertained him; he repeated them aloud, sometimes interchanging the vowels. Then, remembering the parading Negroes, he rose and stood swaying, dressed in his underwear, a tall, lean man with a sallow complexion. He had an air, in the homely little room and in his inelegant attire, of ruin in decay. In his best days, conquering temporarily his appetite and lecturing eloquently in favor of prohibition, he had been handsome. It was in one of those intervals, now long in the past, that he had married.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he began to dress. Having put on one shoe, he lifted his hand to his forehead and found it dripping. He looked at it stupidly.

"Whew!" said he. "Hot!"

He felt the sheet and the footboard—they were warm. He looked at a patch of sunlight on the floor, moved his bare foot into it, then drew it back as though he feared being scorched. Alarmed, he awkwardly hastened his dressing. He recalled the blazing stove and the steaming water beneath his room.

"She'd burn me up!" he muttered. "Burn me up and be glad I was gone!"

Supporting himself with his hands against both sides of the narrow stairway, he descended to the first floor. The door into the parlor was closed—there it would be tolerable. There was an old lounge which, though it was not as comfortable as a bed, was still endurable.

He tried the door and found that the knob would not turn. Ah! They locked it against him, did they? Nineteen-year-old Harry proposed impetuously to keep the lounge for himself, or sixteen-year-old Meta was afraid he might step on the rug which she was buying on the installment plan. Meta was a telephone operator on a meager salary, and the installments were small. He smiled meanly as he let go of the knob.

Thirst sharpened, and he went unsteadily toward the kitchen, though there was no liquor there. Halfway along the little hall he stood still again. He was not hungry—the mere thought of food was repellent—nor had he business with Bessie, who would look at him solemnly through clouds of steam. Perhaps she would weep, and her tears—this was Fernando's own fantastic thought—would add to the moisture and heat. The kitchen was the most uncomfortable place in the house—why not leave by way of the front door?

The house faced west, and the steps were in shadow. The air was no cooler than within, but it was not saturated with steam and odors. Fernando straightened his shoulders and felt in his pocket for a cigarette—had his house been a palace and Fifth Avenue his promenade he could have had no more lordly air. The etiquette of the neighborhood, however, was not that of Fifth Avenue; a woman leaning from a window next door promised loudly to inform the police that he sold her husband liquor, and a group of little children, none as much as six years old, screamed at him and then rushed for the shelter of a narrow passageway between the houses. Their voices pierced the air like the upper tones of a siren.

"Hi, Fernando! Hi, Fernando!"

THE words were disrespectful and the tone was insolent, and all that Fernando could do was to pretend that he did not hear.

Leaving the wretched street for one which was slightly less wretched, he hummed a tune, then bent his ear to listen to a sound which came from far away. He could hear a band playing America; he could hear also a clock striking twelve. He had lost his chance to stimulate the paraders for their task, but he could comfort them in their hour of greater need when their work was done.

His foot took a marching rhythm; his eye shone. He saw the hall where the convention would gather; he saw himself going about with a dozen small bottles in his pockets, exchanging them

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for fifty-cent pieces. The liquor was as potent as it was vile; if one paid for strength, fifty cents was none too much for the two gulps which the bottle contained.

There in the hall he would be happy. Nobody would shout "Hi, Fernando!" no Bessie would weep, her large, fair face contorted with misery; no Meta would look at him aghast; no Harry would clench his hands so as to keep them from his father's throat; all would be affability and cheerfulness.

His own drink was different from theirs: superior in quality and less potent, so that one could wet one's throat without danger. He saw himself with a bottle lifted to his lips, his head tipped back—ah, a deep draft! He would not drink until he had made a great deal of money; then he would have enough to satisfy him. That would be a good day's work!

He did not concern himself about how he would get home—he always got home; either some one escorted him or someone told Bessie or Meta or Harry, and Harry fetched him. He thought only of the crowded hall and the heavy smell of human beings and tobacco and liquor.

At the corner where the full sun smote him he stood bewildered, then he tottered into the shade. He sat down on a doorstep panting, to wait until his head became steady.

"Got to keep out of the sun," he muttered. "That's no place for me. Why, the world may burn up!"

In the next street a few trees survived; there were also a few awnings in front of small business places, and walking in the shade was possible. He looked across at the glittering light, his eyes blinking painfully, his breath still coming in gasps.

"Pit of a furnace!" he muttered. "Awful!"

UNDER one of the awnings Fernando stepped into a little grocery store. There was no one to be seen, and he walked straight through to a back room and roused a fat man asleep in a chair. The man grunted, looked at him, brought from the cellar twelve small bottles and helped to dispose them about Fernando's person, and Fernando gave him two dollars. Thirsty as he was, he did not drink here.

He came suddenly out of a side street at the beginning of the parade route. Here was no shade, here were neither trees nor awnings; the sun, high overhead, blazed into every corner. He felt a dizzy pang through head and body and limbs, but what was going on was interesting enough to take his attention from himself.

The street was not in Guntur or Delhi, though a gilded idol, which looked from one point like an elk, from another like a moose, and from another a little like a kangaroo, was being propelled slowly along on a wheeled platform. It was not Algiers, though every human being, man, woman and child, in sight was black. It was not Rome, though the prevailing color was an ecclesiastical purple—purple coats and trousers, purple velvet under the gilded idol, purple skirts on the women, purple capes, purple fezzes on all heads.

The music had changed its character; it was no longer patriotic but barbaric. The marchers were in line, men, women and children. Solemnity wrapped them; consciousness of their importance kept all erect; heat bathed them. The air was heavy with the heat of their dripping bodies, and in the brief pauses of the music there was a sound of deep, concerted breathing. Filled with pride, they felt no discomfort; the Capitol was before them, the crowds awaited them.

Fernando's throat thickened—he too felt proud and queerly ecstatic. He looked straight up at the sun.

"Shine on, old sun!" he cried.

Then he stepped or rather staggered into line. Those nearest stared at him, but the leader of a group which came from Harrisburg knew him and shouted "Hi, Mr. Miller!" and those near by made room for him. He looked round grinning, the last bonds loosed.

"World's going to burn up!" he declared. "Going to have one good time."

With head erect, hands lifted as though they held a flute, and knees shaking he stepped out to the time of the music.

HEARING the thud which accompanied the sliding of Fernando to the floor, Bessie Miller started violently. Though she was an abstemious eater and worry robbed her of sleep, flesh gained upon her, and violent motion racked her being. She stood by her tubs, her overheated body shivering in sudden chill, her large, fair and really lovely face, a moment ago flushed crimson, now pale, her water-wrinkled hands trembling. She looked like a fat and beautiful child who having felt one unjust blow awaits another.

Hearing no further sound and guessing that Fernando lay upon the floor and would sleep another hour, she turned back to her tub, her racing blood reddening her cheeks and filling her head almost to bursting. Love for Fernando was long since extinct, but fear smoldered. The fear was not for herself, neither of violence nor disgrace; it was for Meta and Harry—Meta, who was so young, so extremely pretty, so unequal to her long day's work, so filled with apprehension of new shame, and Harry, his body growing bent before he was out of boyhood, his heart filled with bitterness. Thus far he had restrained his hatred for his father, but his temper was quick and his arm mighty. Thus far, also, he had been clean and a good son, but who could tell what seeds of evil lay dormant?

Presently she went to the door and looked out, across the line of wash—dry though it had been hung only a little while.

"If we'd have rain, things would go better," she said aloud. "The heat makes us all queer."

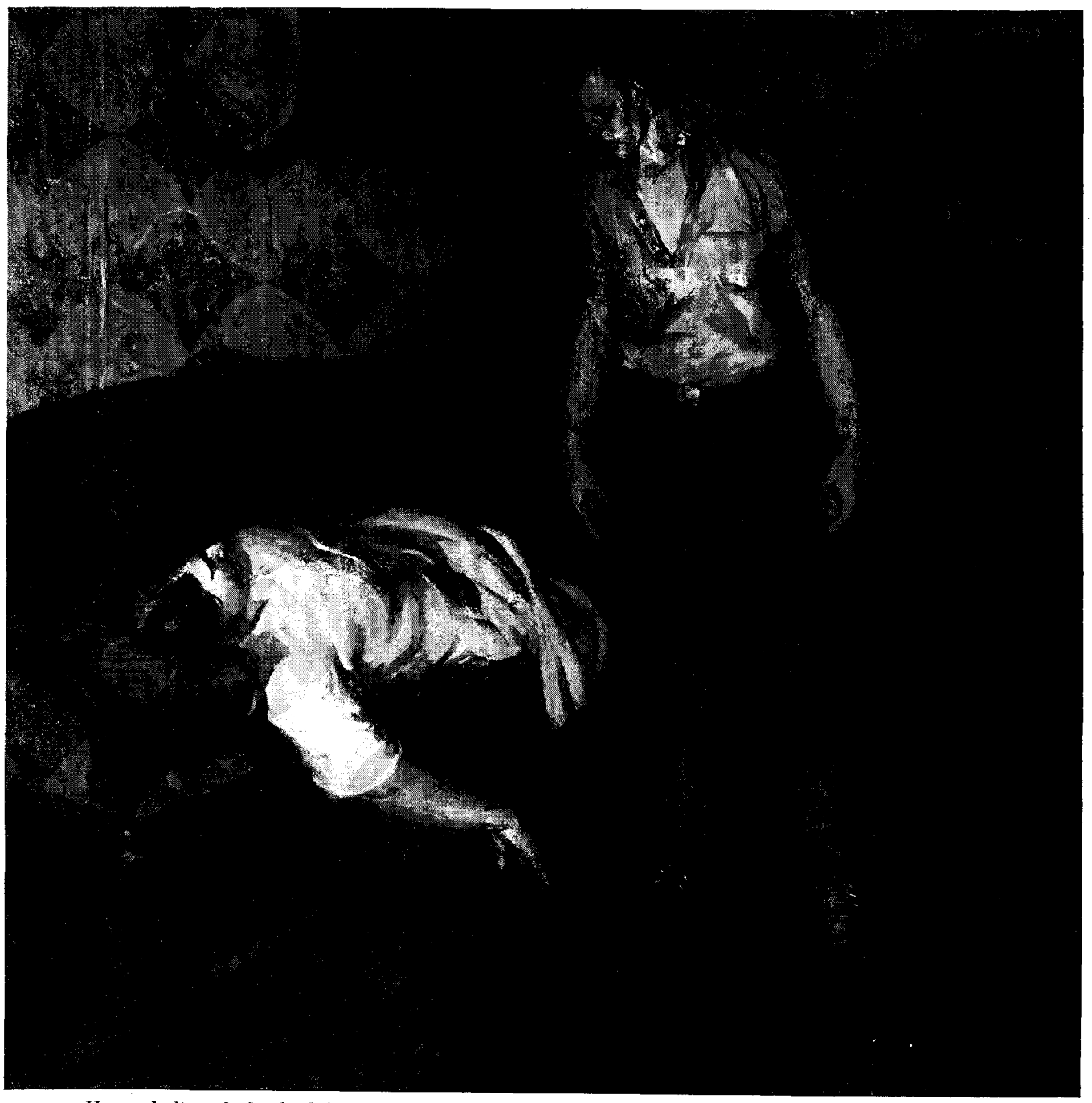
She did not hear Fernando descend, nor did she hear him leave. When dinner was ready she called; then, receiving no answer, climbed the stairs. The heat was a few degrees higher than in the hall below, and she stood panting and looking into Fernando's empty room. She took a step toward the untidy bed, but with her hand already on the pillow she loosened it and moved backward and closed the door. Outside she stood still, as if in profound meditation, her hand pressed to her forehead.

"It's too hot," she said thickly. "It's too hot."

She forced herself down the line of wash, gathered the clothes and carried them to the house, looking over her shoulder as though the flaming sun were following her. It would follow her soon; it was coming round the house to shine directly upon her and her burning irons and her blazing stove.

She sprinkled a portion of the wash and packed the rolls neatly into a basket. Already the stove glowed red. Unable to gauge the flight of time, she believed that the heat of the sun quickened the flame in the fire box. Refusing to accept the evidence of her eyes, she lifted an iron toward her cheek. The heat made her shiver. She closed the draft, prepared her ironing board, and set to work. Her body ached, her knees trembled, her feet were numb. She ironed towels and wash cloths and laid them in a pile. It seemed to her that they were not white, and she examined them carefully. She rubbed her eyes—black spots a moment ago plainly visible vanished; she looked again—they had returned.

She worked on until she could no longer either work or think. The iron was hot, but she paid no heed to where she placed it; she thought only of getting rid of an intolerable weight. Round its edges smoke curled from the front of Meta's best dress. She did not see or smell the smoke: the pain in the top of her head could no longer be borne. She pressed her hands there, then took them away to shut from her eyes the blazing light of the sun. A convulsion shook her body; her stomach was empty, but she suffered the painful contraction of nausea. With (*Continued on page 36*)



Harry believed she had found refuge in that which he had resisted. "Get up!" he shouted

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Giant Killer

By ELMER DAVIS

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

David weathers a narrow escape and one of his three enemies meets his end

A hoarse blast on the ram's horn trumpet and they swooped down with a wild yell: "For Yahweh and David!"

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE hearing of King Saul, who is desperate because none of his soldiers is brave enough to fight Goliath, giant of Gath, David plays his harp and sings a song about vanquishing the giant. Saul takes him seriously and David finds himself expected to make good his song.

That night lying beside the sleeping Joab, a nephew two years his junior, David blames his harp for getting him into this fix and flings it from him. Along toward dawn he regrets his hasty action and rises to retrieve it. Walking down the hill he finds Goliath lying dead by the side of Elhanan, one of Saul's soldiers who, returning to his sentry post much the worse for wine, had accidentally tripped up Goliath whose head had crashed against a stone.

David immediately chops off Goliath's head and Elhanan wakes in time to see David disappearing over the hill in the direction of Saul's camp. Elhanan realizes that he can never prove the truth.

Saul, though he had promised Merab, his elder daughter, to David as reward, arranges to marry her to somebody else. Joab is incensed at this insult and urges David to steal Merab, thinking at the same time to take the younger daughter, Michal. To his sorrow he finds Michal in love with David and David not in love with either. However, at Joab's suggestion David asks for Michal.

As a marriage present Saul demands a hundred dead Philistines. Joab gathers together volunteers and the dead Philistines are forthcoming.

David and Michal are married and Saul is afraid of David's growing power.

Saul turns against David and David and his family flee over the Jordan to Moab and then David decides to go back and fight Saul. Joab and his brother Abishai and Abishai's wife, Tirzah, go with him. They gather together about four hundred men with nothing better to do than to fight Saul.

After a long, hard winter with Saul's armies under General Abner closing in on them, they flee to the Philistines, their erstwhile enemies. Achish, King of Gath, takes them in as part of his army. When they are at last ready to fight Saul, David's plan is, if it proves expedient, to turn traitor to Achish and go over to Saul, who he thinks would take him back if he helped him to win a victory. Achish's generals suspect this and Achish forbids David and his band to fight. Whereupon David's army turns against him.

IV

THEY had their backs against a low wall now, Joab and Abishai gripping their swords, waiting for the first stones to come flying from that hooting mob just beyond their reach, David dumb and dazed. Suddenly he shook himself, gave a long sigh. With a hand on Joab's shoulder he vaulted to the top of the wall; he stood above them, one arm flung high in a gesture of unconquerable assurance. He stood precariously, and for an instant their whole cause tottered with him. He caught himself, regained his poise, his red beard blazing in the sunlight, his burnished armor a bright, fair target for the stones a hundred men had ready in their hands.

"Men!" His voice rang clear as a trumpet over the tumult; the roar died suddenly into a scattering of snarls and jeers. "Men, we'll get them back, wives and children! Every man is against us —but we have our swords, and our God is with us still!"

His eyes were hot and eager, his voice resonant with triumphant certainty.

Joab felt a shivering thrill; his eyes were wet. It sounded true! It sounded true!

"Abiathar, the priest!" David called. "Abiathar, servant of the oracle of Yahweh!"

Now there was a sudden dead hush, for the oracle of Yahweh was a very holy thing, not to be lightly invoked. Abiathar had brought it from the temple at Nob, escaping when Saul had butchered the other priests for giving an answer to David. Pale with terror, he came through the crowd that fell back to open his way; around his neck hung a goatskin pouch, the Pouch of the Oracle. "There should be a sacrifice," he muttered. "There must always be a sacrifice."

"What have we to sacrifice?" cried David. "The Amalekites! I give the Amalekites to Yahweh! We will cut them in pieces before the Lord!"

And again, thought Joab, it sounded true; what was more, it was beginning to sound true to the men. . . . They helped Abiathar up on the wall; he stood with his eyes aloft, looking away to the southward, toward Sinai, the Mount of God; his hands hovered above the mouth of the pouch. And in the pouch, as all men know, were the sacred bone disks, the Urim and Thummim, white and black. If the priest's hand, blindly groping, drew out the white disk, Yahweh had answered yes; the black disk would deny them, refuse them—finish them.

"Yahweh, God of Judah and Israel!" David's voice rang through the stillness. "Shall we pursue?"

SIX hundred men held their breath as the priest's hand fumbled in the pouch. It came out; it held up a disk. Six hundred men breathed in a smothered hissing "Ah!" The disk was white.

"Shall we overtake them?" David called. Again white!

"And shall we recover our wives and children?" Once more—white! . . . And now the frantic, exultant yell leaped skyward:

"Pursue! For Yahweh and David!"

Even as they yelled, the mob was swirling into order; the men were falling into their ranks. Joab ran, stumbling, toward his place at the head of the column; as he ran he overtook Abishai; he slapped him fiercely on the back.

"Abishai!" he panted, sobbing. "He is fit to be a king! Oh, what a king! And what an artist—" But Abishai did not hear him.

"I'll get her back," he was muttering tonelessly. "I don't care how long they've had her; I'll get her back—"

JOAB choked—and then smiled slowly. Six hundred men who felt like that would be hard to stop.

So fast and fiercely did they march that a third of the men had dropped out, gasping, before Joab called a halt for rest in late afternoon. They had found an Egyptian slave, sick and left behind by his Amalekite master, who had told them that the raiders were moving slowly; they were not far ahead. They had swept the whole frontier, Judah and Caleb and Philistia too, while all the men were at the front; and now they were returning at leisure, cumbered with prisoners and booty, fearless of pursuit. . . . Ten minutes' rest and the men were clamoring to move on; they pushed forward, scouts thrown out far in advance, and before sunset they saw the smoke of the raiders' camp.

They had moved slowly, encamped in lazy confidence, with no outposts, not even sentries; from the top of a little rise Joab and David surveyed their widespread disorderly expanse of blazing fires, lines of kneeling camels, herds of bleating, captured sheep; bales of plunder and groups of wailing captives. The Amalekites were spread abroad over the ground, eating and drinking and feasting. Joab came back to his waiting column.

"Deploy by companies," he commanded. "Right and left, behind that ridge. If any man moves before the trumpet blows, I'll kill him myself. But when the trumpet blows—go get your women!"

They crouched behind the ridge in a long crescent; they waited till the sun touched the horizon; then a hoarse blast on the ram's horn trumpet and from three sides they swooped down with a wild yell: "For Yahweh and David!" It was no battle; it was a massacre; half the Amalekites were cut down before they knew who had struck them. A few got on their camels, got away; Joab knew it was useless to organize a pursuit, for after the first joyful orgy of killing his men had spread over the camp, hunting their wives and children; there was everywhere the noise of happy weeping and hysterical laughter.

PRESENTLY Joab came on Tirzah; her robe was torn off one shoulder; one eye was black and swollen, but still she smiled.

"Abishai?" she demanded, clutching his arm.

"He's all right; he's hunting you everywhere. And you—"

"They didn't hurt me. I ripped off one of my shoulder safety pins and straightened it out." She showed him a sharp-pointed sliver of bronze. "After two or three of them had their faces slashed they went where they'd have less trouble. One man hit me in the eye, but that doesn't matter." And then, in a little shriek—"Abishai!"

Joab slipped away. He felt rather lonely that evening, among all these reunions—but his lack of any private joys left him free to savor the great, overshadowing achievement. They had come back. Their homes were burned; they were suspected and out of favor; every man was against them—but they had touched their lowest depth that morning and they had come back; they had tottered on the brink of ruin, and David had saved them. They might—they surely could—do anything now.

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It was no battle; it was a massacre; half the Amalekites were cut down before they knew who had struck them

Late at night he came to David by a blazing fire, his wives safe and unharmed in the tent behind him.

"Not a man killed," Joab reported, "and not a woman or a child missing. Yahweh gave us a great victory today, David. Back in Ziklag this morning, I thought we were all done for. . . ."

"You lack faith," said David—"faith and imagination. If you only had faith and imagination, you would be a great man, Joab." And then, his eyes glittering: "Joab, we're rich! We've recovered all they took from us and all their plunder from the whole frontier.

"But I'm not going to keep it." He brooded a while, his head in his hands; then looked up, smiling. "Joab, we had a standing once in Judah. People admired us, prayed for us; they didn't dare fight for us, with Saul's army in the country, but they helped us when they could; they wanted us to win. . . . But when we went down to the Philistines they called us traitors."

"As if we could have done anything else!" said Joab hotly.

"Of course. But they didn't think of that. They called us traitors—but they won't call us that now! All the world will see that what David wins he shares with his own people. This plunder goes to the chiefs of all the Southern clans—Judah and Caleb and Jerahmeel—according to each man's rank and influence. They'll never call us traitors again. Saul takes their men for the army, leaves them defenseless—but David recovers all that they lost and gives it back to them!"

"You don't expect to give every man back his own property? Why, there must be thousands—"

"Oh, we couldn't do that. But the chiefs—the elders—the men who count; they see that they share with David; they see that Saul abandoned them and David protects them."

"You are thinking like a king," said Joab.

David smiled slowly.

"A king! . . . It seems a long time since Samuel anointed me, since we came back from Moab with all those wild expectations. But perhaps— Our family is as good as any in northern Judah; my wife Ahinoam has brothers and cousins who control southern Judah; my wife Abigail comes of the greatest family in Caleb—" He struck his hand on the table. "If anything happens to Saul, Joab—if anything happens to Saul—!"

NOT till later did it occur to Joab that David was buying the chiefs of Judah with their own money—or rather with the money of the humble men and women who lived on the frontier. But that, he supposed, was politics, and good politics at that. . . . He strolled about the camp on one last inspection—*his* sentries and outposts were out, as always, in case any Amalekites came back—and he came upon Abiathar, the priest.

"You saved us today," said Joab. "You and David."

"Our God saved us," Abiathar reproved him.

"Yes," said Joab. And then—cautiously—"Abiathar, when you held up the white disk that gave us our answer, I noticed there was a tiny nick in the edge . . . yes. If Yahweh had not given us that answer, you and I and Abishai and David would all have been stoned to death. . . . Abiathar, I have been wondering. Is there a nick in the black disk too?"

The priest regarded him with majestic sacerdotal sternness.

"These are holy matters," he said severely. "They are not the concern of laymen."

Well, perhaps not, thought Joab; especially of laymen who lacked faith and imagination. But he could not help thinking that if the Amalekites, who outnumbered his men three to one, had had a competent commander, if they had posted sentries and kept watch against surprise, faith and imagination might have been of little use. But that was ungrateful.

So they came back to Ziklag and began to rebuild their ruined homes, and on the third day a man came running, his clothes torn and ashes on his head.

"David!" he gasped to the sentries at the gate. "News for David, from the camp of Israel!"

When the man saw David he fell down before him as if he were a king.

"Well?" said David abruptly. "How did it go?"

"We're beaten—utterly beaten!" A wail went up from the crowd. "We've lost thousands," he panted. "And Saul is dead! Saul and Jonathan and all the princes, dead on Mount Gilboa!"

They cried out in horror, these men who had marched with the Philistines to fight Saul. . . . The messenger had caught his breath, now; he looked up at David, obsequious.

"I saw him lying dead, David. And for fear they might fall into the enemy's hands I took the crown from his helmet, the gold bracelets from his arms—" He drew them out from beneath his robe and held them out to David. "Here, my lord!"

SAUL'S crown, Saul's regalia, offered to David. Joab stared at them, and stared at this looter, smirking, waiting for his reward. . . .

Others felt as he did; there was a buzzing murmur in the crowd.

"As God lives!" David swore. "Dog, did you think you brought me good news?"

His sword swung in a flashing arc; the fugitive's head rolled in the dust. A sighing groan of satisfaction from the crowd; Joab heard a mutter behind him—"Struck like a king!" David swung on them, somber.

"We fast till nightfall," he announced. "We fast and mourn for Saul and Jonathan, for Yahweh's people and the house of Israel."

They fasted and they mourned; but Joab, seething with humiliation at the fall of his people, sick and sore at this end to all Saul's heroic labors, had no time to rid himself of his grief by displaying it. He was busy; more fugitives came drifting in through the afternoon, honest fugitives, in no delusion that they brought welcome news; and as he heard their stories his face grew darker and darker. There was no one else to hear them, for David was shut up in his tent; now and then they heard a subdued chord struck from his harp.

At nightfall Joab came to Abishai and Tirzah, nibbling barley cakes without appetite in the ruins of their house.

"Israel is finished," he groaned. "All the princes are dead—except Ishbaal; he escaped with Abner."

"In other words," said Abishai, "all the princes are dead."

"The army's scattered," Joab went on. "The Philistines have driven clear through to Jordan; they're overrunning Ephraim; all the people have left the cities and fled to the hills."

"What does David say about it?" asked Abishai. Joab spat in disgust.

"Nothing. He won't see me. He's making a poem. . . . As usual!"

Never in his life had he felt so utterly downcast. Saul was gone, and if David could do no better at a time like this than make a poem— They sat in woebegone silence, till presently they heard soft footfalls; they looked up at David, his harp on his arm.

"I have made a song," he said. "The song of Saul and Jonathan."

HE SAT down with them in the ruined house, and began to play; he sang, and as he sang they heard subdued movement around them, they saw figures looming in the dusk—men and women crowding in to listen. He sang of Saul and Jonathan, lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death not divided; swifter than eagles, stronger than lions. And Joab listened, looking up at the stars burning blue and green and crimson in the deep-blue night, and found his sharp tension relaxing, his despairing bitterness slowly soothed; there grew upon him a proud and melancholy remembrance of these brave men, a vague feeling of acceptance and resignation, a conviction that somehow beyond this grievous disaster Israel might yet arise, and all things be set right.

There was something to be said for Art, after all.

The Philistines came marching home in triumph, and hung Saul's armor in the temple of Astarte at Ashkelon. They had fastened his body, and the bodies of his sons, on the wall of Beth-Shan high above the Jordan, and a thrill of pride ran through all the men in Ziklag when they heard that those bodies had been stolen away—that the men of Jabesh-Gilead beyond Jordan, whom Saul had once saved from their enemies, had taken away the bodies and given them decent burial. So there was still heart in Israel, after all; still men who dared a gesture. . . . So all men thought, and then fell silent. Perhaps it was Israel's last gesture.

Messages began to come in from the chiefs and elders with whom David had shared his spoil—messages from all over Judah and Caleb and Jerahmeel; thanks and something more. Cautious inquiries, tentative suggestions. For Saul was dead, and the Philistines had not come into Judah. If David would come up—

But David gave them no answer; he waited, and presently there came a message from Gath, summoning him to King Achish.

"I go with him," Joab told Abishai. "I and two servants. You're left in command. Keep your scouts well out, and if they see the glitter of spears in the distance, call the men to arms and man the wall."

"What do you think is going to happen?"

"God only knows. But we're the last organized force of Hebrews. If I were Achish, I'd hang Joab and David, then send a brigade (*Continued on page 40*)

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The Make-Believe Wife

Copyright, 1928, by Kathleen Norris

"Now I'll tell you that I don't trust that Mrs. Kavanaugh," Nelly said warmly. "She's one that would always make mischief"

VI

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

The Story Thus Far:

LOVELY Beatrice St. John marries Houston Challoner, an attractive widower, who is years older, chiefly because her sister's health has failed and she realizes what marriage with Hugh, the president of the architectural firm in which she and her sister are employed, would mean to her family, who are very poor. Her sister and mother are sent to California, and Hugh and Beatrice are unbelievably happy. They decide to compete for the Kreutzmann memorial prize and work on the plans together.

Hugh can't help feeling, however, that he is too old for Beatrice, and that his son Bert would be a more suitable match for her. He realizes that Bert is falling in love with her, but Beatrice does not. Aileen Kavanaugh, widowed, a friend of Hugh's first wife, Alice, is in love with him, and so jealous of Beatrice that she never misses an opportunity to rouse his worst fears and suspicions.

One evening Beatrice sees Bert watching their house, and realizes suddenly that he is in love with her. The knowledge shocks her so that she feels a need of evasion with Hugh, and denies seeing Bert when he asks casually if it was he whom he saw leaving the grounds. During a bad storm in the night, while Hugh has gone over to stay with his mother, Bert comes in with a message from Hugh, and forgetting himself, takes Beatrice in his arms. She is indignant, but shaken in spite of herself, and sends him away. Two days later, she meets Bert at the club after the tennis finals, and his obvious devotion upsets her so much that she is constrained and ill at ease with Hugh.

"I'VE seen them both play better than that!" she presently ventured. Hugh was silent.

"Hugh, you're three times the player that Jewett is: why didn't you go in for the trophy this year?" she demanded bravely, ignoring the pause.

"Oh, no; I'm getting rusty!" he said, in a trembling imitation of his usual kingly tone.

"Rusty! Oh, Hugh, shame on you!" Beatrice was trying for animated reproach. "Why, you played marvelously on Saturday."

"No, no, no—no more matches for me," he said gently. Gently, but his tone definitely ended that line of conversation.

"Bert tells me that he has left the Atlantic people," he said mildly, after a space.

Beatrice was not quick enough to see a pitfall; she answered earnestly:

"Hugh, he wasn't happy there!"

"You knew, then?" Hugh asked, unemotionally.

She felt her face burn and her throat thicken.

"Well, he said something about it yesterday—or was it Friday?" she stammered.

"I'm sorry," Hugh commented briefly.

"Why don't you—why don't you send him back to Paris, Hugh?" Beatrice burst out. "That's where he wants to be. He's happy there; he has friends there. He doesn't want to come to California. What could he do there, except hang about playing more tennis, or driving your cars—if we go—"

"Is that the plan?" Hugh asked, in an inflexible voice.

"Is what, Hugh?"

"Is it the plan to ask me to send him back to Paris?"

"What plan?" Beatrice asked, hurt and bewildered by his manner.

"Yours and his," Hugh said incisively.

"We had no plan, exactly," Beatrice answered slowly, in a dead voice.

There was a pause.

"I can't very well make him an allowance indefinitely," Hugh said, when they were walking to the house a few minutes later. "I gave him a year in Paris, and he took care of himself for another year. He's almost twenty-five. If he can't support himself now, he'll never support himself. It isn't the right method. I can't do it!"

"Won't he—inherit from your mother some day?" Beatrice asked, trying to get close to his tortured spirit, trying to show him that she was anxious to share, not merely to present, this problem.

HUGH gave her a swift glance. "I suppose so? But my mother is well, and only sixty-nine, after all," he said quietly. She heard the pain in his voice, and forgave him the words that, coming from Hugh, had shocked her almost as a blow would have done. She went on upstairs, but he turned away from her abruptly, and went into the sitting-room, and for a long time she was left alone, to wonder anxiously what he was doing—what he was feeling—what he was thinking, downstairs.

A sense of desolation and fear came over her. "This is marriage, I suppose—it couldn't always be so simple, so happy. I've got to have character; I've got to face it, whatever it is. But if Hugh is angry at me—and he seems to be—and if Bert—Bert—"

SHE remembered the big, ardent man who had walked beside her, the firm fingers under her elbow, the perspiration-soaked shirt and glowing face and the tumbled fair hair, and in a sudden misery of loneliness and doubt put her fingers over her eyes. "I don't know what to do!" she whispered.

Hugh came upstairs a few minutes later, quite himself.

"We mustn't worry ourselves about Bert," he said pleasantly as he changed his clothes. "It's natural for the boy to vacillate a while—most youngsters do."

"D-did you, Hugh?" Oh, the blessedness of having him talk to her normally again!

"You mean when I was a boy? I don't believe so. But, then," Hugh said, selecting socks carefully—"then I was a very different type."

"Is Bert like Alice?" Beatrice ventured timidly.

"No, he's not like his mother either. Aileen says," Hugh went on, with a slight effort, "that she thinks he ought to go into the movies: seems to feel that the boy has tremendous magnetism—whatever it is!"

"I think Bert has charm, and he's terribly good-looking," Beatrice said in a

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matter-of-fact voice. "But it doesn't seem to me that he's a movie type. Besides that, I don't believe he would like it."

"Aileen thinks the boy is one in a thousand," Hugh said.

Beatrice could seem to think of nothing to say. Much later, in the long, wakeful watches of a white night, she wondered why she had not been able to laugh and say cheerfully, "Well, the girls certainly seem to think so!"

BUT at the moment she had been stupidly, hopelessly silent, had felt the unwelcome blood creeping up into her face, and had wondered how much quiet old Hugh had seen, for all that he had gone on so quietly with his dressing.

After a silence they had both begun to talk busily of something else.

That was just before the mystery of the lost plans began.

Beatrice was loitering about the garden, at twilight, a few days later, clipping asters and zinnias for tomorrow's vases, when she heard Hugh, who had arrived home an hour earlier, and was presumably changing and bathing, calling to Nelly.

Beatrice was walking toward the sound of their voices when she heard Nelly's reply.

"I never touched them, Mr. Challoner! They're right there where they was!"

"What is it, Hugh?" Beatrice called, from the porch. "Let me find them!"

"It's nothing, dear!" he called back, in the new gentle tone he had used toward her for the last week. "It's just my plans. I thought Nelly might have moved them."

"I never even dusted them the whole summer long," said Nelly firmly. "I knew they was worth a lot of money to Mr. Challoner, and I wouldn't leave Emma—"

"Aren't they in the table drawer, Hugh?" Beatrice demanded blankly.

His eloquent shrug answered her. The table drawer was wide open and empty.

"I've never laid finger tip on them," said Nelly, aghast.

"Did you take them upstairs, Bee, for any reason?"

"Why, no, Hugh. Why, no, Hugh," she said, slowly. She came to the table and tumbled the flowers from her arms to its surface without moving her eyes from her husband's. "They must be—they're right here somewhere!" she stammered.

"Well, of course they are, dear! Don't get so white," Hugh said, laughing. "They're right here somewhere. They couldn't walk off by themselves, you know, and they're no use to anyone but me. They'll turn up!"

"You couldn't lose a big bundle of stuff right out of a table drawer!" Nelly, who looked frightened, protested.

"Of course you couldn't!" Hugh assured her stanchly. "Anyone come into this room today, Nelly?" he asked.

"Mr. Bert was here, and the maids, of course, and Mrs. Kavanaugh—that's all I seen," said Nelly after thought.

"Mr. Bert was here?"

"Mr. Bert was here, yes, sir. Mrs. Clam gave him a club sandwich and some merangyous," said Nelly. She never spoke of the cook except as Mrs. Clam, and the colored cook returned her courteously the title of Mrs. Howdler.

"I didn't know that," Hugh commented with an oblique glance for Beatrice.

"Neither did I!" she said quickly.

"No, sir, Mrs. Challoner was over to Mrs. McLean's," said the accurate Nelly. "Mr. Bert come out about five minutes after she left; he said he wanted to see her about something, and that he wasn't working now, and had been going to lunch with his grandmother, but they was all away: they've moved back to the city—"

"Hugh, you don't think that Bert—" Beatrice interrupted the flood to ask, in a shocked, almost amused voice.

"No, certainly not!" he said decidedly. "Nobody's stolen them," Hugh went on, faintly impatient. "They're right here somewhere, of course. We must make a search; that's all."

Nelly adored Bert; she had been his nurse.

"If Mrs. Kavanaugh took 'em, she couldn't send 'em in in her own name, could she?" she demanded darkly, even while she turned cushions and fell upon her knees to peer under couches, as a commencement to the search.

Beatrice and Hugh both burst into laughter and the atmosphere was made lighter.

"No, she didn't steal them, Nelly," Hugh said. "Here—they might be in here, in the bookroom—"

Nelly stood still, one palm supporting her elbow, the hard fingers of the free hand upholding her hard jaw.

"I'll bet you they're upstairs!" she said suddenly.

"Who'd take them upstairs?" Beatrice demanded.

"They don't seem to be in the study, here," Hugh admitted, in a puzzled tone.

"Could you of took 'em upstairs when you went upstairs last night, Mr. Hugh?"

"WELL, I might," Hugh answered, in his pleasant, friendly way, "but I don't see for the life of me why I should! I've never moved them—they've always seemed perfectly safe down here, with the house locked every night, and no robbery ever reported at Spy Lake."

Beatrice was busy with rows of books, tipping them gently forward in twos and threes, peering behind them.

"Who could possibly hide them there, Bee?"

"I know. But Mummy has a rule that when you've looked where things *might* be, then you have to look where they mightn't be!" Beatrice explained.

"WELL, it'd be a bigger roll than would go in there," Nelly observed. "They'd roll up as big as an umbrella!"

"Laid flat—" Hugh murmured, running his flattened hands in over the strings of the opened piano. He struck a chord, which sounded clear.. "Not in there," he said.

"Always the gentleman, and always on the dot," Bert said, from the doorway. "I forgot they were moving Granny into town today, and came down to the Lake, and I've been over at the club—" he began. "Hello, what's up?" he asked, reading from their faces that something was amiss.

"Your father's lost his plans, and five thousand dollars with them!" Nelly announced sensationally.

"Oh, cut it, you poor sap," Bert said, shaking her about with an arm around her shoulders. "Now, what has happened?" he asked again.

"Now, I'll tell you that I don't trust that Mrs. Kavanaugh as far as you could throw a coal range!" Nelly said warmly. "She's one that would always make mischief, even in Miss Alice's day. Didn't she have her crying once fit to kill herself, and before this one here was born too—"

"Honest, are they lost, Dad?" Bert asked, wide-eyed.

"Well, they certainly are mislaid!" Hugh confessed, with a puzzled laugh.

"You didn't have 'em upstairs for anything, last night, for instance?"

"Oh, no, no!" Hugh answered sharply, jerking open the empty table drawer for the tenth time. "No, I was working on them here—right in this room—this morning!" he said.

"So you were, Hugh," Beatrice added, with a confirming nod. "You didn't leave the house until nearly eleven."

"Didn't take 'em down to insure 'em, Dad?"

"Now I tell you that she's one that would put her finger into the Gospels themselves if she wouldn't get hanged for it!" Nelly contributed, of the absent Aileen. "She was here in this room, waitin' for Mis' Challoner—"

"Did you notice the plans, when you were here at luncheon time, Bert?"

"I don't think I was in this room. Yes, I was too! I waited in here for a telephone call. I called Granny," Bert said, with sudden animation, and a glance toward Beatrice. "I thought you—" he said, and stopped, catching himself up abruptly. "I thought I'd talk to her," he finished lamely. "Come, come, my girl!" he said to Nelly, "you only incriminate yourself with these absurd suggestions. The sooner you produce the documents the better for all concerned!"

"I'd produce 'em in a minute if I had 'em!" said Nelly, with an air of rectitude.

"Were you and Aileen looking at them, Bee?"

"Why, no; we weren't even in the house together, Hugh. I was in the garden when she came, and she followed me out there."

"She waited a good twenty minutes for you in here," Nelly said inflexibly.

They all laughed.

"Nelly, you get Emma, and anyone else who can, and go over the upstairs rooms pretty thoroughly, will you?" Hugh suggested. "And meanwhile," he said to Beatrice, "I'll telephone Aileen, and ask her if she happened to notice them on the table while she was waiting. I don't think they're stolen, and I think we'll have them within an hour," he added, "but it certainly is odd. This is—what? The tenth? We've got only five days to monkey round finding them," he said, looking from Beatrice's face to Bert's with a philosophical smile.

The others laughed with him, but anxiously.

"It's the darnedest thing I ever heard of!" Bert muttered. "Going to tell Granny?"

"I don't see any particular reason for keeping it secret," Hugh said, after a moment's thought.

"Hugh, could you do it over again in five days? You have your notes—there must be lots of the details down at the office and in the town house!"

"I couldn't put them together again in two solid months," Hugh said, shaking his head. "Don't look so stricken, Bee!" he smiled as she widened her pathetic eyes to their biggest size. "No, it's not the plans," he said slowly: "it's the strangeness of it, the feeling that someone was in this house: someone is inimical—"

"Dad, Aileen couldn't have borrowed them?"

"SHE might have borrowed one sheet, Bert. But hardly forty big sheets. Anyway, Bee saw her, didn't you, Bee? Bee would have noticed her carrying a big roll," Hugh said.

"It's the darndest thing I ever heard of!" Bert said again.

"There doesn't seem to be any *reason* for it, Hugh!" Beatrice said over and over again bewilderedly.

"Well, we'll find them. I mean—" said Hugh, "what else can possibly happen? They weren't burned up—"

"They were not," said Nelly, returning, "for to tell you the honest truth, there hasn't been a fire of any sort in the place today. Mrs. Clam uses the electric stove when (*Continued on page 45*)

"There's something I have to say to you," Beatrice began, "something I have to explain"

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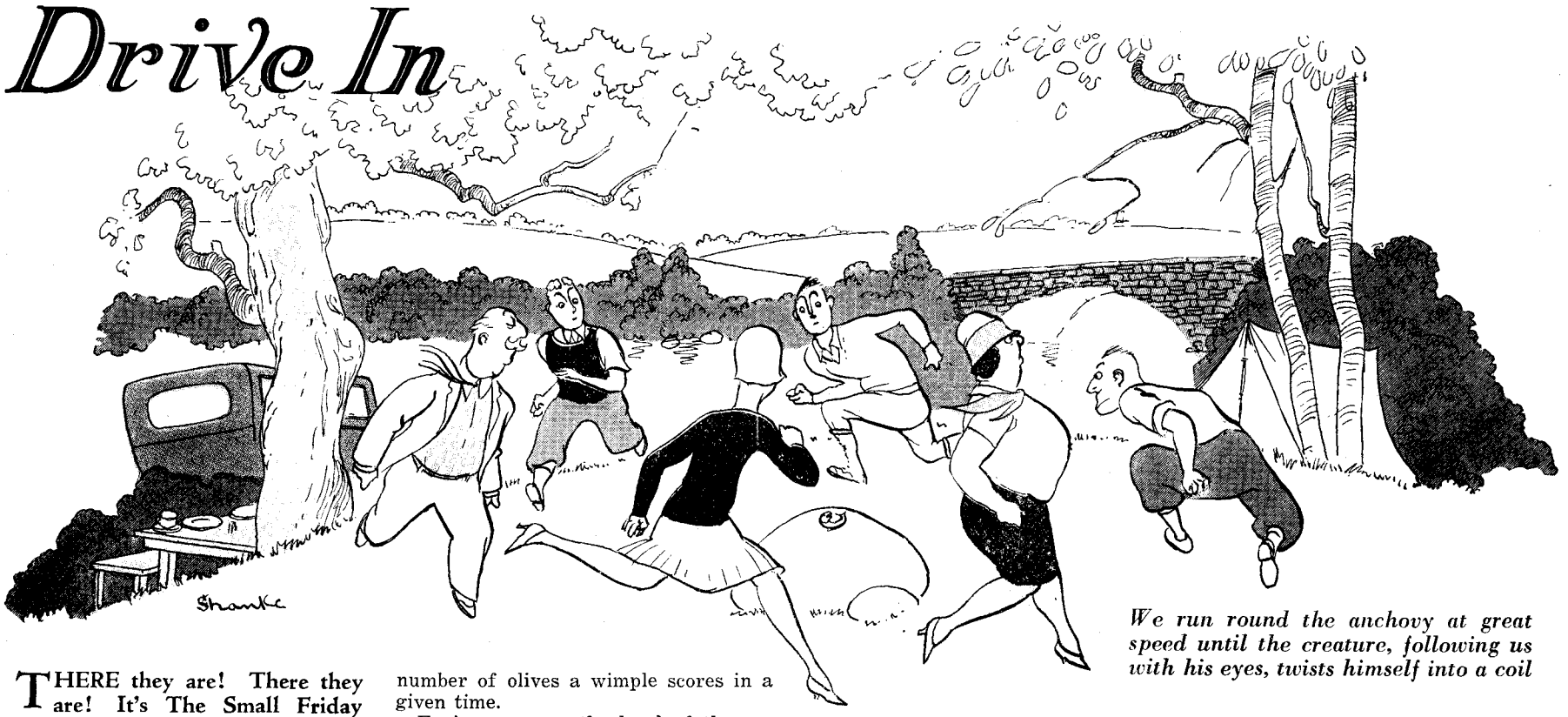
Drive In



We run round the anchovy at great speed until the creature, following us with his eyes, twists himself into a coil

THERE they are! There they are! It's The Small Friday Gentlemen's Marching and Chowder Club. And if you can only get them away from watching that motorist changing a tire, maybe they'll read you their papers on Motor Camping. Ah, here's Rube Goldberg. And bless me if Don Marquis, Donald Ogden Stewart, Bob Benchley and Eddie Cantor aren't right behind him! We have a quorum.

We'll hear first from

Rube Goldberg

AFTER all, the most important part of motor camping is the food. The preparation of the dainty morsels that make the trip worth while should be approached with no light sense of responsibility.

One of the essential articles of food is the appetizer before the morning, noon and evening cocktail. This should consist of an anchovy coiled in the middle of a saltine cracker. The big problem is how to get the anchovy to coil up.

When the cocktail is served you go to the creek, pull out a nice fat anchovy and place him gently on a rock. Now, anchovies, as you probably know, are very suspicious fish. They trust no one, and are continually on the lookout for foul play. So you run around the anchovy at a great rate of speed until the watchful little creature, following you with his eyes, has twisted himself into a neat coil and is so dizzy his vigilance momentarily ceases. Then you slip the cracker under him very quickly and devour him immediately, provided, of course, you are not too dizzy yourself.

The most difficult problem in motor camping is getting olives out of long-necked bottles. There is a certain little bug called the cue-beaked wimple. This bug has all the skill of a pool shark. You drop the wimple into the bottle and it immediately starts shooting the olives around with its beak. If it is a good wimple, it will shoot any number of olives right straight out through the neck of the bottle.

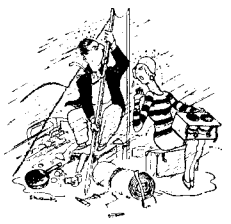
If the wimple happens to be a poor specimen and continually misses shots, simply break the bottle and eat the olives, being very careful to spit out the glass.

This is also a fine game to help pass the time. Bets can be made on the number of olives a wimple scores in a given time.

Frying eggs on the hood of the engine has been tried, but has not proven very successful. The best way to cook eggs is on hot phonograph records such as Red Hot Mama, My Sizzling Babe and Asbestos Knees.

I would like to caution you not to throw away the angel cake when it gets too hard to eat. Take a hammer from the tool kit, and pound the cake to a fine pulp. Then put it in a pot of gasoline and stir thoroughly, adding from time to time a pinch of cylinder carbon. Then serve in the form of pancakes to the inevitable person in the party who has become such a bore you are anxious to get rid of him at any cost.

Well, Reuben, now you can go out and gather firewood for the chowder while "archy" airs his views with what you might call help from



Don Marquis

boss i have been motoring through new
england catching rides on cars
last night i stopped at a motor camp
inhabited by a young couple
on their first trip and dropped
into a stew for a warm bath
and a bite to eat, but the stew
was so chilly i got neither
i report the conversation stop
you call this coffee do you he said
stop
no said she and i don't call this life
this is a nightmare dreamed in hades
you lured me onto this trip
because you wanted me to die of flu
stop
lured you woman lured you
you made my life a hell till we started
you wanted to be romantic and sleep
under the stars and now where are your
blankety blank stars stop
yes swear at me swear at me you beast
i suppose it is my fault we were caught
in the rain stop
yes it is i wanted to put up
at that inn twenty miles back there
stop
but charlie it looked as if
it might have insects in it stop
insects insects is there any spot
in the world with more insects than this
there are enough different kinds of
insects in this tent to start
a college of entomology stop
o charlie i think i hear a snake
i wish i was home with mother
o why did i marry a cowardly brute stop
yes i am a brute and that snake you hear
is a trained snake i brought along
to bite you or else it is your mother
snooping around as usual stop
dont you dare say another word
against my mother you have been sore
at her ever since she lent you money stop
if it was your mother
i would make her eat some
of your camp cooking in revenge stop
revenge for what you brute stop
for bringing up a daughter
so she is helpless forty feet
away from a delicatessen stop
where is that other can of alcohol
this one has gone out i
must warm this
stew i hate you stop
i dont blame you anyone
would hate
the kind of man youve
made me stop
i suppose you ate that con-
gealed alcohol
i wouldnt put it past you
stop
yes i ate it as an antidote
to your cooking and snake bites stop
o charlie charlie there really is a snake
sticking his head out of the stew stop
they both ran then but
it was only little archy
i left wondering
how many marriages are wrecked by
motor camping trips
archy the cockroach

Next! We now undergo a somewhat different strain evoked

By Donald Ogden Stewart

whose paper on MOTOR CAMPING, MY FAVORITE SPORT, has been read and disclaimed by experts. A little louder, Donald.

I was never much of an enthusiast for motor-camping trips until last Saturday, but I have certainly been converted, and I shall always, in the future, accept every invitation for one of these journeys which is extended in my direction. I am not an automobile owner myself, as I happen to live in New York very near the Elevated (in fact, the elevated trains frequently pass right through my bedroom when they are in a hurry), but I have a friend named Wilkins, and it was Wilkins who suggested that I join him in a little motor-camping trip—"just a week or so in New Jersey and Pennsylvania."

Wilkins lives in Yonkers, and he was to drive down to New York and pick me up early Saturday afternoon, so that we could get a good start. In preparation for this event I spent most of Friday buying various necessities, such as a blanket roll, collapsible drinking cups, 12 tins of "canned heat," 1 frying pan (large), 4 cans of soup (medium), etc.

Saturday morning found me ready, if not particularly eager. It rained all morning, and about 2:30 Wilkins arrived. He was driving what might be described as one of the smaller makes of automobile and it was with some difficulty that I found room in the back for my suitcase, blankets and other equipment. Finally, however, all was ready and I wiped the water off my glasses and from around my neck and wrists and climbed in. Wilkins handed me the road map, gave a look around to see that everything was all right and with a cheery "Here we go" he pressed on the self-starter.

That was at 3:14. Along about four Wilkins began to get a little bit sore.

"Press on it once more," he called hoarsely from underneath the hood. I pressed. There was a rasping noise, and then silence—the same rasping noise and the same silence we had been producing for the past three quarters of an hour. Wilkins straightened up and a large drop of rain mixed with perspiration rolled off his nose. I glanced at my watch and then out at the familiar Elevated pillar.

"There's a place near here," I suggested, "where you can get pretty good beer."

Wilkins hesitated. Then he walked around the car and threw his monkey wrench on to the floor. He was muttering something which I shall not bother to repeat here.

"Come on," he said, and I climbed out.

"Shall I bring the tent?" I asked.

He did not answer (except by looking at me), and in a few minutes we were in comfortable chairs at Gus' place. At midnight we (*Continued on page 28*)

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Bait

By HOWARD McLELLAN

Illustrated by JAMES H. CONLON

True story of a clever trap set by a detective who knew his way about

"Choking a woman to death in less than a minute—that's the bunk," McCorkle protested

NINETY-NINE out of a hundred persons, observing the tall, well-set figure of Dandy Phil McCorkle holding up the plate-glass front of the cigar store at the northeast corner of Forty-second and Broadway, took him for a wire tapper or a diamond switcher, or some other kind of skin-game artist instead of what he really was—veteran of the Bunco Squad.

Dandy Phil had striven hard to attain the correct sartorial make-up and swagger of the accomplished con man. He had succeeded. He had the there's-money-back-of-me front of the tricky-minded crowd he was not of but always after. His soft, well-manicured hands were covered with lemon-hued suède gloves. An African headlight big as a vest button nested in his polka-dot tie. His clothes had the $150-per-cut touch about them and a fawn-colored Fedora shaded a pair of blue come-along-sucker eyes. And, of course, the well-fed bulge at the belt, front and center. His face had trickery in it, but legalized trickery.

When reminded of his close resemblance to the real thing, Dandy Phil had a ready comeback.

"If you've got business with Greeks, don't be a Turk," was his retort, with a self-satisfied grin.

But why was this clothes-horse Phil McCorkle put on the Marsdon murder case?

That's what men on the Homicide Squad asked, in deep irritation.

The slaying of Dorothy Marsdon followed the conventional Tenderloin pattern. It was one of a series of murders spawned in the night clubs. She was a foolish but fascinating show girl, who, after acquiring jewels and finery in sudden abundance, made much too lavish display of them in the jazzy haunts of after-theatre sun dodgers.

One noon, following a gay party in a night club, her body was found on a divan in her apartment. Her jewels had vanished. The finger marks of a strangler blackened her throat, where, the night before, a pearl necklace had ringed it.

The night-elevator operator in the apartment house told the police of a tall man in a dinner jacket who had ascended with Miss Marsdon in the elevator at 4 A. M. and who came down alone thirty minutes later. It was not unusual for her to have an escort. Show people frequently dispensed with conventions. The sleepy-eyed elevator man recalled one striking peculiarity about her companion—a red, furrowlike scar ran down the center of his nose, with thornlike marks that projected from the edges apparently left by wound stitches. This was all the elevator operator could recall, and out of it the police coined a label for the slayer—the Slit-Nosed Strangler.

Less than twenty-four hours after the news of the murder, and the publication of the official nickname, a writer signing himself "The Slit-Nosed Strangler" opened up a post-card and letter barrage on the police, flooding the department's mail with insulting and defiant messages taunting the commissioner and breathing a fiendish bravado.

At first the commissioner said these messages were the work of publicity-seeking nuts who always furnish an abundant crop of weird notes in every widely exploited murder mystery. He said so in the newspapers and thus brought to an end all speculation as to whether the author of the message was the real slayer of Dorothy Marsdon.

A NOTE, penned on a sheet of gray polo paper bearing Dorothy Marsdon's monogram, reached the commissioner the day after his opinion was printed in the newspapers. It read:

"So you wise guys think I'm a nut. Well, if you really think I am, give this key to one of your smart flatties and send him to Box 102 in the Mid-Town Safe Deposit Vaults. What he finds in the box you can have."

The familiar signature of the Slit-Nosed Strangler was affixed.

A key tumbled out of the envelope to the commissioner's desk.

Forthwith he sent a Homicide Squad man to the vault named and, in Box 102, he found a platinum ring. It was one of the rings the slayer had nippered from one of Dorothy Marsdon's fingers. The stone, an emerald, had been clawed out of the setting.

The guard in the vault recalled faintly that the man who had rented the box two days before had a funny-looking nose which seemed to have been daubed with a pinkish powder as though the man in shaving had unwittingly hit his nose with an overdose of talc powder.

Goaded into action by this display of brazenness, the commissioner ordered a supplemental description of the slayer, emphasizing the trick of powdering his nose, to be broadcast to every precinct. It was read to every member of the force. Three weeks elapsed. Fifteen thousand police eyes counted some millions of noses in that time, but nothing happened.

Then the commissioner sent for McCorkle. Dandy Phil breezed.

"I'm fed up on the run-around this Slit-Nose bird's giving us," the commissioner began. "Murder's not in your line, McCorkle; I know that. You've been kicking around with con men for twenty years. But I've picked on you because this Marsdon case needs a fresh mind and the more that mind knows about con men the better."

He paused. Dandy Phil sat silent. In the lull he brushed a hand chestily across the front of his coat—a gesture of pride borrowed from smug gentlemen of the skin-game racket.

"I figure," the commissioner resumed, "there's about one guy in a million with a nose like this Strangler's. Yet, damn it, with all that he's as good as a million miles away from us. And yet he's never left this town!"

The commissioner's open hand hit the glass top of his desk.

"He's in this town right now," he went on. "Here's a post card he mailed uptown last night, blowing that he was in a front seat at last night's performance of that new show The Night Club."

He tossed the card across the desk. It fell at McCorkle's elbow. The detective read it.

"I'm not looking for you to get a divine inspiration, McCorkle," he bawled, "but you've got con-man savvy or I wouldn't keep you on the bunco detail. Just figure now you're a con man fixing up to rope a sucker and rig a frame that'll haul in this letter-writing bird."

"Is it a hurry-up job?" asked the detective.

"You're on a special detail from now on—your time's your own, but, for the Lord's sake, turn up something. Take the post card along. It may come in handy."

HABIT walked McCorkle to his usual vantage ground in front of the cigar store, where, if he stood long enough, experience had taught him, he would see plenty of faces it was his business to see.

A Coney Island rubberneck wagon hauled up to the curb and stopped directly in front of him. He caught the rouged face and furred shoulders of the lone passenger in the bus, a woman, planted at the end of a seat close to the sidewalk. He watched her steadily. One by one men passing by caught her artful glance, paused to appraise its meaning, then piled into the bus and sat where they could not avoid seeing her. Soon every seat was taken; then, tightening her fur neckpiece, she pranced out of the bus and alighted on the sidewalk. The bus moved away.

McCorkle's gaze followed the departing tourists. He saw hoodwinked philanderers searching anxiously over their shoulders for a glimpse of the Circe who had smiled them into taking a ride they had no earthly use for now that she was gone.

"Nifty little lady shillaber," he chuckled. "The old come-on game—baby doll with molasses eyes and suckers everywhere to fall for the dodge."

The young woman was still standing at the curb. He looked at her again, reached into the inner pocket of his coat and drew out the post card the commissioner had tossed at him. He read it again. "Sucker" (*Continued on page 48*)

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The Pursuit of Poise

By ELIZABETH MACDONALD OSBORNE

Illustrated by JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Grace of movement is rarer than beauty and more powerful. Here's how to go about acquiring it

"OH, WELL, she can wear anything: she has style." Probably you have been guilty of saying that rather wistfully yourself, or perhaps—and this is a little perhaps—it has been said about you. In the latter case you don't need to read this article; skip it and go on to the next page. But if you haven't as much style as you would like and you've looked at people with an "air" enviously, it will pay you to read through to the end and then do something about it.

Suppose that at the age of twenty each one of us had a right to approach our Creator and order the qualities we wanted; these to be paid for from our earnings. We would be careful to choose attributes that would be of value socially and financially, and if over a large bowl of something which looked like salt there was a sign which read "Style, $100 a Pinch," we wouldn't hesitate a minute even though we were Scotch. It would be a wise investment.

One of the many nice things about this life is that miracles really can happen and fairy stories do come true if you know how to wave the wand.

This rare gift called style, which so few women possess, is not something extra like the sixth sense or fourth dimension—whatever that may be—but the result of nothing more complicated than a graceful carriage and posture. And this can be acquired by any normal woman for at least $100 and possibly for nothing at all.

There is one school or system that cures many nervous troubles by teaching correct posture. You are not a proficient pupil till you can balance an orange on the top of your head while you dress in the morning. When you can don your shoes and stockings with the orange still resting contentedly on your head, you have acquired a nicety of balance which is bound to result in relaxed muscles and coördination of parts that will free tense nerves and produce a graceful carriage.

This may sound ridiculous to you, but a good many hard-headed business men are paying a few hundred dollars for the privilege of learning to balance the orange and incidentally to walk, sit and move in an unrestrained and perfectly relaxed manner.

There is another system which I think particularly helpful for women who cannot give up a great deal of time and money to keeping themselves in perfect physical condition. It deals entirely with poise, and teaches control of the muscles by the mind. The children of royalty are brought up on this system, for, after all, royalty MUST have poise. This teaches graceful, rhythmic motion with perfect poise, and what is of more value to a woman?

These lessons are usually taken privately, at least among grown-ups. First you strip, and stand with your back to your instructor. Her trained eye runs over you critically and takes note of what is wrong with your general set-up.

"You are knock-kneed," she may say, "and you have brought it on yourself by standing with your heels together and your toes out. You can get them back where they should be if you will exercise correctly and stop toeing out." After she has pointed out the defects which can be remedied, she will begin telling you what to do to draw yourself up into the correct position.

After that she will give you an exercise. You will have to concentrate on five or six muscles at once. You will be told to bend your knees and at the same time try not to bend them. That is quite a strain on the brain as well as the muscles. If you are like me, this is what will happen: When your clothes come off you will feel cold, for garments, no matter how few, form some protection between you and the elements. You ask your instructor, who happens to be standing near the radiator, to turn on the heat. After five minutes of these exercises in which you make no motion faster than a snail's pace you say, "Please shut off the radiator," and after another five minutes you ask if she would mind opening the window.

It seems absurd, but your blood is circulating faster than in a violent game of tennis. All this time you are holding more muscles tense than you knew you had and you make every motion of your body start from the five lumbars which form the end of your backbone. Although you never suspected they were there before, they have become suddenly something vital.

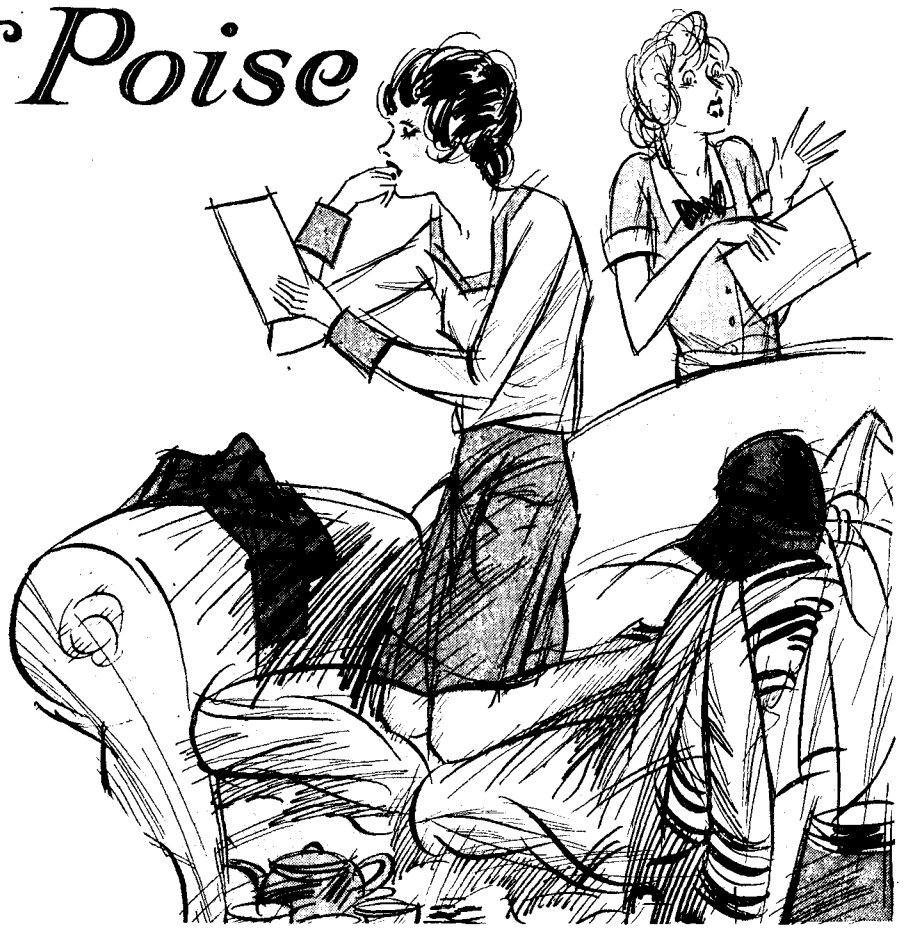
When you are given an exercise in sitting down and rising to your feet you find it is really a complex matter, but so much more beautiful when it is done as it ought to be that you are willing to work very hard to become adept at it.

Here are directions in simple untechnical terms for acquiring a correct posture. Think first of the backbone and straighten that out in the correct undulations. To do this the curve at the waist line should be as nearly obliterated as possible. You should try to curve the backbone out here instead of in. This means pulling in the stomach and tucking it away as near the backbone as possible. Remember that stomachs should be worn high. When the vertebræ at the waist line are curved out, the lower ones will curve in and this is just as it should be. The end of your backbone should curve in and down.

Hang Yourself on Sky Hooks

THE next point of importance is the shoulders. Square them back every so often and take a deep breath, then, keeping the backbone erect, let them fall relaxed. But you do not have to worry much about shoulders. If your head is held where it belongs, your shoulders fall naturally into place.

The head belongs back. Remember that this same backbone extends on up to the skull, and should not bend into a curve except when the head is bent for some purpose. There is very little danger of your holding your head back too far, for the resultant pull on your throat muscles makes this uncomfortable, but it is easy to hold the chin too high. The chin belongs in, and the top of the head, not the forehead, should be nearest the zenith.



The shock of seeing their naked selves, with all their original sins of posture, makes them eager to learn to be graceful

Some say you should imagine you are hanging by your ears from two invisible cords let down from the sky. If you have enough imagination, this will help explain what the right balance consists of.

If we can acquire the right axis by distributing our weight so that the chunks of anatomy in front and in back of the backbone are correctly distributed our carriage is apt to be free and easy.

The youth of this land are being taught correct posture much more carefully than present-day grown-ups were taught it. Children are made to sit properly when they study. They are taught exercises which they are to practice while waiting for the subway (they call this the subway exercise) and in this way exercise and correct standing are made part of everyday life instead of something which is shed with the gymnasium suit. A ten-year-old namesake of mine, whose axis of balance is quite charming, showed me some drawings she had made in school. They were crude little sketches of her best friend; one in correct standing position and one in incorrect. That kind of graphic education is leaving its mark on the little ones so that twenty years from now there will be a general rhythm and beauty of movement not seen today.

When I was in college each freshman heard a lecture on correct posture and correct carriage, but like most lectures it did not leave a deep impression.

Today a picture is taken of each freshman stripped and standing in her natural posture. The shock of seeing herself in this position is usually sufficient to make her eager to learn how to stand less awkwardly and when her senior gym pictures are taken the silhouette is a much more graceful affair.

If all of us would have our pictures taken in a one-piece bathing suit standing in a natural attitude, we could go about improving ourselves much more intelligently.

There is a difference of opinion among the recorders of history as to whether or not Josephine was beautiful but all agree that her manner of moving about was enchanting. The beauty of Madame Récamier's features have also been questioned, but never her delectable grace.

And all of this makes us realize that grace of movement is rarer than beauty and more powerful.

Watch Your Step

AS I ate my dinner last night, my eye fell on a colored girl who was waiting on another table and it remained there throughout most of the meal. She moved with the free grace of a panther. Because of her there was far more beauty in that restaurant than in the spectacular play which I saw later.

Beauty of motion is found so seldom in human beings that it gives instant distinction.

Think over your friends and acquaintances. How many of them have this free rhythmic movement? Perhaps you can name a few men who have it, for men's feet are shod so much more sensibly than women's that their walk is apt to be more natural, and those with military training have learned the trick.

As I look down from my window on lower Fifth Avenue, New York, I see all kinds of women walking up and down. Some hurrying with determined strides, others sauntering in uncertain mood and among them all the eccentricities that the human mind can conceive of. There is the timid pushed-back attitude; the stride is short and tight with an air of repression. Another woman holds her head thrust forward; her steps are hasty but incompetent. She is the embodiment of apologetic tardiness. Then comes the stolid one with her weight on her heels. Prosaic and utterly stupid she seems. The arrogant walk is not found so often among women as men. An arrogant woman can put the idea across by her voice and the lift of an eyebrow while her gait may be that of any independent woman who holds her head where it belongs.

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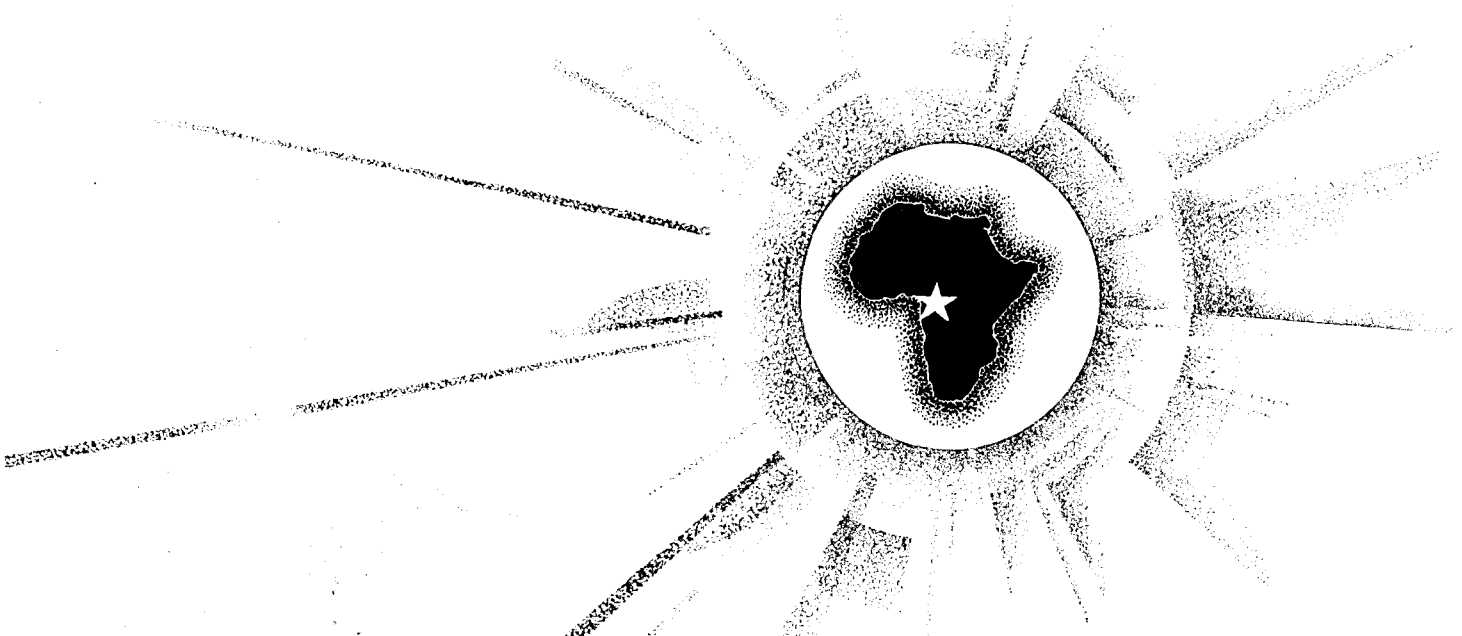

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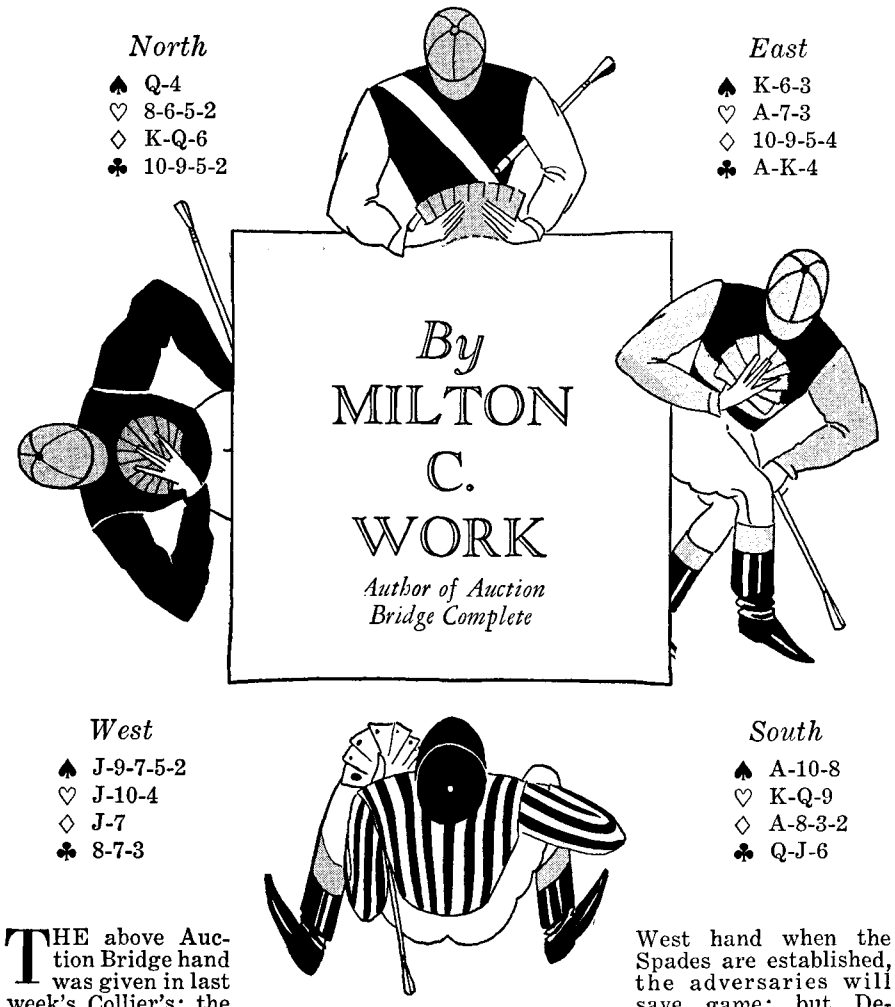
How would you play it?



North
♠ Q-4
♡ 8-6-5-2
◇ K-Q-6
♣ 10-9-5-2

East
♠ K-6-3
♡ A-7-3
◇ 10-9-5-4
♣ A-K-4

West
♠ J-9-7-5-2
♡ J-10-4
◇ J-7
♣ 8-7-3

South
♠ A-10-8
♡ K-Q-9
◇ A-8-3-2
♣ Q-J-6

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

South, of course, bid one No Trump; he had every requisite for that declaration and practically none for any other. West and North had nothing to think of but a pass; East passed too. He was so strong that a double naturally would occur to him, but his hand is one short of the five high cards conventionally required. The double would be defensible if this hand had been held by West sitting *over* the No Trumper instead of by East sitting *under* it. A double in the Fourth Hand position is dangerous and may result disastrously when it finds the partner, who already has passed, distinctly weak.

The Play

WEST'S opening lead was the Five of Spades. Playing a No Trump, when a small card is led and the Dummy contains Queen and one small card, the Queen generally is the play.

If Closed Hand had held Ace-Nine-x, Ace-Ten or Ten-x-x, the Queen would have been the correct play from Dummy; but with Ace-Ten-x in the Closed Hand the Queen cannot gain and may lose.

With the small card played by Dummy and the King by East, Declarer has one more chance to show his skill. If he should take this trick because he could do so and still have the suit stopped (the Queen in Dummy being high), he would not be in position to block the suit on the third round; and East would have a Spade to lead after Declarer had parted with his last stopper. But by playing small on this trick and winning the second and third rounds of Spades, Declarer would leave East without a Spade to lead—unless, of course, the adverse Spades were evenly divided, and in that case they could make only two Spade tricks which they must do no matter which hand obtained the lead. South consequently played the Eight of Spades on East's King, East continued the suit, and the second Spade trick was won by the Queen in Dummy.

The Declarer, planning his campaign, can see clearly that the adversaries have won one Spade and must win the Ace of Hearts and Ace and King of Clubs. If either of these three cards is in the West hand when the Spades are established, the adversaries will save game; but Declarer may make game if, at that time, the remaining adverse high cards are in the East hand, with the adverse Spades divided 5-3.

Declarer led a small Club from Dummy to trick 3 and, East playing small, won with the Queen in Closed Hand. This showed that West did not have both top Clubs; it suggested that he had neither. Declarer's next move was to try to get the Ace of Hearts out of the West hand in case it should be there. To trick 4 he led a small Diamond, winning in Dummy, and to trick 5 a small Heart, which, when East played small, he won with the King in Closed Hand. This was encouraging. To trick 6 he led the Jack of Clubs, from Closed Hand, which East won with the King. Trick 7, East led a Spade which Declarer took in the Closed Hand, discarding a Heart from Dummy; and to trick 8 Declarer led a Club, East again winning. East, having no Clubs and no Spades, necessarily had to lead from his three remaining Diamonds headed by the Ten up to the King, or from the Ace and one small Heart. He chose the Diamonds. This trick was passed up to Dummy and the remainder of the play was easy for Declarer. All that was now necessary was to cash Dummy's good Club and, when East discarded a Heart, Declarer discarded a Diamond and led a Heart from Dummy.

It will be interesting for the reader to note what would have happened if the Declarer, when he won his first trick, had made the thoughtless play of trying to establish a thirteenth Diamond. Seven-card Ace-King-Queen suits should be avoided until it becomes absolutely necessary to lead them.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. K-7-4-2	S. Q-10-8
H. J-5-3	H. Q-10-4-2
D. 10-5-2	D. K-9-8-7
C. 10-7-3	C. 6-4
South	West
S. A-9-5	S. J-6-3
H. A-8-6	H. K-9-7
D. A-Q-J	D. 6-4-3
C. K-Q-5-2	C. A-J-9-8

Drive In

Continued from page 24

were still in those chairs—at least I was. Wilkins, with his arms around two other young men, was standing at the bar, singing "O Tannenbaum!"

I am absolutely "sold" on motor-camping trips. They're wonderful.

And now a concoction

By Robert C. Benchley

If he'll stop rolling those golf dice and take that chewing gum out of his mouth we'll listen to what he has to say on this fascinating topic:

The two main essentials for success in motor camping are (1) a motor and (2) a camp.

A good motor (or "automobile," as it is frequently called by those "in the know") can be purchased at any of the better-class agencies, but to my mind it is much more fun to make one's own. Anybody with a mechanical bent of mind and a few Saturday afternoons in the barn can turn out a very interesting "auto." First procure a crank and a few cylinders (usually four or six) and after you have mounted the cylinders in a row give the crank one or two vigorous turns. Probably nothing will happen. Then procure some spark plugs and several feet of wire and fit the plugs into the cylinders at the most convenient places (usually the top). Now spin the crank several times in the opposite direction, and if nothing happens go in and have some crackers and a glass of milk.

Other important parts of an automobile are tires, windshield, gears, horn, axles, electric cigarette lighter, squeaks and side curtains, and as soon as you have procured these various items you will have a pretty fair car and one which will give you and your friends a great deal of pleasure. And, what is more, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you made it yourself.

The other item in motor camping—the camp—is not so difficult. Any bit of land belonging to someone else will do, and it is a great help to remember that any damage you may do to the property in the way of fire or tin cans or other rubbish left lying around will be all right because you will probably never be along that way again and what is the difference anyway!

Next a confection

By Eddie Cantor

who has been waving his hand feverishly ever since this class convened. Here's your chance, Edward. Take it.

In the winter motor camping is a thought, in the spring it's a fever and in the summer it's an epidemic.

The family suddenly gets restless and crowded and you want to turn one flat into four, so you go motor camping.

All you need for this sport is a motor, a can opener and a strong stomach. But the last time we went gypsy riding I was sorry I didn't take along the piano too.

You see, I had left my indigestion tablets on it.

I've found that on the road campers can't be choosers. With our particular car we had to camp wherever it stalled. Once we were stalled on the edge of a precipice, and we communed with nature with two wheels in the air.

Still, life in the open is wonderful. But if the wolf is at the door you better camp in a sedan.

It's always good to carry a shotgun for protection.

You can get your eggs and butter much cheaper that way.

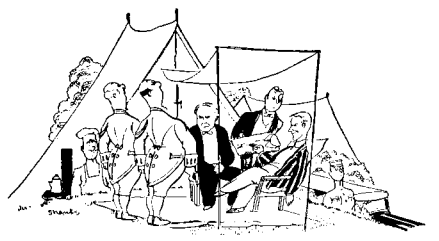
And don't let camping fool you at meal time. Many a blackberry pie turns out to be custard when you've chased the flies away.

And that's the beauty of camping. You're a free child of the fields, eat at the fire, use everything up, and you have no bundles or burdens to lug back home.

Not even the car. You just leave it in a ditch.

Besides, motor camping is a great thing for people with insomnia. They sleep close to Mother Earth once more and enjoy the great silence of nature unbroken except for the gentle croaking of frogs, the sweet song of the mosquito, the rhythmic hum of crickets and the plaintive howlings of dogs, but these slight noises are easily deadened if you keep your motor running all night.

The spirit of adventure is marvelous. You hunch up on the lumpy seat with one child resting on your chest and the other on your Adam's apple, bawling because you won't let him hit you with a



monkey wrench, and you try to imagine you're back in your bedroom while the rain leaks into the car.

Still, our most distinguished campers are Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison. They believe in the simple life, and so do their chefs, valets, chauffeurs and butlers whom they carry along.

Here is a tip from an experienced camper.

First get a good automobile map—I once followed a road map for two weeks and couldn't get out of the town—buy several spare tires and a half dozen tubes; get a small portable radio, boil your own drinking water, buy some paper plates and napkins, then open the window and stay home.

Spoken like a wary knight and parachute tester. And now, gentlemen, your pleasure? Shall it be chowder or marching? What's that? Nonsense, it's oysters you can't eat in August. However. Will you sound "Boots" on the occarina, Mr. Marquis? Allez! March!

Any damage to property will be all right—you will probably never be along that way again

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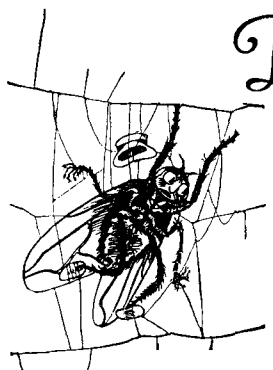
Beware of Spiders



BACK of a partition where passers-by cannot see him, the loan shark spins his web—and waits. In his show-windows he displays generous-sounding proposals. He says, "We will trust you when nobody else will—*if* you have a job." He sends smoothly-worded circulars and letters marked "Personal", telling how he has been able to assist "your friends", and how he will gladly do as much for you—and no outsider will be the wiser.

Sometimes he boldly tells his story on posters and handbills—"Money for salaried men. No mortgages—no indorsement—no collateral—no questions asked. We let you have money at the time you apply for it." He pledges strict secrecy and low rates of interest. He describes himself as "the wage-earner's only friend in time of need"—spider-webs to catch the unwary.

Perhaps you have never known a desperate need for an immediate loan. But the loan shark knows that the world is full of unfortunate men and women who will promise to pay almost any price in the future for a little cash in hand *now*.

Driven by extravagance or unexpected misfortune, the needy one, when caught, pays a truly terrible price.

The loan shark knows that many of his victims will be unable to pay on the appointed date. He, therefore, extends the time but increases the amount of the loan. Month by month it grows till it crushes. The loan shark's favorite lash on the unhappy victim is "Pay—pay more—or I will expose you. Pay or I will make you lose your job." Sadly enough, sometimes his threat is carried out and the job is lost.

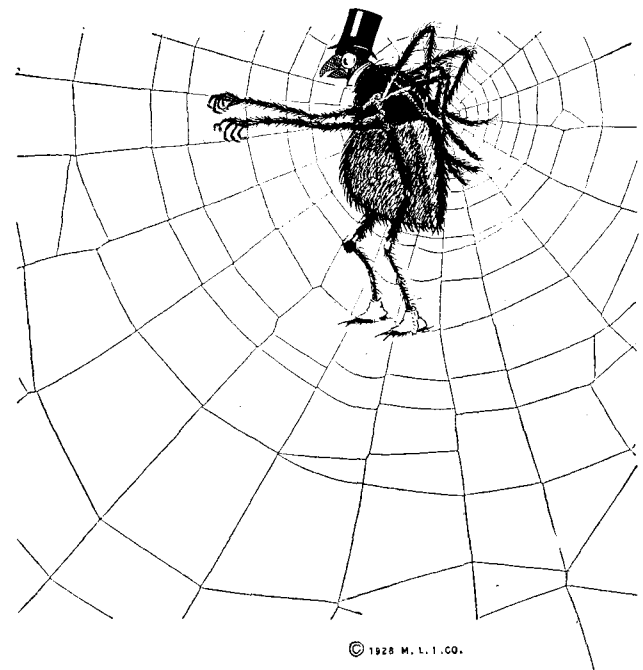
Imagine a frightened employee paying $2.00 a week "interest" on a $10.00 loan for three years—156 weeks—and still "owing" the original $10.00 although he had paid $312.00. The man who paid this lived in the capital of a great State.

A man who made $60 a month borrowed $75 from a loan shark. For a period of three years, he paid each month $21.85 interest—more than one-third of his wages—without reducing the principal debt.

Fortunate is the man who has honest employment which pays him a better wage than he needs for actual necessities. Out of his surplus, week by week, he can make himself safe. The man past middle age who has never saved a cent can hope perhaps for but little more than continuing health and steady employment, but younger men and women can and should plan complete financial independence for themselves in their later years of life.

If you must borrow, make sure the lender is licensed and supervised by the State.

A booklet prepared by the Metropolitan will be of assistance in showing how to save, and thereby avoid the loan shark's web. It will be sent free and



without obligation on your part. Address Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Number One Madison Avenue, New York City and ask for Booklet No. 98 C.

Haley Fiske, *President.*

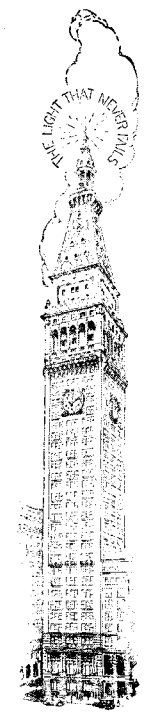
Many millions of dollars are loaned annually by loan sharks. These millions in loans cost borrowers as much more in interest, together with untold mental distress.

Prosecution, though helpful, is not a permanent remedy for the loan shark evil. People still need money and will make any promise for the future in return for present relief. Legitimate remedial and business institutions are therefore necessary. Most States permit the chartering of limited-dividend, semi-philanthropic remedial loan societies.

The Uniform Small Loan Law drafted by the Russell Sage Foundation is in use in twenty-three States and has done much to better commercial money lending conditions in those States.

This Foundation has also assisted in the development of credit unions which are mutual loan and thrift associations. The credit union collects the savings of its membership and reloans these savings to finance the individual needs of the same group.

The Department of Remedial Loans offers its assistance in organizing credit unions and remedial loan associations or in advising loan shark victims. Address, Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.



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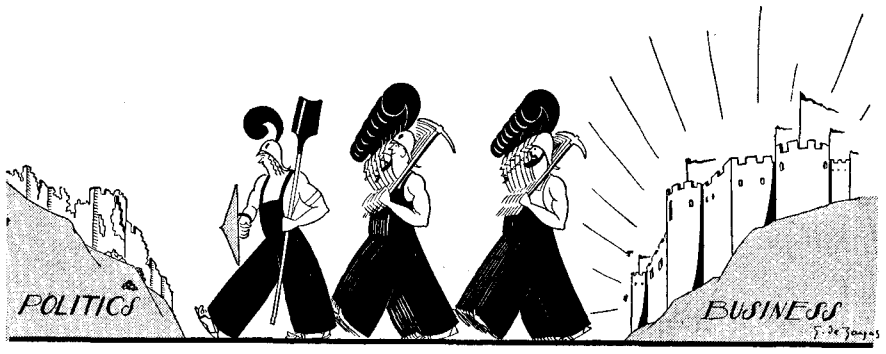

The New Power

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

IF MR. HOOVER is elected President, Mr. Mellon may continue to be Secretary of the Treasury; at least he seems to like his job, and he is so big as to be a hard man to fire. If Governor Smith wins, John J. Raskob, a younger and more energetic man, not so rich as Mr. Mellon but a bigger figure in the present-day world of finance and industry, will be Secretary of the Treasury; at least that is the general understanding.

A wise Democrat said to me the other day that Mr. Mellon had been the most powerful man in the world for the last seven years. One look at Mr. Raskob and a glance at his history will convince you that if he succeeds Mr. Mellon he will be the most powerful man in the world for the next four or eight years. Whatever happens, big business has taken hold of both parties. Which of the two parties big business will prefer to use in the longer future remains to be seen.

If Governor Smith wins and Mr. Raskob becomes Secretary of the Treasury, it will be a safe guess that it will be the Democratic party, and a revolution will have taken place in the politics of this country. That is why the naming of John J. Raskob is the sensation of the political world.

Why is a Democrat?

WHAT is the difference between this Tweedledum and Tweedledee of two parties, each for a protective tariff and each with a big business man as its dominating figure? There is a difference. You never quite get the accent on human values out of the Democratic party. It has the most human candidate that has been offered for the Presidency in more than two decades.

"The trouble with Al," said Harry Ferris, a New York State Democrat who used to sit in the state legislature with him, "is that he started with nothing and has never quite learned the importance of property."

Mr. Raskob too started with nothing. His best friend, Kenny the contractor, who will give as many of his millions as necessary to elect Al Smith, started, I should say from looking at him, as a laborer. Equally good friend Todd, the shipbuilder and neighbor of Raskob in Wilmington, Del., started as a riveter.

Men who used to earn their $2 or $3 a day retain a savor of life that men who inherited a bank or a corporation have not. Mr. Raskob defines it in explaining the principle on which the General Motors Company of which he is the financial genius was organized. "We worked on the principle that brains should buy capital rather than that capital should buy brains."

A Social Revolution?

THERE the accent is on the human element, on men rather than on money.

This is the arrival in politics of a new element in the business world, the laborer become millionaire, the men with new ideas of the relations between labor and capital, which have done so much to revolutionize industry in this country and their association of themselves politically with the men they know best, the workers of the cities.

"In 1923," says Mr. Raskob, of the General Motors Company, "we put into execution modern ideas of the relation of capital, labor and management, making management as important as either of the other two."

This Smith-Raskob party is the party of management and labor, with labor, if we call the industrial cities that, rushing to it, whatever the other elements in the community do. I don't think anyone has thought this out as the logical way to construct a winning party.

But that is what is being done, just the same. And the program has this much vitality. It is a political manifestation of something that has already happened in the business world.

Mr. Raskob, though his selection cost Governor Smith's political advisers sleepless nights, so hazardous, so revolutionary it appeared, is an essential part of the new combination which is rising to challenge the long supremacy of the Republican party.

No one else would have typified it quite so well as he. He is management. He is from the new frontier in American life, the more or less politically disinherited classes of the cities. The son of an Alsatian immigrant cigar maker, he sold papers as a boy on the streets. He is alien in origin and, to the majority, also in religion. As a stenographer earning $7.50 a week he supported a widowed mother and a brother. Like a lot of his fellow citizens in the past absurd division of parties, he has been a homeless waif politically.

His biography in "Who's Who" describes him as a Republican, but he himself told the Democratic National Committee that he had never been affiliated with any party. His friends say that he voted for Wilson and later for Coolidge.

Democracy's Unpolitical Boss

THERE are millions like him politically. Governor Smith likes him because he rose from nothing. Most of Governor Smith's friends, like himself, were of humble origin.

He is a small man with a compact, powerful-looking body. I had never seen him before when he entered the room where the Democratic National Committee was waiting for him, and I could not recall pictures of him, but I said to myself at once on seeing him, "This is Raskob."

He is not an ordinary-looking man. The face is rather foreign, sharp and rather hard. The half-closed eyes are singular for the intensity of their look.

The nose is large and aquiline, which gives him a somewhat Jewish countenance, though I believe he is not of Jewish origin. The lower part of his face is drawn and lined as if to repress the humorous tendency of the mouth.

It was interesting to see the pleasant, easy-going Democratic politicians, so long accustomed to defeat, looking not without misgiving at their strange new master who has never known defeat.

Behind the Scarecrow

Continued from page 9

Press, entitled "A Study of the Agricultural Revolution," the authors, in speaking of the difference between successful and unsuccessful farmers, say: "In all respects save one they [meaning the successful farmers] are on the same plane as their disconsolate neighbors, but in that one respect LIES THE EXPLANATION OF THE FARM PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION. This relatively small number of [successful] farmers carry on their business with INTELLIGENCE."

But, relatively speaking, is the number of successful farmers small? This writer, from what he has recently learned, can hardly see it in that light. The authors of the book last mentioned give the figures. They show that 14.47 per cent of the men who take up farming as a business make a GO of it, and become SUCCESSFUL, whereas it would be difficult to find any other line of industry wherein as many as 10 per cent of those who embark in it independently are able to weather the gale.

Expert Testimony

ONE farmer who has weathered the gale, Mr. Henry C. Barlow, farmer and breeder of McKinney, Tex., but who has a strong sympathy for his brothers who have not, writes Farm and Fireside as follows:

"I do not believe that agriculture is going to the dogs or that farmers are headed for peasantry. I do not believe that Wall Street is sucking the life blood from my veins. I do not believe that all laws are made for city and urban business at the expense of my own inherent rights. I do not believe that Congress or the Senate or any arm of government will make me prosperous or poor."

The above statement comes from a farmer of the successful class and, echoing his optimistic expression, we hear Mr. William Johnson, editor of Farm Life, tell the convention of World Advertisers that it is the city dweller and NOT the agriculturist who needs legislative attention.

"Farming," said Mr. Johnson, "may produce no millionaires, but it has no bread line, no flop houses, no pitiable wretches living on charitable nickels and dimes.

"Agriculture has been drearily pictured as a scene of murk and hopelessness. As a matter of fact, the modern farm today would be an agricultural paradise to Granddad. Contrast the bare drudgery of twenty years ago with the modern sort, lighted and brightened by power, machinery, radios, automobiles and other things.

"The discontent of the farmers is the ferment of progress working in their minds. They simply are out for incomes large enough to pay for the standard of living they have tasted in the cities since good roads and automobiles took them there."

Keepers of the Wild

Continued from page 17

counting several hundred the rangers have shipped to public parks, zoos, the movies and private estates.

We are still giving away buffaloes to those who can care for them. When it was announced that we had spare buffaloes in the Yellowstone, we received requests for them from all over the country.

One little girl wrote from New York City, asking for "a cute, gentle little buffalo to play with."

A man in Georgia ordered three buffaloes shipped to him, and then wired us:

"WIFE HAS CONVINCED ME THAT WITH FOUR CHILDREN AND THREE BUFFALO OUR TWO ACRE LOT WOULD BE TOO SMALL STOP SHE IS AFRAID BUFFALO MIGHT HURT CHILDREN STOP PLEASE WITHHOLD SHIPMENT."

Nevertheless, if you can provide a good home for one or more buffaloes, you can have them without other cost than that of shipment.

Beavers are among the greatest of the ranger's worries. These ingenious and resourceful little animals appeal to visitors, perhaps because the creatures have so many human attributes. They are always trying to improve upon nature. They are forever damming a stream or changing its course, or building a new house or adding to it. A beaver will never let well enough alone.

The beavers are the only inhabitants of the national parks who defy all the rules of the Ranger Service and get away with it. Where they want a dam they build it.

Once the beavers cut a long dam in the Yellowstone, destroying an artificial lake they had created. The rangers wanted the lake because it was of great interest to tourists. They repaired the beaver dam. The beavers cut it again. The rangers repaired it once more. Again the beavers cut it. Finally the rangers gave up.

Today the beavers are doing just as they please with the landscape. There just isn't anything we can do about it, short of annihilating the beavers, which we would never do.

"O, Ranger, how far down is the heat under Yellowstone?"

"Where is the timber line? What is above it?"

"Is there really a Grasshopper Glacier?"

"Where is the red snow of the Rockies?"

The ranger naturalist can explain that the scientists differ as to the depth of the heat under Yellowstone, their estimates ranging from a thousand feet to two miles.

That timber line varies with the latitude, one mile upward from sea level being the equivalent, roughly, of eight hundred miles north or south from the Equator; which gives the timber line an altitude of about 10,000 feet on Mount Washburn in the Yellowstone.

That Grasshopper Glacier, near Yellowstone Park, was so named because millions of grasshoppers were caught in storms and frozen within the ice during some ancient migration of the locusts.

That the red snow reported to have been seen in the mountains is not really snow at all, but a peculiar red lichen that grows on snow, giving it a reddish hue.

"Ranger's Delight"

THE great object of the national parks is to preserve this interesting saga of nature just as it is for the enjoyment of the people. The rangers are deeply conscious of this purpose, and in imposing their few and simple regulations their thought is always of the people yet to come.

I have mentioned that the dudes and sagebrushers number about two million a year. The total strength of the ranger force is about two hundred. Each ranger, then, must serve about ten thousand visitors annually. It goes without saying that there are times when he is busy as a bear in a berry bush. These are the times when the ranger asks for the charity and the coöperation of the visitors. These may be the times when he craves the Yellowstone as it is in the dead of winter; when the snow is deep and the blizzard howls about the ranger cabins, and the only place a fellow on patrol can sit down to eat his can of "ranger's delight"—canned tomatoes—is on top of a telephone pole!

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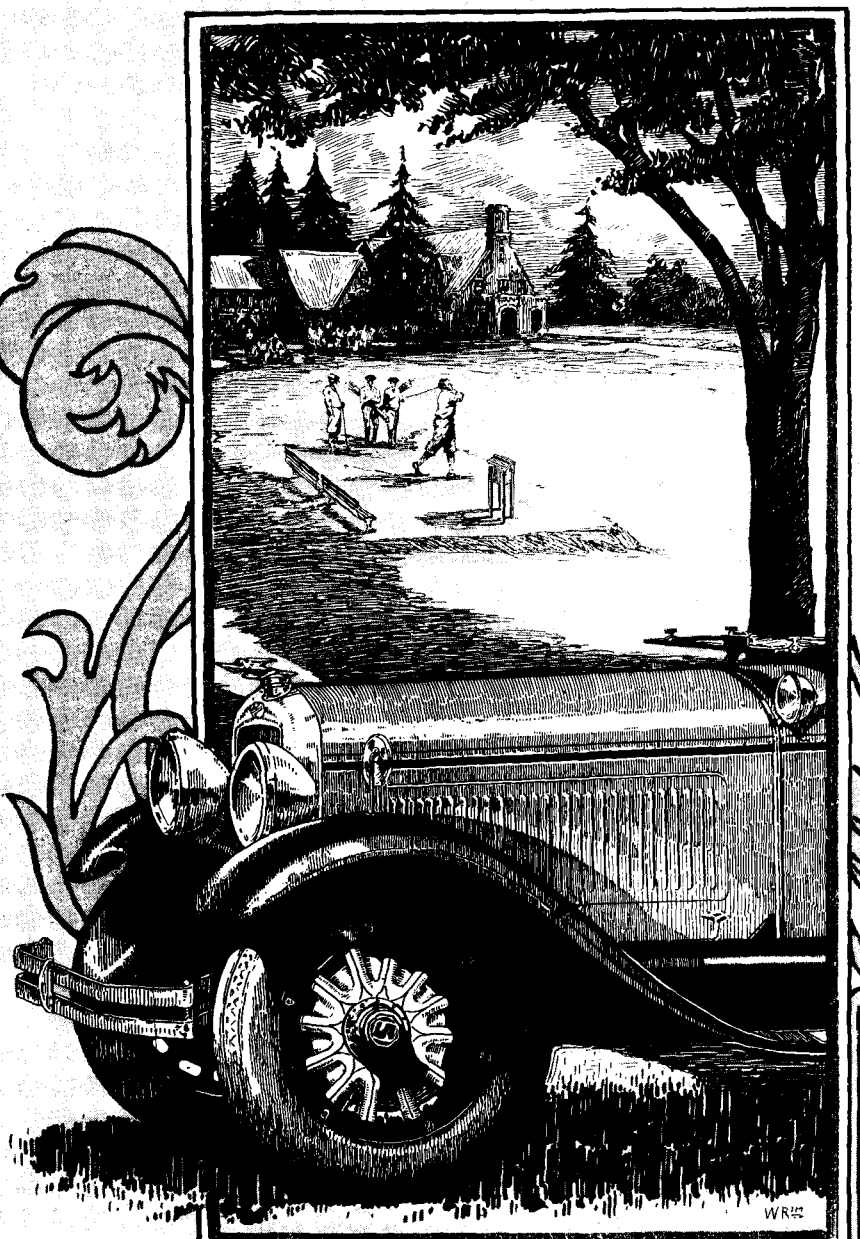
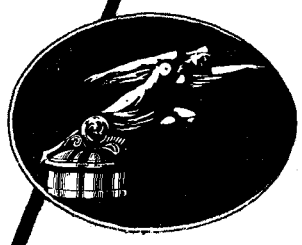


Champions



IT is characteristic of champions to do the spectacular with an ease and nonchalance that bespeaks a wealth of reserve ability.

This is true of the Studebaker Commander, the world's champion stock car. It is also true of HYVIS Motor Oil, the super-refined Pennsylvania lubricant, chosen by so many Studebaker owners as the finest protection they can give their motors.

For a thousand miles or more, HYVIS easily lubricates today's high-compression motor, *always* giving perfect lubrication in emergencies when lesser oils are pushed beyond their reserve margin of protection. This, plus the fact that HYVIS actually costs *less* to use, has won it a high place in American motordom.

Studebaker engineers—as well as those of every other leading manufacturer—have tested HYVIS and found that it conforms with their approved specifications. Ask for it by name.

Fred G. Clark Inc., Cleveland
Established 1882
Chicago, Minneapolis, Los Angeles. *Refineries*, Warren, Pa.
Distributors at all Principal Points

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At Better Independent Stations and Motor Car Dealers
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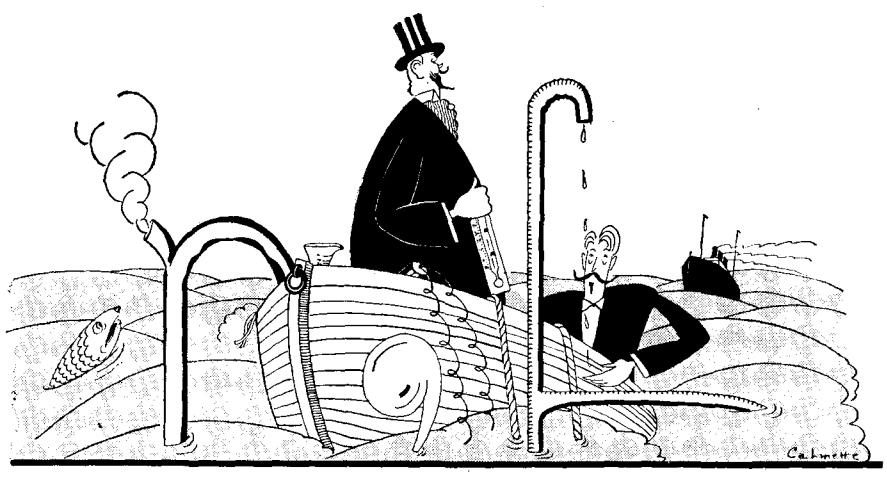

Cold Water Cure for Deserts

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director Science Service

WHAT our uninhabitable tropical deserts need is cool air for homes, pure water for farms and cheap power for factories. Two Frenchmen, Claude and Boucherot, maintain that these can be supplied to regions that border tropical oceans.

But the sea is boiling hot—if you remove the pressure of the atmosphere that holds it down to the liquid state. Reduce the pressure of three per cent of the standard atmosphere at sea level and the water will boil at a temperature of 77 degrees Fahrenheit. In tropical seas the mean annual temperature ranges from 70 degrees to over 80.

So you will have a steam boiler without need of any furnace if you run this sun-heated water into a big steel cylinder and pump out the air. When the pressure is sufficiently reduced the water evaporates off in the form of steam, and if this is carried through a pipe into a condensing chamber it may be made to turn a turbine on the way through.

But where can we get the cold water to condense the steam in the second chamber? From the ocean. For at a depth of 3,300 feet the water stands all the year round near 41 degrees. If we bring it up to the top where the water is, say, 77 degrees, we have a difference of temperature of 36 degrees.

Now, whenever we have a fall in temperature between two bodies of water we can interpose some sort of heat engine between the two levels and so get work out of the falling temperature.

Water will rise through a pipe to within a few feet of the top, not quite to the surface, for the column of water inside the pipe is colder and hence denser than the water in the sea outside.

They May Try It in Cuba

COOLING the condenser with water at 41 degrees, the water vapor coming from the boiler at a pressure of three hundredths of an atmosphere is reduced to a pressure of one hundredth of an atmosphere, that is to one third. The inventors figure that vaporizing 1,300 cubic yards of water a second in such a machine would give a net output of power amounting to 400,000 kilowatts and be cheaper than ordinary steam or water power.

The plant would produce as by-products a good supply of pure distilled water and enough cold salt water to keep everybody comfortable. For the water run off after cooling the condenser would be as low as 46 degrees, and this could be conveyed by refrigerating coils through the houses, run in rivulets down gently inclined planes under factory roofs, sprayed as fountains in the courts, and finally discharged in streams through the streets to the sea. M. Boucherot calculates that a conduit twelve feet in diameter would release annually in the community a quantity of coldness equal to the total production of ice in the United States, 40,000,000 tons, which would require a million tons of coal to manufacture.

This, anyhow, is the way the scheme figures out on paper. The principle is sound. The apparatus works on a small scale. How it will work on a large scale and whether it would pay are questions that will have to be determined by trial. M. Claude is said to be planning to put in his first experimental plant at Havana, using California sequoia wood for the water pipes.

A Trans-Saharan Railroad

THE French are also thinking seriously of constructing a railroad across the Sahara. Two billion francs, they calculate it will cost, and will take five years to complete. But, judging by Morocco, they figure that the expense will be repaid fifteen times over by the sale of land. They are looking for a boom greater than Texas and Oklahoma when the rich Niger Valley is opened to settlement.

This region will supply France with all the agricultural products she needs, but it will have to be developed by scientific agriculture—natives do not like to labor.

The colonies proved the salvation of the country in the late war. France drew from them 300,000 laborers and 550,000 soldiers, a fifth of which came from Africa. General Mangin estimates that in the next war this may be quadrupled. Disraeli was the first to perceive the possibility of employing colonial power to settle European conflicts, and his dramatic gesture, ordering the sepoys to Malta, stopped the march of Russia on Constantinople.

The plan adopted by the French Government provides for a railroad starting from Oran and running almost straight south to Wagadugu, the capital of Haute Volta, with branches westward to the formerly famous city of Timbuktu, and to Dakar on the Atlantic Coast. A beginning has already been made by roads connecting the Mediterranean Coast cities of Tangier, Oran and Algiers with Bechar, on the other side of the Atlas Mountains, and well on the way into the desert. Six days from Paris to the Sudan is the promise of the promoters, instead of the eighteen days now required to go around by the sea. And a later extension may take you to the Congo in five days more.

Now, Dakar stands near the tip of the promontory of Africa extending toward South America which invitingly extends a like promontory toward Africa. It looks like an easy jump on the map, and, in fact, the Leviathan could make the transatlantic voyage from Dakar to Pernambuco, Brazil, in little more than two days. But who, ordinarily, wants to go to Pernambuco or to Dakar?

A steam engine is too thirsty, so Diesel engines using crude petroleum or peanut oil will be used. If a tunnel were dug underneath the Strait of Gibraltar, the tourist could take a train at Paris and go to Guinea without change.

The Seven Policemen

Continued from page 7

Gurdon?" asked the constable surprisingly. He was a tall, fair, youngish man with an alert and almost refined expression on his round face.

"It is," said Cecil dryly. "But what do you know about Mr. Gurdon's work?"

"Oh," said the constable, after a pause, "we have our lecture clubs and all that, you know, in the force. And I've been on duty in the Royal Academy before now."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Cecil. And he was. His notions of the state of culture existing in the constabulary were being enlarged.

"Seems to me she might have been wearing a bit more," observed the other constable. "I call it indecent, that's what I call it."

"They like 'em like that," said the tall, fair man. "You get used to it." Silence. Cecil could not honestly deny the truth of the assertion.

THE other policemen came noisily out of the back room. As they did so, Camilla, in a somewhat diaphanous peignoir, appeared with an extremely startled look on her face at the head of the stairs. Nothing of the quizzical in her demeanor now. The tall, fair man glanced at her for one instant, whereupon he sprang to the front door and opened it.

"Oh!" shrieked Camilla, and disappeared in a rush. It was as though the incoming wind had wafted her violently away.

"Look here," said No. 1, addressing Cecil. "We've told them all about it at Walton Street, and they aren't satisfied. And you've got to go up there to the station. "You see, I don't mind telling you we're a squad on special duty, and there's been a lot of funny things happening lately round Cadogan Square, including two cat burglaries. Out with him, lads."

Cecil answered with dignity:

"The police station's the very place I want to go to. I shall have one or two very plain remarks to make to the inspector when I arrive there."

"Doesn't matter what you want or what you don't want. Get a move on, and don't argue."

So, hatless, and in drafty trousers, and pinioned, Cecil issued forth again into the streets.

"It's bound to end some time," said he to himself with resignation, and reflected upon the names of friends who might properly be summoned to bail him out.

After a hundred years or so of marching he noticed that the special squad had somehow been reduced in number from seven to six. The tall, fair constable was mysteriously lost to view.

A considerable walk to Walton Street, from Pimlico! But speed induced warmth in Cecil's imperfectly clad body. Only his head was very cold: he predicted neuralgia for himself. Strange that Camilla should have displayed cowardice! And yet perhaps not strange! Earlier in the night she had shown him that all women were alike.

The cortège turned into Walton Street. Lo! The customary blue-and-white lamp bearing the horrid words "Police Station!" Up the steps, into the dark stone-floored entry-corridor! Nobody to be seen, but there was a slit of light under a door on the left.

"You go in there," said No. 1 in a murmur. "They're waiting for you, and they're in a hurry. You go in there and you make your plain remarks. We shall come as soon as we have reported."

With that all six policemen walked out of the police station. Cecil stood still for a minute, for two minutes, possibly for three. He hesitated to confront the inspector in the room behind the ill-fitting door. Why should he of his own accord confront the inspector? The idea of escape, of freedom, of the glorious streets irresistibly tempted him. He crept to the portal and peeped out. Constables might be lurking there. No! Not a constable! Nobody! The long, straight street slumbered under its double row of lamps. He jumped down the steps and ran, risking the ignominy of pursuit and recapture. Of course he was a fool to run; the police are always too strong for the public, but he ran.

The same morning Cecil Glasper sat in the sole easy-chair in the little back room where the telephone lived. He wore his loose house gown: sign to the household that he was indisposed. He was drinking tea, having refused food: another sign of the same. The gas stove glowed crimson. He had telephoned to his offices that he was kept away from them by urgent official business. His reason, however, for inhabitating the back room was not that he wanted to telephone, but that he was expecting telephone calls which none but himself could answer or ought to know of. One of these anticipated calls was from the police. He hoped that the police would ring him up before arriving with handcuffs, so that he might arrange for a dignified departure. A wild and silly hope!

The parlormaid entered with a card:

"Mr. Septimus Mardern," Cecil read.

"I can't see anyone," said he, and then he thought, "Possibly someone to do with the police!" And he said aloud, "Unless, of course—"

"The gentleman says it's very urgent, sir."

"Show him in, then."

Yes, it was the police right enough! The tall, fair constable: the young man looked rather odd in mufti. For some reason or other he was disguised, with a soft hat, blue shirt and fluid necktie, as a sort of Chelsea artist.

Cecil respectfully and nervously rose.

But Septimus Mardern, the constable, was nervous too.

"I felt I must call at once, Mr. Glasper, to apologize for last night's affair—rather I should say this morning's. You see, we were all a bit jolly, and when you're in fancy dress you're apt to do things—"

Cecil then learned that his seven imitation policemen had been returning from a carnival ball in the Albert Hall.

"Sit down, sir," said Cecil sternly, pointing to a hard chair, and himself resumed the easy-chair.

Intense relief in his mind, together with an impulse toward harshness and cruelty! And immediately his physical condition changed to one of perfect health. Even the neuralgia vanished. But he could not maintain the impulse toward harshness and cruelty, because he felt so ridiculously happy and superior. The false constable was a squirming worm in front of him.

"Ah!" he remarked, grimly sardonic. "So it had occurred to you to apologize!"

"OF COURSE you've heard all about it by this time, sir."

"Quite," said Cecil. But he had heard nothing about it. He had not even set eyes on Camilla, who was still in her room, and he had taken care not to meet trouble halfway by arousing her.

"I only want to say, sir, that I really hadn't the slightest idea who you were until I caught sight of Miss Camilla on the stairs. I'd never had the pleasure of meeting you. But I ought to have known you by your likeness to Miss Camilla. I had only met Miss Camilla at Gurdon's studio—several times. I admit I ought to have stopped the thing at once, the moment I realized whose house we were in. But I rather lost my head—didn't know what to do. So I just ran off. Not for any money would I have done anything to annoy Miss Camilla—nor you either, sir, especially after she'd been so kind as to come with me to the ball. I should have brought her home, and then I should have known where you lived, but she left without telling me. But of course you've heard, sir."

(*Continued on page 34*)

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THESE SEVEN QUESTIONS

were asked a thousand times each

528 different questions on Yeast were asked The Fleischmann Company in the past year.

Seven of them were asked 1000 times each!

Here are the correct answers given by their medical advisers.

HAVE *you* ever wanted to ask questions about Yeast? The medical advisers of The Fleischmann Company have selected the seven questions asked them most frequently. Here they are, correctly answered.

Question: What is Yeast?

Answer: Yeast is a complete plant, even though one of the smallest of the vegetable kingdom. The number of microscopic plants in each cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is calculated to be over one thousand times the combined total populations of the United States and Canada. These tiny Yeast plants are grown, under ideal conditions, in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. After being grown overnight the Yeast plants are separated from the liquid extract. They are then compressed and wrapped in the familiar tinfoil package with the yellow label.

Question: How does Yeast work?

Answer: Headaches, skin troubles, continual tiredness—it is these beginnings of ill health which Yeast successfully combats. In a majority of cases the cause of these common ailments lies in an unhealthy colon. With modern food and lack of exercise the colon becomes clogged, unclean. Poisons collect in it, from waste that is held too long, and are absorbed into the blood. What does *Yeast* do? A cake of Yeast is composed of millions on millions of tiny living plants. It has been found that when these active plants pass regularly through the system, the number of harmful bacteria in the intestines is materially reduced. The whole intestinal tract grows cleaner, healthier and more active. The Yeast cells soften the contents of the colon and definitely increase peristalsis—the eliminative action of the intestinal muscles. Yeast also increases the white corpuscles in the blood making the body more resistant to infection.

Question: What are the scientific facts behind the use of Yeast?

Answer: In the last twenty-five years Yeast as a food and a therapeutic agent has been the subject of research by the world's most important scientists and medical men. One hundred and forty well-known research men in this country and Europe have worked with Yeast—with animals, and finally with thousands of human patients. Their findings are published in the foremost medical and scientific magazines. Today the value of Yeast in the diet, and in the treatment of constipation, with its train of evils—indigestion, skin disorders and below par conditions, is definitely established.

Question: What is Yeast good for and how long should I eat Yeast to get results?

Answer: If your condition is serious you should of course consult a physician. When Yeast is advisable he will prescribe it. Fleischmann's Yeast is not a cure-all but its efficacy has been proved in certain common but fundamental ailments such as constipation, indigestion, below par conditions, and skin disorders.

One evening she wrote, "I am worried about my husband's health. Can you tell me . . ."

The length of time it takes to secure relief with Yeast depends on your condition. No unhealthy condition of any standing can be corrected over night or in a few days. Relief may come within a comparatively short time. Most cases are benefited in three or four weeks, but, to give Yeast a fair trial, you should eat it for at least sixty days. In constipation, especially, Yeast must be eaten regularly every day. If cathartics are being taken they should be reduced gradually. Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a medicine, and you must eat it continuously to get results. Eat 3 cakes every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, in small pieces, or in water or any other way you prefer. For stubborn constipation drink it in hot water (not scalding), a cake before each meal and at bedtime.

ALMOST everyone today seems to be worrying about being too fat or too thin. Many men and women who write about Yeast ask this question:—

Question: Will Yeast make me fat?

Answer: No. One Fleischmann's Yeast Cake contains twenty calories—five calories less than an ordinary soda cracker. There is nothing in Yeast itself to make anyone gain or lose weight. Fleischmann's Yeast will clean out the whole alimentary tract and restore it to normal running order. It will enable you to assimilate better the food you eat and will give you a normally healthy appetite. If the amount of food you like to eat when you are feeling really well tends to put on extra pounds you must watch the calories. Any increase in weight will come from the other food you eat, not from the Yeast.

If you are under weight, due to inability to assimilate your food properly, to faulty elimination and poisoning, etc., Fleischmann's Yeast will correct constipation, increase assimilation and restore a normal appetite.

This will raise your entire body tone and as a natural result your weight should come up to normal and stay there.

Question: Does Yeast cause gas?

Answer: Yeast should not cause gas if eaten before meals as directed. It is digested by the gastric juice of the stomach the same as any other food. In cases where gas has formed it is usually because Yeast has been eaten on a full stomach. Yeast eaten on an empty stomach increases the flow of gastric juice and so aids digestion, thus in most cases relieving the condition that caused the gas. If you are extremely susceptible to gas you should eat Yeast at least half an hour before meals. In extreme cases it may be dissolved in hot water (not scalding).

Question: Is the continued use of Yeast harmful? Will it become a habit?

Answer: No. Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a drug. It can never hurt anyone. You can stop eating it any time you wish, the same as you can stop eating any other fresh vegetable. Since it is a food it should be eaten daily. Only in this way can Yeast work continually for you, keeping the intestinal tract always clean and active. The longer you eat Fleischmann's Yeast, the more good it will do you. Each month you should notice added benefit.

* * *

The mass of scientific and medical data available on Yeast is too great to list here but a copy of our latest booklet on Yeast in the diet, containing authoritative scientific matter on the subject, will be sent on request. Address Health Research Dept. E-58, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

(Adv't.)

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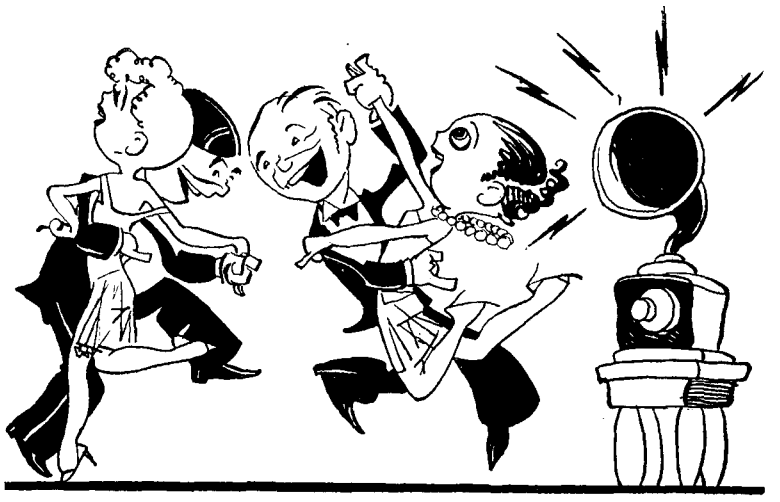

Louder and Funnier!

By JACK BINNS

ARNOLD JOHNSON, one of the jubilant jugglers of jazz who entertain flaming youth and other youthfully inclined listeners of the Red Network during the early night-club hours of broadcasting, is a serious searcher for more systematic syncopation. At the moment he is looking for a skilled bazuka player, because his last one entered the state of matrimony and accepted a degree of domesticity so far as hours are concerned.

Among his group of trained musicians Arnold boasts a cymbalist, a heckelphonist, a mando-bassist, several varieties of balalaikans and a dulcimerist. If the energetic inventors of weird instruments continue at their present pace Arnold will soon be able to show us where jazz is going to take music.

The "Murderer" Reforms

SOME little time ago the words "I murdered him last night" uttered in gruesome, bloodthirsty tones emanated from a million loud speakers and probably caused more glee than anything else heard over the radio. The confessor of wholesale homicide, who was accorded public acclaim for his nefarious deeds, has become the symbol of the changing times in the development of broadcasting. He is none other than Frank Moulan, erstwhile musical-comedy star, ringleader in Roxy's Gang and now program builder for the largest independent organization engaged in the preparation of radio programs as a commercial enterprise.

Frank is symbolical of the change which is placing responsibility of development work in the hands of experienced showmen and relieving the much harassed amateurs of their hair-raising perplexities. It is a change that will do radio no end of good and ultimately place it where it rightfully belongs in our modern scheme of life.

Frank has been through the gamut of showmanship. He was born in the Greenwich Village section of New York of French-Scottish parents, and began his singing career as a choir boy in Trinity Church. He went on the stage at twenty-one, and in the course of his theatrical career has acquired a repertoire of almost two hundred operas—grand and comic. He brings this wealth of experience to radio. Despite his new labors he still finds time to sing over the microphone once a week. If you would be amused and entertained listen for him some Thursday evening over WABC.

A Logical Solution

IN ALL of the plans put forward as possible solutions of the broadcasting mess, which Congress bequeathed to radio fans, none has taken the average radio receiver into consideration. Even the plan suggested by the engineers failed in this respect—yet the radio receiver is the fundamental unit in the whole scheme of broadcasting.

More than 90 per cent of the radio receivers in actual use today have two vital characteristics in common, although they may vary in their degree of efficiency. These two factors are high amplification with moderate selectivity at the short-wave end, and high selectivity with moderate amplification at the long-wave end.

The only logical plan for the Radio Commission to adopt is one that allots the highest power to the long-wave stations and then gradually tapers the power of the better stations downward as the wave-length assignment goes downward in the broadcast wave band. In addition to this the spacing of broadcast stations from one another should be closer at the long-wave end where the selectivity of the average radio receiver is good, and wider at the short-wave end where the selectivity is poor.

Build Them a Beacon

TWO vitally important things were learned from the successful flight of the airplane Bremen from Ireland to Labrador. The epochal flight demonstrated first that commercial aviation from east to west across the Atlantic Ocean needs the aid of a radio beacon and a radio compass; and, second, it gave us a clue to the probable fate of the previous brave efforts that ended in oblivion.

It took the Bremen thirty-four hours to cover approximately the same distance that Alcock and Brown (going in the opposite direction) flew in sixteen hours. The prevailing winds across the Atlantic are westerly. They aid the flyers going to Europe, but seriously retard those coming to America.

The Bremen was a great many miles north of its course. This was undoubtedly due to drift caused by the winds and possible freak deviations of the compass due to magnetic storms as well as proximity to the north magnetic pole. It is reasonable to assume the ill-fated flyers who preceded the Bremen and its intrepid crew experienced the same troubles, with the result that they were forced to continue flying over water against adverse winds until their fuel supply was exhausted.

Radio beam beacons on the east coast of Newfoundland and the west coast of Ireland should be installed so that an invisible pathway of electro-magnetic waves will keep aircraft on their course while flying across. No flight should be attempted in the future by airplane or airship unless the machine is fully equipped with a receiving apparatus capable of registering this beacon, and an independent radio compass that will enable its navigator to keep his course irrespective of the weather.

The Seven Policemen

Continued from page 32

"What I haven't heard is how Camilla could go to a fancy-dress ball in ordinary clothes."

"Oh! She didn't, sir. We called at my studio on the way, and I fitted her up with a Japanese kimono, which she left behind with Mrs. Gurdon. That was how I knew she'd gone. I'm terribly afraid she'll be vexed. If you could—"

"The fact is, you've not called to apologize to me. You've called to get me to make your peace with Camilla."

"No, no, sir. Both, sir."

"You're a painter?"

"Yes, sir. You may have seen—"

"I haven't."

Mr. Cecil Glasper was touched and uplifted. For he divined that he was assisting at a romance. Septimus Mardern was most obviously deep in love with that deceitful chit, Camilla. He was a frank, honest kind of young man, with an intelligent, fresh kind of face. And he was respectful and repentant and appealing. The spectacle of romantic love delighted Mr. Cecil Glasper, secretary of philanthropic societies. And it impressed him, forced him to behave, and even to think, in a Christian and benevolent manner.

"You know what your lively friends did after you so prudently left us? Took me to the police station. A bit risky, eh, that?"

"Yes, sir. I heard about an hour ago. It was indeed risky. It was mad. But, if I may say so, it only shows what—er—what an advanced state of jollification they must have been in."

"Well," said Cecil grandly, "I accept your apology. And you'd better call round one afternoon and put things right with Camilla as well."

"I will, sir. *This* afternoon?"

"Yes, why not? But—*But*—"

"Yes, sir?"

"You must subscribe among you for a new hat for me. My size is seven and three quarters."

"You're frightfully decent, sir," said Septimus Mardern, rising. "Frightfully decent. I'll go and tell them all."

No sooner was the painter gone, with a tremendous bang due to the still blusterous wind having snatched the door knob out of the parlormaid's hand, than Camilla entered the back room in search of her brother.

"Good morning!" said she, bright but nervous; the brightness was obviously being assumed to hide the nervousness, for she avoided Cecil's eye.

"To think," said Cecil to himself, "only a few minutes ago I was fearing to meet her and preparing to go to police courts and things; and now I've got her under my thumb."

And aloud he said:

"Not so noisy as the night."

"Oh?" she parried.

"You're a nice two-faced minx!" said he quizzically.

"Oh?" she parried again.

"Yes," said he. "You took care not to tell me you'd been to a fancy-dress ball."

"WELL," said she, "it was so late, and I—I didn't want to keep you up with a long talk. Besides, I did tell you there'd been some dancing. I'd no idea I was going when I left the house after dinner last night."

"I assert and maintain you're a two-faced minx," said he magisterially.

"You aren't well, my dear," said she.

"I'm perfectly well," said he.

"But you aren't dressed," said she.

"It's the first I've heard of it," said he.

"But you haven't gone to the office," said she.

"That's quite true," said he. "I'm here sitting in this chair."

"But why, then?"

"I stayed at home to think out what color of a kimono it was you wore last night at that ball."

"Who—who told you?"

"A fellow named Mardern," said Cecil. "He called on me in the middle of the night—as you are well aware. Very friendly chap. And he called again this morning, he's just gone. And he's calling again this afternoon—to see you."

Camilla was blushing in the most maidenly manner.

"But you don't know him," she murmured.

"Oh, don't I! I have the best reason for knowing him," said Cecil. "He's going to buy me a new hat. I lost mine last night when I went out to post a letter. It blew off into a private garden."

"What letter?"

"That letter you ordered me not to post." Cecil spoke carelessly, boldly. What cared he for her views about his carryings-on with women? Figuratively she was bound and gagged before him. She dared not raise an eyebrow at him.

"Do tell me all about everything," she appealed, with the touching, modest diffidence of a sweet opponent defeated and captive.

SHE was delicious to behold in her confusion. But not unhappy, because in Cecil's masterful bullying was the quizzical, benevolent note which she knew so well. Something new had somehow insinuated itself into the house, something that had never been there before, something beautiful, exciting and tender.

The telephone bell sounded. Camilla turned to the instrument.

"You leave that telephone alone," said Cecil, sharply springing up. "You can go."

"I won't," said Camilla. "You've got to tell me all about everything."

"Is that Mr. Glasper," said the delicate voice of the telephone, which was also the voice of the mysterious creature whom Camilla had never seen and had demanded to see.

"Speaking," said Cecil, in a voice rendered uncertain by sudden and extreme agitation.

"I'm so glad I've found you in," said the telephone. "I telephoned to the office, and they said you hadn't come."

"No. I hadn't," said Cecil.

Camilla was staring hard at him, fascinated.

"I've had your letter. You asked me to telephone because you couldn't wait," said the telephone.

"And I couldn't."

"Neither could I," said the telephone.

A pause.

"Yes?" said Cecil encouragingly.

"That's the answer," said the telephone.

"What's the answer?"

"Yes," said the telephone, very faintly, very magically.

"Oh!" said Cecil, but with a constrained clumsiness. "I am glad."

"Is that all?" asked the telephone.

"No. There's lots more."

"Say, 'I love you, darling,'" said the telephone.

"By Jove! I should think I did!" said Cecil.

"But say it. Say what I said."

Cecil glanced round at Camilla, reflecting that the girl had no slightest notion of the lengths to which he had gone with the mysterious creature at that instant joined to him by a mile or two of telephone wire that ran through streets and up walls and under floors. Could she have guessed that the letter contained an offer, a request, an epoch-making proposal?

He put his hand over the mouthpiece.

"Get out," he said to Camilla.

"I won't," said Camilla.

"Say it, please; I want to hear it," the tiny voice of the telephone insisted.

"I love you, darling," said Cecil, a man. And looked challengingly at Camilla, and blushed exactly as she had blushed.

"Well, of all—" exclaimed Camilla.

Yes, something new and lovely had entered the monastic house, and seven policemen had facilitated its arrival.

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Gosh—She's Too Fast!

This is J. L. Chapman as he was rigged for the Boston-New York 260 mile race won by Sea Sled. He knows the game and will tackle just about anything—at any speed.

UP to January's Motor Boat Show eight horsepower looked like the last word in high power for outboard racing, and compared to the paper-thin, featherweight racing hulls of last season, the little Model 13 Sea Sled showed up as the safest and most comfortable fast craft of her inches afloat. She was non-sinkable and practically non-capsizable. You couldn't pound her bottom out and the severest tests showed her to be just about "fool proof."

Now the whole game has shifted

Along to the Motor Boat Show came a whole flock of new outboard motors. The horsepower was jumped to 16—18—24. There seems no limit and the tide apparently hasn't stopped rising even yet.

This sudden bulge in power created entirely new conditions and new hazards.

At its rated speed little Model 13 is as safe as a ferry. Above that speed in *any* 13-foot hull it is a racing man's game, and racing precautions should be taken by anyone who is out with super-power for extra speed.

It's up to you to use your head

Take the last and biggest race for outboards, Boston to New York. The Committee insisted that every racing driver should wear a life jacket and carry a six inch inflated inner tube in his craft unless she was provided with air tanks. In addition to this a destroyer led the way down the course, the Coast Guard were anchored within sight of each other every five miles, and a flock of aeroplanes hovered overhead keeping a watchful eye on every racer.

Drive your speedy boat as you would a fast car

You can buy a small car today that is guaranteed by a responsible maker to do 75 miles an hour—and she'll do it too—but you musn't load babies or grandmothers into it on a pleasant Sunday afternoon and dash out to do 75 miles an hour on any old dirt road just to prove that the maker means what he says. If you insist on 75 miles an hour you want a clear road, perfectly laid, properly banked, and adequately policed. In addition you want new tires and inner tubes, and your car should be rigidly looked over for condition, and most especially you want to know how to *drive*. And even with all that, you would be wiser if you got acquainted with all her tricks before you gave her the gun.

Car wisdom goes for boats too

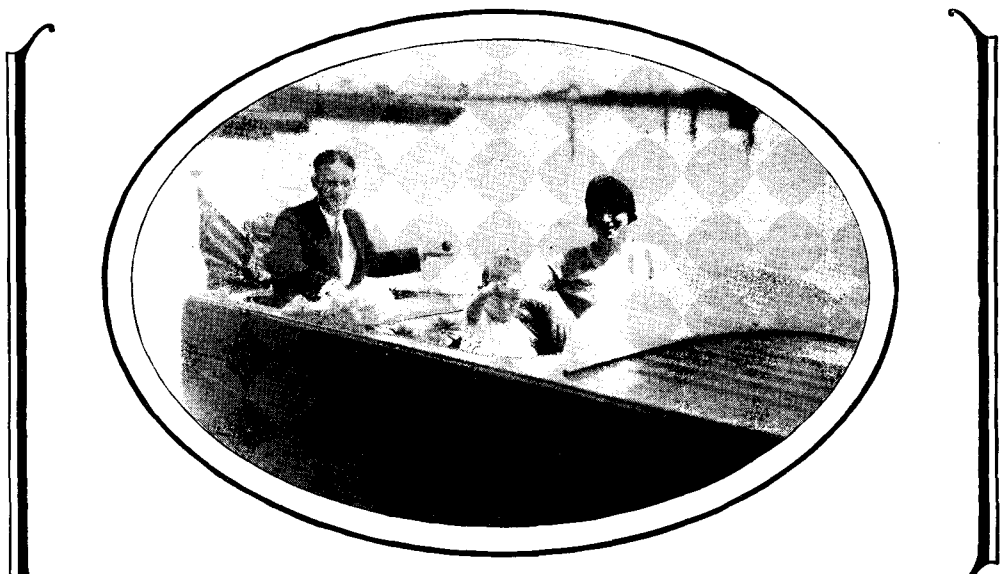
Just so with any small outboard craft. Don't hang one of the big high-powered motors on them if you can't swim. Don't make your first high speed tryouts without a life jacket.

The fact that the Boston-New York race, which covered the rough stretch of Massachusetts Bay, a chunk of the Atlantic Ocean and all of Long Island Sound, was won by a Sea Sled with a high-powered motor—and that of the first five boats to finish, *three* were Sea Sleds is a fine addition to an already good record.

Don't overlook this for a moment

It only constitutes added proof of what was well known before—that of the vast fleet of water craft now on the market, the Sea Sled is *safest* because she is most *seaworthy*.

But it does not in any way lessen the value of the earnest advice to be conservative with a motor that drives her at near 30 M.P.H., and get thoroughly acquainted with your boat before running her wide open. Then go properly equipped.



This is Mr. Chapman out for a spin in his Model 16. With this valuable cargo, you can bet he'll stay safely inside the rated speed.

Model 13 gave a showing of her weatherly qualities when she was the only craft out of 38 to finish the 52 mile Ocean Sweepstakes at Santa Catalina last January. She gave another touch of quality in April when she finished first in the Albany to New York 133-mile race on the one rough day of that meet.

And here, at this last Boston to New York outboard race, 260 miles of almost every kind of weather, she again finished first.

Model 13 has thus proved every time that she is the most seaworthy craft of her inches afloat, that she is faster than any work boat and will stand more banging about than any speed boat. But with these big new outboard motors she has jumped to speeds which carry an added element of responsibility with them, and no matter how much you thrive on thrills, we'd rather have you safe than sorry.

TRADE-MARK REG. **SEA SLED** U. S. PAT. OFFICE

THE SEA SLED CORPORATION

Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents

226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York

Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

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Heat

Continued from page 19

her hands before her eyes she walked toward the front room.

Here too the air was hot, but there was no blazing sun. The old lounge stood on the opposite side: she felt her way to it and lay down. She believed that the end of her life had come, and she tried to call, "Meta! Harry!" The smoke grew more acrid, then faded away, but the smell of the ruined cloth hung in the air. The fire sank, the irons cooled, but the sun did not cool.

Meta left her keyboard in the telephone office and walked to the hall and down a single flight of stairs to the almost empty street. She was a little thing, not remotely resembling her mother. Her complexion was dark and she had a gypsylike face and extraordinary eyes which unintentionally held the eyes of others. Black, long-lashed, shadowed, to an actress they might have been a valuable asset; to Meta, in the state to which the Lord had called her, they were a disadvantage and a danger. Shyness, poverty and the consciousness of ever-present disgrace and impending tragedy had thus far kept her safe.

She did not look up on the street for fear that she might see Fernando, nor when she answered questions for fear that she might see in the glance of others, pity or contempt.

Fashion required few clothes, and Meta's orange-colored gingham was sleeveless and short of skirt. Her stockings were rolled below her knees; having lowered them in the office, she forgot to readjust them. Her slippers had soles little thicker than paper. Advancing into the broiling sun, her curly head bare, her knees bare, her slender body all but bare, she gave a cry of amazement and shrank back into the shelter of the doorway. How could it be so hot? Heat not only descended from above; it ascended from below as from a furnace. She looked down, half expecting to see a grating such as she warmed herself over in winter.

In the two hours before she must return to work she had her choice between going home and returning to the rest room of the telephone office. There were three couches there, but she was certain that all were occupied. Two girls had fainted, and several had gone out staggering.

She was afraid of the long walk home and back. When she arrived spent her mother was terrified. Since she would have to remain at the office until midnight, it would be necessary for her to ride home in the trolley, and it was unthinkable that she should spend more than five cents a day. Sometimes Harry came for her in his rickety car, bought from necessity and costing twenty-eight dollars, but today he would be dead for sleep.

SHE looked out to right and left. To her left and two squares away was a green bank where the grounds of the State Capitol rose steeply. In the great buildings there was a measure of coolness, but she had never ventured into them. To the right and a little farther away there was other greenness and a glint of blue. The blue decided her—she would sit on a bench in the park on Front Street.

Stepping to the pavement, she turned toward the river. At the curb stood a roadster of a famous make with a powerful engine and painted exactly the color of Meta's dress. The young driver was Allison Ludwig, of opulent and influential family, who was learning the telephone business from the bottom up. His temporary position as inspector brought him daily into the office, and he had seen more than once the eyes of Meta.

He looked at her now and smiled and was about to speak, but Meta did not look up. He sat leaning out of his car—would she take the trolley at the corner? She did not, but crossed the street. Would she turn and go up the other side? She did not, but kept straight on, plainly visible like the sun in her flame-colored dress. She could have no business in that direction unless she were going to cool off in the park—an impossible achievement, she would soon learn.

He was not a creature of self-control or steady principles at best, and the heat undermined his scant virtue. He drove on and came out on Front Street. In the narrow park between him and the river was a patch of bright orange.

Meta sat on a bench. She wished that she had a hat and that her dress had sleeves: it seemed dangerous to be in the sun so lightly covered—one's flesh might be scorched. She was raising her stocking when she heard an automobile horn blow directly behind her, and she looked around instantly and involuntarily. It was not a sound of warning, but a signal and persuasive. She recognized the inspector and was terrified—what had she done that was wrong?

Ludwig gave his invitation at once. He saw again the lifted eyes of Meta and was amazed.

"You work in the telephone office," he said pleasantly. "I'm inspector there, learning the business before I go higher up." He could not let even this unimportant creature think that he was to remain an inspector. "It's awfully hot. Won't you cool off in my car?"

META left her bench and approached him, dazzled, first by the attention of so important a person, second by the magnificence of his offer—her only rides thus far in her life had been in Harry's car—third by the suggestion that she get rid of this dreadful burning of her skin and pressure in her head.

"I have to report at six o'clock," she said. She had her mother's voice, low and sweet and rich.

Ludwig answered with impatience, "I understand that."

He opened the door, his gesture and his words a command. She stepped in and sat down, obeying her body rather than her mind. The door was closed by an arm reached over her, the car started and she had not realized what she had done. Ludwig drove round the block and returned to Front Street, heading north. He would, of course, see that she got home safely, and her absence from work could be fixed up. He was inexperienced enough and vain enough to believe that anything could be fixed up.

A feeling of relief was Meta's first sensation, the swift motion lightened the weight in her head and cooled the burning of her body. She had seen the upper section of the beautiful street but once. On one side the houses were set far back and veiled in trees and flowering shrubs; on the other flowed—rather lay, for there was no visible current—the beautiful Susquehanna. Across on the opposite side rose a steep mountain, so that one seemed to be entering a gateway. From bank to bank crossed a bridge of beautiful arches.

With her body somewhat relieved Meta felt a new discomfort. The swift motion frightened her; her heart beat fiercely as if in warning that all was not well.

"I must go back," she said in her deep voice. "You are kind, but I must go back."

"Of course you shall go back," answered Ludwig. To himself he said, "Little fool!"

"I must go back," insisted Meta again in her deep voice. She repeated like a child, "I must report at six o'clock."

Ludwig did not answer. His car had a persistent tendency to move to the right, and he remembered that the spare tire had an unmended and forgotten puncture. Beside the first pier of the bridge, in a little embowered building, there was a garage, and here he stopped perforce. Instantly the fearful heat wrapped them again.

"How long to mend a tire?"

"Half hour," answered the proprietor lazily.

"I'll walk," declared Meta. "You're very kind, but I must go back."

Ludwig bade her sit still. "You'd die in this infernal heat. I'll take you back." The heat seemed to be snatching something from him.

THE garage man was only a little worse than his promise, and in three quarters of an hour Ludwig started. He drove ahead toward Duncannon and not back toward Harrisburg.

"You said you'd take me back!" Meta began to cry.

Ludwig laid his hand on hers—he pitied her, but he had no mercy upon her.

"You poor little thing, you're done up."

"Please let me get out," begged Meta at the first town.

"Are you cooler?"

"Yes, but I must go to work."

"You shall."

"There's the bridge!" cried Meta at last. "You'll turn now?"

"I can't here," answered Ludwig. "We'll go over and turn on the other side. He could see the hands of the watch on his wrist. It was long past five. He cursed the necessity for stopping to pay toll.

"I must get back," said Meta reiterating endlessly.

The payment of toll gave her a final impulse of alarm—no living being would drive across a bridge and pay a quarter if he meant to return. The losing of her position became suddenly negligible; she seemed to be losing her mother and her brother and her home. More hideous and terrible, she seemed to have put herself into a class with Fernando. She reached out her hand and laid it on the door.

Ludwig saw the motion and grew pale with anger. That which was good in him melted at last in the fierce heat; he became possessed of a sort of madness, cruel and fertile in invention. He had brightened, his foot pressed the throttle

(Continued on page 38)

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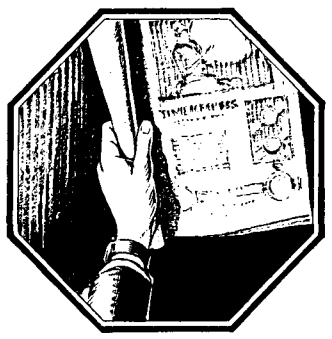

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Heat

Continued from page 36

and he started with a jerk. He had traveled but a short distance when they swung again to the right. It was a cursed misfortune for one who prided himself on keeping his car in order. He had to change the tire himself.

"I'll turn round at once," he promised, to quiet Meta's sobbing.

But, the tire changed, he drove forward and not back.

HARRY MILLER stood under the low, arched doorway of an enormous brick shed. Before him lay the Susquehanna, broad and slow and blue and shimmering, as it lay before the eyes of Meta at Harrisburg three miles away. The shore, however, was different; here rose no stately and luxurious dwellings garmented in shrubbery; here ran no pleasure cars. Extending on each side for a mile were gigantic buildings, some curious in design, surmounted by tall cylinders or chimneys belching forth smoke or steam or gases which burned brilliantly in the still air. Shifting engines shrieked, mammoth cranes creaked and groaned.

Harry was like his mother, substantial in build, fair of complexion and childlike in expression. For eighteen hours he had controlled a mammoth dipper with a burden of molten steel, and his face was streaked with grime; dust had sifted into his blond, tightly curling hair; grime and perspiration painted strange patterns on his body, naked above the waist. Though the heat in which he worked made the heat of the sun seem tepid, he delayed venturing out of the shadow, loth to put on his body the grimy shirt rolled under his arm.

As he slipped his shirt over his head he realized that he was ravenous.

Bessie had packed his box for eighteen hours, but though the supply had seemed ample to her, it had left an aching void. There was a store near by where he might have bought crackers or bananas, but he had no money to spend. Gentle as he was, his hunger made him savage and unreasonable.

"I buy the food," he muttered. "I pay the rent. I ought to have enough to eat."

There was another kind of refreshment, easy to get, powerful as a sedative and destroyer of trouble, of pleasant taste and a heat which was also pleasant, even under the burning sun; remembering it, he moistened his dry lips. He had only to stop at a little house on his way home, he had only—he saw suddenly not himself drinking, but Fernando drunk.

"I'm hungry," he said aloud. "It's only because I'm hungry." He meant to say, "Mother will have a good meal," but he said only, "Mother will have—will have," then "Mother." He saw her broad, childlike, lovely face, drawn with concern; she was a rock of refuge in a stormy sea, or a pool, deep and still, in which one could find assuagement from fiery heat.

At his own door he left his car at the curb, which was his only garage, and went round the house. He touched the frame of the door where his mother's hand had touched it, stepped into the kitchen and stood still.

"Mother!" he called. "Mother!"

In profound alarm he charged himself to remember that he had often bade his soul prepare for disaster. Keyed to expect calamity, he had thought it possible that his father might sometime commit murder. He looked about the room—all doors were closed. He entered the little parlor. He could see at first nothing, but he could hear heavy breathing and could smell alcohol. Fernando, he believed, lay asleep on the sofa. Then his eyes, accustomed to the darkness, discerned a woman's broad figure. Turned upon her back, Bessie had a look, not of sleep, but of a heavier unconsciousness.

In mad and unaccountable delusion, Harry believed that she had found refuge in drink. Gazing at her, he realized again that his stomach was empty. He reminded himself once more that he bought the food and paid the rent and that he was wasting his youth. He forgot that the odor of alcohol was always present in the house; he forgot that his mother's behavior was impeccable, her soul immaculate.

"Get up!" he shouted as one might shout to the lowest of human creatures.

Bessie opened her eyes slowly, roused, but as yet aware of nothing. She sat up dizzily, her eyes drooping.

"I was ironing," she explained, trying to recall the past which was so near, but which seemed far away. "The heat was so terrible, I couldn't iron any more." She smiled vaguely; then her voice took on its child's tone of distress too heavy for endurance. "Oh, Harry, dear, your supper isn't ready!"

Instantly appalled by his madness, Harry took a step nearer and sat down upon the couch. He bent his head upon her shoulder and put his arms round her. She still looked startled and distressed.

"Is it six o'clock? Meta thought she mightn't come home. And your supper isn't ready!"

"Listen, Mother," said Harry. "I'm not hungry. You get some bread and butter and let's go away somewhere."

Bessie studied him, frowning, guessing some dire need.

"As I am?"

"Yes," he answered in a whisper.

"Oughtn't you have your supper and then go to bed?"

"I couldn't sleep. The house is hot as"—he was temperate in speech and he spoke now temperately and solemnly—"as hell."

Fright at him hastened Bessie's preparations. Meta would not be home till midnight. Fernando—here was worse need than Fernando's, though he were delivered, as heretofore, like a sack of meal at the door.

HARRY and his mother drove up Front Street. The air was no cooler, but their motion created a breeze. The Ford was narrow, and Bessie, who was very broad, sat on the rear seat alone. Harry had put a bundle of clothes into the car and a towel; she believed that he was going to have a swim. She smiled tenderly, remembering the small white body which had so long ago been her care.

Then in a moment she frowned, remembering Meta. If Meta's hours ever coincided with Harry's they could repeat this pleasant excursion. Poor Meta was a beginner and beginners must be satisfied with what was given them.

She saw the beautiful houses, the shrubbery, the soft hills, the steep mountain, the graceful arches of the bridge; she looked at the little repair shop, embowered by vines.

"There's a cool place to work."

Harry did not answer. Hunger had returned, but it was not insane hunger. He would eat a little; then he would swim; then he would eat again. He had no plans after that.

"Here's a town," said Bessie. "Right along the river."

"Yes," he answered sharply. Nervousness suddenly returned: he must reach his destination quickly; it was growing hard for him to keep the car in the road.

"Oh, see the bridge!" cried Bessie. "What a beautiful bridge! And the air is cooler."

"I don't notice it." Panting, Harry felt in his pocket for a quarter. He had few quarters, but he knew a swimming place on the opposite side and none on this and recklessly he determined to cross. When they returned they could keep on down the west side to the municipal bridge, where the toll was but five cents. He crossed, paid the toll, turned to his right and drove on.

"We've lost the river!" cried Bessie in dismay, bouncing up and down in spite of her great weight.

"We'll get back to it. There's a bend ahead, and there we turn into the woods."

Harry looked down the road. A car had preceded them, broad of tire, deep of tread. There had been no rain for so long that even in this shaded spot the dust was deep. There was at the first turn a cloud of dust, powdery in the sunlight. The cloud rose higher, and Harry put on his brakes quickly. Ahead a roadster stopped gently under an expert hand. Beyond the road became a footpath, dark and winding under thick trees. The car was painted orange color—Bessie sighed, remembering pretty Meta in her bright gingham. Then she heard a voice; her sigh died away; her lips parted. She laid her hand on the back of the seat before her and drew her body forward.

"Harry! Listen!"

The voice cried, "Let me go back! Let me go back!" The tones were hoarse, the words seemed to have been cried many times. A man stepped out of the car and looked back into it.

"Get out," he ordered someone within. "Don't be a little fool. Why did you get into my car?"

BESSIE and her children drove slowly home from their picnic. It was ten o'clock, and the moon was high. Behind them on a rising wind rode, unobserved by them, the upheaped clouds of a gathering storm, the first for weeks. On the front seat sat Harry, beside him Meta. Harry's face was grave, and now and then Meta breathed a convulsive sigh. In spite of their anxiety of mind, their young bodies rejoiced in the healing of the cool water, in the satisfaction of hunger. The time of speech, of broken ejaculations and tears and sobs was past. Harry remembered the touch of soft linen and wool in his hot hand, the warmth of human flesh against his knuckles—sometimes resentfully because he had made the punishment no worse, sometimes thankfully because he had halted before the point of murder. Meta had no thoughts at all except that she was with her mother and her brother and that her body was cool.

All three were still young enough to be enchanted with the night. The moon cast a long lane of light on the river. From out the woods came a rich odor of decay.

"I'd like a farm," said Harry wistfully. "That's where I'd like to live. No work would be too hard if I could be in the country."

Meta smiled—vague hopes filled her heart, pathetic because they were not hopes of a lover, but of pretty clothes, rest, coolness.

Bessie neither spoke nor smiled. She noticed that a wind was blowing, and she felt that it was driving her out of a wide, beautiful place into a narrow cell. She had been brought up in the country, and she remembered how cattle which were to be shipped were coerced into a pen. She saw her house, the street, the noisy children, the foul-mouthed neighbors. They were a background for Fernando.

They reached the region of bridges and lights. From an amusement barge drifted the sound of music; the lighted city looked like fairyland. They crossed the bridge, meeting city odors and alternations of heavy air and a coolness unfelt for days. In their own street there was no lightening of the air; all was sodden, heavy. They had fancied excitedly that they heard thunder, but there was no thunder here.

"Look at our house!" cried Meta.

THERE was a group on the doorstep, black and white together; there was a voice shouting, "Here they come!"

A woman came forward officiously. As she spoke the great wind filled the narrow street; the growl of thunder was unmistakable. There was no longer any question that the earth would be in a short while laved, drenched, refreshed, and started anew and that it was to come about with flashing of light and blare of trumpets.

The woman uttered first the truth, then a lie. She made her announcement solemnly, then lied eagerly, with the kindliest spirit, and the neighbors supported her with loud affirmations.

"They brought your man home," she said. "He's dead. It was the awful heat killed him."

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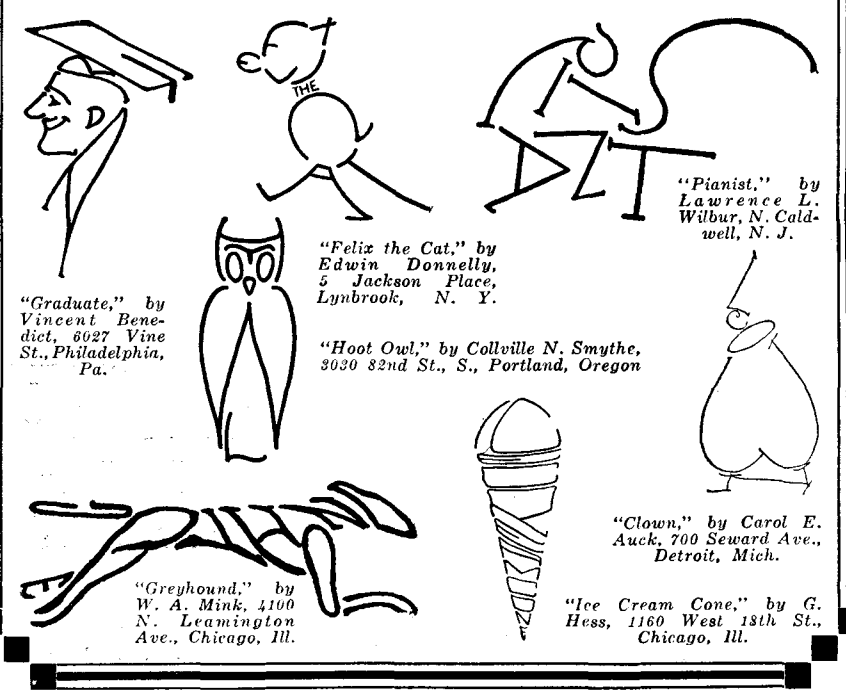

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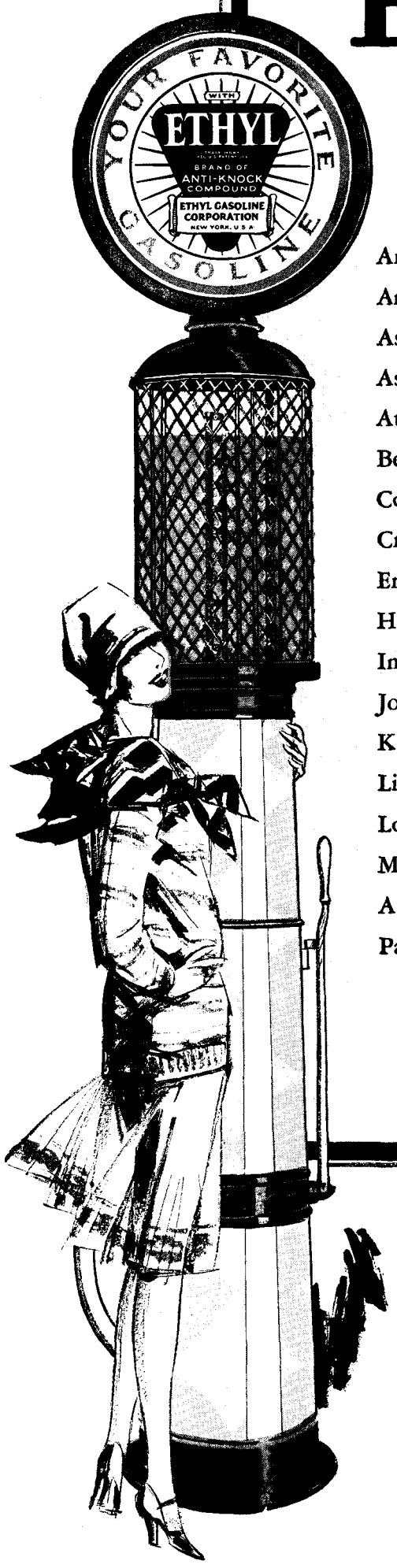

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Giant Killer

Continued from page 21

to storm Ziklag and sell off the rest of you as slaves."

"That sounds like sense," Abishai admitted. "But perhaps David can do something. He always manages to do something. . . ."

They found Gath still noisily celebrating the victory, full of demobilized soldiers spending their money; temples and palaces were decked with garlands: everyone was happy because Israel was under foot at last. Achish received them on a cool, breezy terrace of his palace—a tall, blue-eyed man, smooth-shaven like an Egyptian, very lordly in his scarlet robe and belted overgarment of cloth of gold. They fell on their faces before him.

"Come, come, get up," said Achish kindly. "No need of all this ceremony." He waved them to comfortable arm chairs; slaves brought wine, in silver goblets. "Well, well, David!" The king's eyes twinkled. "You've been conducting quite a correspondence with the chief men of Judah."

David flushed guiltily.

Achish laughed.

"Oh, yes, David; we keep ourselves informed about such matters. They've invited you to come back home. But you haven't answered them. Wisely."

"I waited to hear Your Majesty's desires."

"Very wise," said Achish, his blue eyes, for an instant, flashing coldly. "Well, well! It's too bad you couldn't have been with us when we beat Saul. He put up a good fight, he and his men, but our archers shot them to pieces at long range, and then the chariots finished them. You Hebrews are very brave on attack, but you can't stand up and take it. . . . Well! And now to dispose of the conquered provinces."

His blue eyes regarded them kindly—the cheap kindness of the unchallenged master.

"Ephraim and Benjamin," he said, "are annexed outright. They'll have Philistine governors and Philistine garrisons. As to the northern tribes, I don't know. . . . The trouble with us Philistines is that we have too many people with no imagination. No vision. No faith."

IT OCCURRED to Joab that this was what seemed to be the matter with most nations—but he had lived in Philistia long enough to know what Achish meant; there was an imperialist and anti-imperialist party: the other cities distrusted the annexationist policy of the King of Gath.

"No vision," Achish repeated. "Blind to our manifest destiny. Well, well! The long and short of it is that we're not going to annex all Israel outright. Ephraim and Benjamin, yes; but we'll let Ishbaal call himself a king, if he likes, beyond the Jordan. He holds his crown by our permission; he pays us tribute, and we needn't worry about Ishbaal. He can keep his little army; it goes with us if we go to war—and some day we'll have to put the Egyptians in their place—"

He paused, his blue eyes smiling.

"My boy, how would you like to be King of Judah?"

Joab gulped down an astounded exclamation, but David only looked modestly at the floor.

"If that is your Majesty's pleasure," he said with a pliant shrug.

"It is!" Achish rose, clapped a hand on his shoulder. "I've faith in you, my boy. I think you have ability—and you have personality. People love you. Anyone who could be as popular as you are among your jealous, hot-tempered Southern clans—"

We bought that popularity, Joab reflected. And with their own money, at that.

"You're a fine people," said Achish, "you Southern Hebrews. Simple and rural, perhaps, but with a fine, fiery pride. Of course you'd rather be ruled by one of your own people than by a Philistine governor. It's a great opportunity for an ambitious young man—to unite these jealous, disorganized clans: make them a nation, strong and civilized and prosperous—" His blue eyes flashed. "Able to pay us taxes," he finished. "And you, Joab, can train an army—to march with us to Egypt!"

"Judah has never paid taxes," said David uneasily.

"It will now, my boy! It will now! It will have to pay taxes. Judah is going to have a king!"

When they left the palace it was all arranged, even to the amount of the tribute to be paid to the Philistines. Achish had set an impossibly high figure and then reduced it, so that David could go back and tell his people that he had beaten Achish down. They marched out between the lines of troops in the palace courtyard, acknowledging the salutes with their heads held high—the King of Judah and his commander in chief! . . . But afterward, alone, they looked at each other grimly.

"King of Judah!" David growled. "A tax collector for Achish—and you're a recruiting officer for the Philistines. . . . What do you think about it, Joab?"

Joab shrugged.

"I think we're in luck, and I think Achish is a fool. He ought to have hanged us."

David laughed.

"Always the man of action! You don't understand politics, Joab."

"Perhaps not. But why he should trust us—"

"He trusts us because he must. We Southerners love freedom; a Philistine governor in the hill country of Judah would need a garrison of five thousand men to keep the country quiet. That would cost far more than they'd ever get in taxes. But I cost him nothing—I collect taxes—and you take the men who might be fighting the Philistines and train them to help the Philistines. He is a clever king, this Achish. But perhaps"—he was thoughtful—"perhaps I can fool him yet."

"At least we're not going to be hanged," said Joab. "Not yet, that is. . . . David, Achish always makes me feel provincial. Doesn't he you?"

"An artist never feels provincial," said David absently. Then, his eyes flashing: "Besides, I am a king now!"

SO DAVID went up to Hebron, he and his wives and the men that were with him, every man with his household. And the men of Judah came to Hebron, and there they anointed David king over the house of Judah.

It was easy at first; Judah had had a taste of kingship under Saul, and most men were relieved to have a king of their own people, if a king they must have. More, the chiefs knew, at least, that they were at the mercy of the Philistines; better obey one of their own, even if he held his crown by the grace of Achish and collected taxes for Achish, than serve a Philistine governor and an army of occupation—or resist them in a guerrilla war that could end in only one way.

So all the South was blended into the Kingdom of Judah and welcomed David as its king, and David brought back his family from Moab, with pomp and parade. Not old Jesse; he had died in Mizpeh, too soon to see his son a king. But David's brothers came back, chastened; jealous they still might be, but it was better to lord it in Judah, a king's brothers, than to be refugees in Moab serving strange gods. And David forgave them all their abuse and mistrust and suspicion, for they were men of standing, well thought of in the community. He needed them.

Zeruiah came back too, aged and broken; and Asahel—fifteen years old now, tall and fleet and strong, wild to be a soldier and prove himself a worthy brother of those famous warriors, Joab and Abishai.

She lived to see her grandson—the fat crowing first-born of Abishai and Tirzah—and then she died and was buried in Bethlehem. And Joab was lonely.

"You ought to marry," David advised him. "You are a prince now and a great man in Judah. Take a wife and beget sons to carry on your name."

"Some day," said Joab vaguely. "I haven't time now, recruiting and training an army."

David chuckled.

"You are no busier than I am, and I always have time for women."

Indeed, he had; all the chief men of Judah were eager to be allied with the King; David had taken four more wives, and sons were being born to him with impressive frequency.

"But you—" Joab began, and checked himself. "You are a better man," he had almost said; but though it was true, something choked the words. "You are an artist," he compromised.

They were busy enough, both of them. Joab was gathering an army round the six hundred disciplined veterans of their outlaw days—tough old-timers, these, swaggering in pride of their achievements; and because every restless young man in Judah wanted to be as one of these mighty men, Joab raised his army. He and Abishai drilled it, patient and untiring; he taught the men to obey, to march all day, to take care of themselves and their equipment. They drilled them in the Philistine tactics, a triple rank of spearmen in hollow square, and archers behind them shooting in volleys over a protecting wall of shields. In two years it was a real army; it had everything but experience, and it passionately wanted that.

David was busy too, with high politics; conciliating, compromising, smoothing over the jealousies of the clans—and mollifying Achish, for they were always behind with the taxes. . . . As Achish had foreseen, David perceived now: always he would have an excuse to remove his puppet king. . . . But there were other politics too: the politics of Israel; the great game they played against Abner and Ishbaal.

DAVID had begun it almost as soon as he was anointed king; he had sent messengers to the men of Jabesh-Gilead who had rescued and buried Saul's body, thanking them regally as the heir to Saul's state. But that was an empty gesture, for Jabesh-Gilead lay beyond Jordan, in Ishbaal's kingdom; its men returned polite acknowledgments to David, and obeyed Ishbaal. In Hebron they used to laugh at Ishbaal; he lived in Mahanaim, simply, almost shabbily; all his kingdom knew that he was only a name; that Abner was the real king. Ishbaal had inherited his father's women, as was the custom of kings, and stories of their contempt for their new lord came down to Hebron and were gleefully embellished with ribald detail.

It took them some time to realize that this hulking sheep-faced youth was still the heir of a great tradition. But that fact was flung in their faces when the tribes of the Far North, whom the Philistines had left to their own devices, acknowledged Ishbaal and doubled his realm overnight.

"That's Abner's doing," said Joab, lounging with Abishai and Tirzah on the roof of their house in the cool of

(Continued on page 42)

Rhyme Your Woes

IF YOU'RE tired of driving at divots and smashing off into the rough, you'll find relaxation—without any danger of writers' cramp—in teeing up on a neat pad of paper and driving off a golf jingle with a nicely balanced pencil or pen. Here are some examples of what your little playmates achieved when they tried rhyming their golf woes:

I took my mashie niblick—
A lake lay just ahead.
A fish came up to get some air.
Result: that fish is dead.

C. H. Harris,
Royal Oak, Mich.

I go puttering at putting,
I go drivelling at drives
But my game would yet be perfect—
If I only had more lives.

Roscoe Gilmore Scott,
Franklin, Ind.

All golf-players have their faults
But the one who makes me ache
Is he who swings and misses the ball
But insists he was killing a snake.

L. V. Lonsdale, McLean, Texas.

Par 71—that's a great big bluff,
It takes you that to get out of the rough.
But play the game in your mind and see
How you'll wallop the pill for a sweet 63.

James B. Ramage, Holyoke, Mass.

If you make a stingy little drive
Or even miss—don't mind it.
Think of the chap who drives so far
It takes him days to find it.

R. B. Stoy, Philadelphia, Pa.

There now. It didn't hurt a bit, did it? So scratch down your entries and send them along. If one of them rolls sweetly into the cup, so to speak, you'll receive a gold luck piece, with your initials engraved on it in chaste and tasteful letters. Address, Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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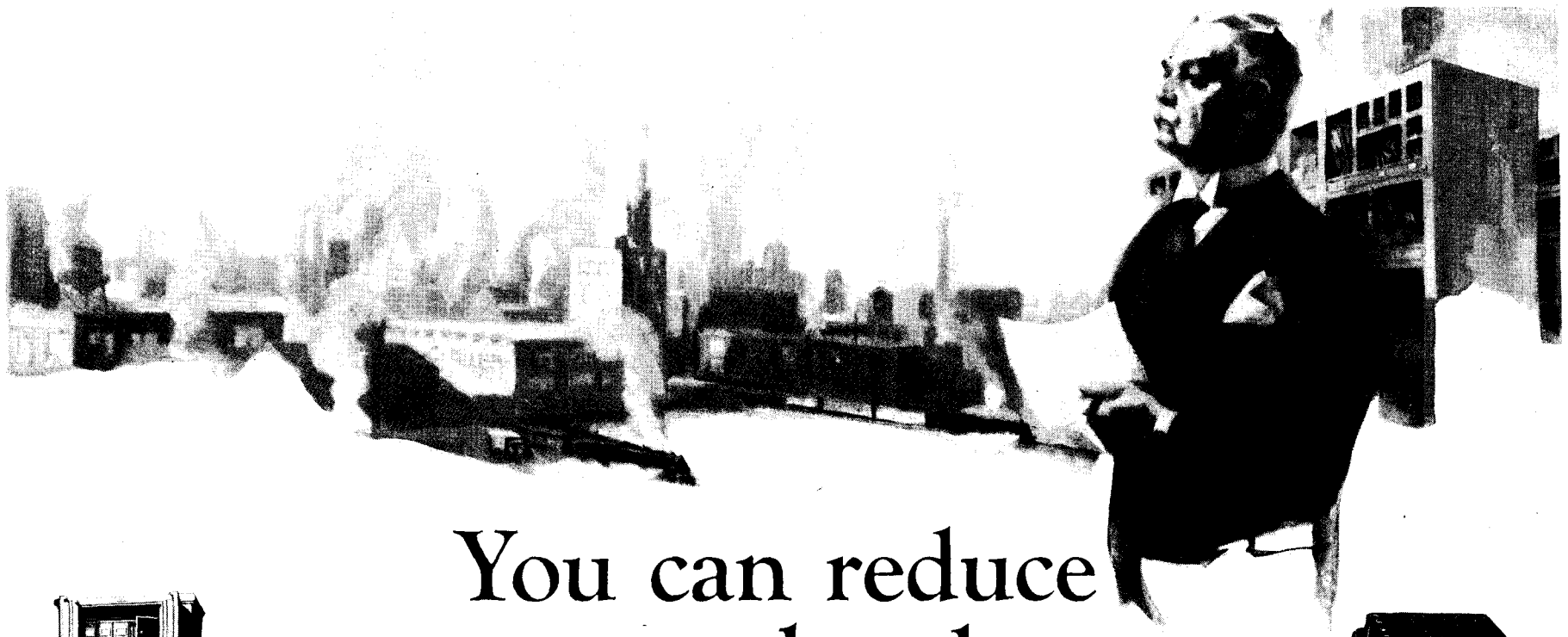

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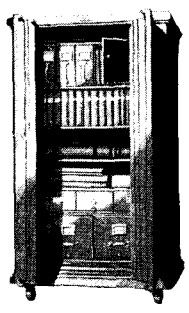

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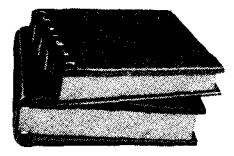

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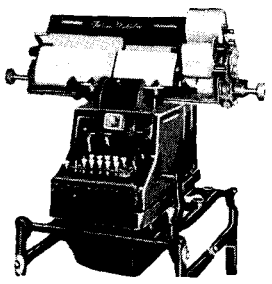

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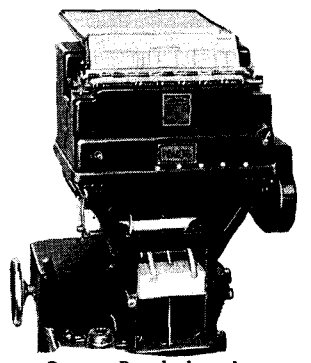

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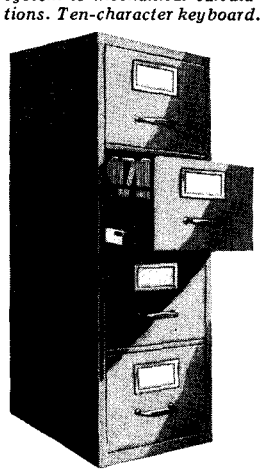

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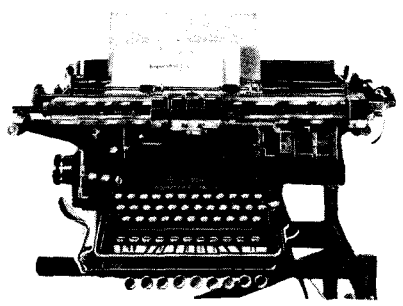

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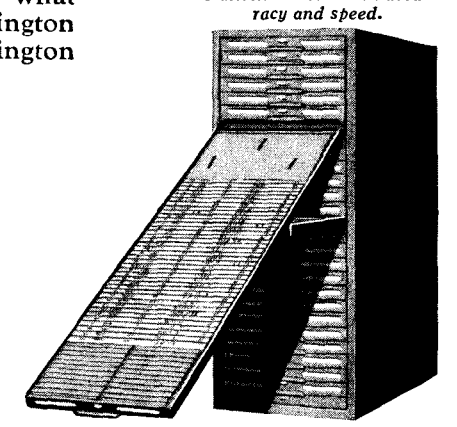

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Watch Out... Mr. Motorist!

guessing at tire pressure ..costs real money..

It's a common mistake that cuts hundreds of miles from the life of your tires . . . costs motorists millions of dollars every year

KICKING AT TIRES is no way to tell the pressure. It always results in improper inflation. Inset photo shows how side-walls are broken down on an under-inflated tire.

A SITUATION exists in America today that is causing genuine alarm among eminent tire authorities.

Because of a wide-spread tendency to disregard the basic rules of tire care, motorists are actually wasting millions of dollars every year.

For science has now proved beyond shadow of doubt that 80 per cent of all premature tire wear is caused by failure to keep tires properly inflated.

Fabric ruptures . . . rim cuts . . . side wall breaks . . . typify some of the costly results.

And yet improper inflation can be easily avoided if the following three precautions are taken:

First, ask your dealer the exact pressures you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple, scientific principles. It is accurate and durable. Easy to read. Easy to use.

Second, make sure each valve stem is covered by an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can be conveniently replaced.

And third, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the *genuine* Schrader . . . standard all over the world.

So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

And then see that this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above. Sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Let us send you our valuable little booklet, "The Air You Ride On." You'll find it both interesting and instructive . . . and it may save you hundreds of miles of tire service. Address A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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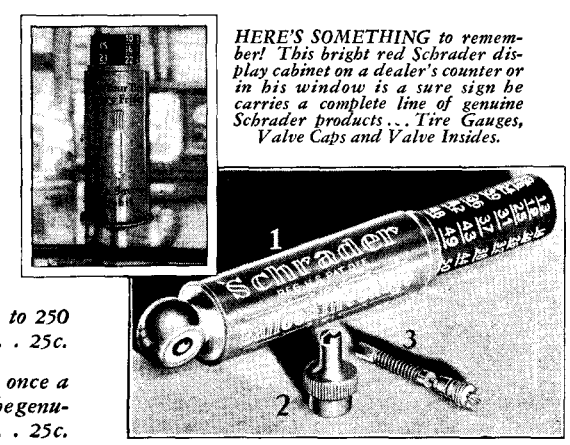

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Giant Killer

Continued from page 40

the evening. He usually spent his evenings there; it was more of a home than he had had in years. "Abner's been pulling wires in the North ever since the war ended. And pulling wires in Gath too; he'd never have dared this if Achish hadn't consented. Achish is no fool; playing us off against Ishbaal, he makes sure neither kingdom will ever grow too strong."

"What does the King say about it?" Abishai asked uneasily. "He was so sure he was Achish's favorite—"

"He doesn't say anything about it! He only laughs and goes away to make up love songs for his latest wife. He's always underestimated Abner."

"He knows Abner better than you do," said Abishai in lazy confidence. "You were only a captain in the old days at Gibeah, and he was Saul's son-in-law."

"None the less," Joab persisted doggedly, "David never appreciated Abner. Abner is dull; he isn't showy; but he's eternally persistent. David is used to getting things done by occasional flashes of genius; he doesn't realize that some men can get things done just by keeping at it."

"I trust the King," said Abishai with a yawn. "He's always saved the situation somehow. He'll be King of Israel yet."

"WELL, I don't think," said Tirzah scornfully, "that David will ever be king of anything but Judah; and he'll be lucky if he doesn't lose that." She was a girl no longer; she had taken on a certain confident authority, befitting the mother of two sons. "He has too many women. He doesn't have time to think about anything else."

Her husband laughed at her.

"I suppose you think you understand David better than we do."

"Certainly I understand him better," said Tirzah calmly. "I'm a woman—and a woman who's never wanted him. . . . And whom he's never wanted," she added candidly. "You boys have always idealized him. Don't I remember, when we were all children together in Bethlehem? He was older and bigger and stronger, so you both let him lead you around by the nose. You do yet. Hero worshipers, both of you! It makes me sick."

They both laughed at her then.

"Tirzah," Joab told her, "you won't admit that anybody you grew up with can be a hero worth worshiping. . . . All the same, I wish I could make him understand about Abner."

But presently David flung himself back into politics with feverish energy, for the anti-imperialists were getting the upper hand in Philistia; they were demanding that the government get out of Ephraim and Benjamin, demobilize that Army of Occupation that was only wasting the taxpayers' money. And if the Army of Occupation went home, Ephraim and Benjamin must take a king—Ishbaal or David, whichever one the Philistines ordered them to take.

So David wrote busily to Achish, to the men of standing in all the cities of the Philistines, using all his influence. . . .

For a month their hopes blazed high in Hebron—and then came a letter from Achish, and David locked himself in his room, scowling and silent; he would not see his wives; he would not touch his harp. And the news spread through the city that the Philistines had given back the heart of Saul's kingdom to Saul's son.

They were sore and bitter that night on the housetop—Abishai and Tirzah and Joab; and Asahel—slender and handsome, in his uniform of an officer of light infantry.

"So that's how well David stands with Achish!" Abishai flared. "Tirzah, it begins to look as if you may be right."

"Certainly, I'm right," said his wife placidly. "David has been lucky for a long time, but he can't live on his luck forever."

"His luck!" Abishai muttered. "I don't like that sort of talk, Tirzah; it sounds irreverent. You pick it up from that Babylonian maid of yours. God is with him. . . . At least God has been with him. If God has turned against him now, as He turned against Saul—"

"We and the army are still with him," said Joab grimly.

"Work for the army?" asked Asahel, grinning. "Hurrah!"

"I don't know," said Joab. "But I saw the letter from Achish. It was very friendly—too friendly. He said that Ephraim and Benjamin preferred Saul's son to a foreigner and that it was good policy to give them the king they wanted; he said David had enough to do consolidating his own kingdom without taking on any more—which is true enough, God knows. And he said he relied on David to keep that kingdom secure."

"Huh!" Abishai grunted. "Now what does that mean?"

"I talked to the envoy who brought the letter," Joab told him. "He was a man I used to know fairly well down in Gath. And he told me Abner spent a week with Achish, and Achish hinted that he could have as much of Saul's old kingdom as he could get. Even Judah—if he can get it."

"As God lives!" Abishai swore. "The swine! The infidel swine! . . . Well, Joab, before he gets Judah we and the army have something to say about it."

"He may not try it," Joab mused. "Achish won't give him any help; he keeps his hands off the squabbles of the Hebrews, perfectly satisfied if we kill each other off. But Abner has a pretty good army now; Saul's old regulars, those that are left, are still with him—"

"We have a pretty good army too!" said Asahel proudly.

"I hope so," said Joab. "For all that we've built up since Saul was killed—all our hopes, all our dream of shaking off the Philistines—it all depends on the army now."

So Abner came marching back across the Jordan in triumph and settled down in Gibeah. He did not even go through the pretense of bringing his toy king with him, and Benjamin received him with joy.

"We won't provoke him," David decided nervously. "So long as he keeps on his own side of the frontier."

So they waited, and saw; within a week word came that Abner had marched his army into the neutral zone of Canaanite territory. He would claim that too; and afterward—

"How much farther will you let him go?" Joab blazed. "If you won't declare war now, he'll be in Hebron before we can mobilize."

"Mobilization isn't necessarily war," said David. "Lead the army out to the frontier—but don't cross it. If there must be a war, we must let Abner begin it. You military men have no understanding of diplomacy."

"Still, we have our uses," said Joab sourly. "As a last resort."

A VERY last resort, he reflected as they marched to the frontier—going to fight Abner for the advantage of the Philistines. But that could not be helped. Abner was the danger now. Unless they stopped Abner, they would never need to worry about the Philistines, or the Philistines about them.

It all depended on the army now—and Joab had seen, with sudden, silent bitterness, that David was afraid to trust the army. But perhaps he was right; Abner had the remnant of Saul's regulars; Joab's army had never been tried. Even the veterans of the outlaw days—those swaggering old-timers who called themselves the Mighty Men—whom had they ever beaten? A mere handful of Philistines at Keilah, a horde of undisciplined Amalekites, half drunk and caught off guard. Perhaps the years of assiduous drilling and maneuvering would go for nothing before the spears of Saul's veterans—

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But they would have to try it, anyway; win or lose, they must try it now. None the less, Joab envied the confident inexperience of young Asahel, striding along cheerily at the head of his company. Though they were only a few years apart, Joab, with his experience, felt like a father to the boy; such tenderness as he had time for had gathered about his mother's favorite. . . . He drew up to the marching column and beckoned Asahel aside.

"Yes, sir?" the boy saluted.

"This isn't the general talking, Asahel; it's your brother. I don't know whether we'll fight Abner or not; but if we do—"

"I'll do my best," Asahel promised, his eyes bright with high resolve.

"Of course you'll do your best," Joab grunted. "You didn't need to tell me that. What I mean—" He paused, trying to strike the right balance between the exhortations of a commander and the caution of a brother. "Don't" —he paused—"don't lose your head, Asahel. Don't feel that you have to win the war single-handed. You're not a giant killer, yet."

"I'll do what I can, sir," Asahel promised, puzzled but resolute.

So they came to the frontier; and then, in grim determination to put all their fortune to the test, Joab pushed across the frontier into Canaanite country; and they met Abner by the pool of Gibeon. On opposite sides of the valley the two armies faced each other, the brook and the long, stagnant pond between them; and Joab grinned in sudden relief when a messenger with a flag of truce came out of the enemy's lines and crossed the valley.

Abner, then, was a little uncertain too.

(*To be continued next week*)

Sea Gullibles

Continued from page 15

walks to New York, the kids which must see the engine-room, the card sharks craving a "gentlemanly game" in the smoking-room and the steward's glaring eye on 'em.

Eddie Yes, the assistant director; Panama City, the Big Ditch with its marvelous locks; the pale victims of seasickness trying to laugh it off till the guy comes around with soup and slays em; evening dress for dinner; cheap perfume, hats, cigars or what's your best offer in the Canal Zone; booze, booze, booze; the terrible heat; Balboa, Colon, Havana, the camera fiends which takes pictures of everything but the ship's keel, and, oh, yes—the ocean!

THE interest of the delighted lay passengers on board was equally divided between the shooting of the movie and Jack's training to keep on his toes. He done road work round the deck, punched the bag, tossed the medicine ball and boxed with the tough members of the crew, nearly all of which tried to take him the minute they got stung. The gushing gals followed Kempton Calhoun from pillar to post and had him write his name on everything from the menu cards to his own photos.

The false alarm was in his glory and introduced a million of 'em to the fuming Maxim as just the type for his next picture, and when they commenced knocking over the cameras in an effort to declare themselves in the movie as atmosphere, Eddie Yes got permission from the captain to rope off part of the deck. Colossal Productions had "seen" the steamship company anyways before we left.

I was up on the romantical boat deck one night with the comely Queenie Davis, gentle reader—eh—talking about this and speaking about that, when Jack came along alone. Queenie had managed to park her eagle-eyed mother in her stateroom on the plea that she had to go over the scrip with Maxim, and I wished no chaperons, boy friends or no!

"Where's Fay?" I growls meaningly.

"She went down to her cabin to get a wrap," says Jack, "Cheez, you snatched the darkest corner on this barge away from me!"

"That's tough!" I grunts, and Queenie laughs. "Well, so long, Jackie —see you all of a sudden."

Just then a boy and girl weaved out of the darkness, and I recognized 'em as one of the various sets of newlyweds which infested the ship. The groom was a undersized, skinny entry which in some manner had copped himself a magazine-cover blonde like lots of them birds do. He deliberately and roughly bumped into Jack.

"Why don't you look where you're going, you big stiff!" snarls the small stranger at the next welterweight champion of the world.

Queenie gasped, and I got up—and nearly fainted away when Jack tenderly rubs his arm where it had hit the rail and smiles.

"Pardon me," he says in a mild voice, "I didn't see you comin'."

"Well, keep your eyes open the next time or I'll punch you right in the nose!" bellers the little bantam.

"Oh, please don't start a row, Egbert!" murmurs his ball-and-chain, gazing at her hostile hubby like he's Niagara Falls and she's seeing it for the first time.

"Well, for *your* sake I won't," the midget mutters, "but I won't stand for no prize fighter bumping into *me*. Remember that, you!" he hisses at Jack, and they hauled ankles.

"Since when did *you* get so faint-hearted?" I asks the grinning Jack sarcastically. "Why didn't you drop that little greaseball overboard?"

"I give him a break like I promised him," explained Jack, a bit sheepish. "The kid's only been wed a week, and he had the misfortune to sail on this brig. Well, what happens? Cheez, the decks is overrun with movie stars, and a notorious boxer trains on the ship. How can *he* get any attention from his hero-worshipin' bride? He's just a head prescription clerk in a Iowa drug store, and she's bound to compare him with Kempton Calhoun and the other headliners aboard, ain't she? He told me his troubles last night, and I felt sorry for him, so we framed that little scene you just viewed. I bet he's sittin' pretty now!"

"Jack King, you're a sweet boy!" exclaims Queenie.

"I know what it is to be in love, Good Lookin'," returns Jack softly.

Well, lads and lassies, the next thing was the big punch of the movie into the deep blue sea. Queenie was to double for Jack's girl friend, but at the last minute it was Fay herself which balked at this arrangement, to the wild consternation of my battler. Fay's argument was that all the mob on shipboard would be looking on and they'd therefore discover that she didn't do her own hair-raising stunts. This would cause 'em to give her the bird, to broadcast the rap to thousands more by word of mouth and she'd be through as a box office attraction. Besides, she'd made friends with lots of 'em and they expected her to give them a thrill, so into the briny she'd go herself, come what may. At that, the girl had grit, what I mean!

SO WHEN Maxim seen time was flying and there was no way of making Fay change her mind, he had a big net rigged up and hung from the lowest deck, right over the water. A close-up would show Fay leaping into the sea from the rail. She'd land safely in the net, which wouldn't show in the movie, of course, and then they'd fake her in the ocean itself in the studio tank. On paper it looked kayo.

After a few rehearsals with a dummy, the camera got set, the deck was roped off to keep back the breathless, admiring beholders and Maxim took up his stand with the megaphone. Down the polished planking runs Fay with the burly villain in hot pursuit. Without

(*Continued on page 44*)

1. These blades are superkeen, infinitely sharper
2. They load inside the razor handle. 20 in a clip
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4. The razor itself is perfectly balanced
5. Blades are changed in 1 second by a pull and a push of the plunger
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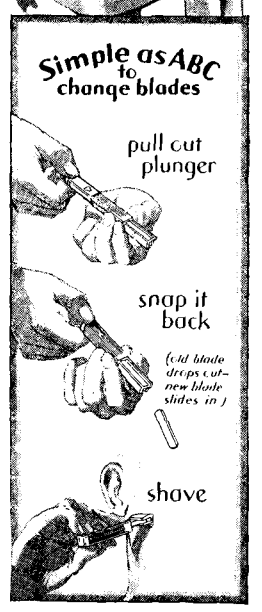

A smooth shave quick with a

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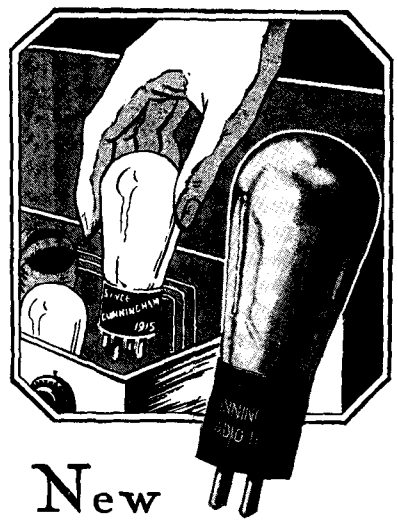

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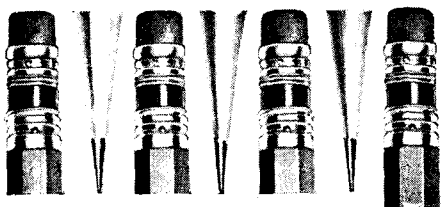

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THE *YELLOW* PENCIL WITH THE *RED* BAND

Sea Gullibles

Continued from page 43

any faltering, this game little trouper climbed the rail and balanced there, while the heavy registered alarm and tried to plead with her. No, no, no! Fay *can't see his proposition in any way,* shape or form. He made a sudden, swift grab for her and—head first into the rolling waves goes Miss Fay Daniels with a splash. *She missed that safety net from here to Shanghai!*

Nothing, not even Gabriel's horn, will ever disturb a camera man, and they shot it all. Fay's genuinely frightened face bobbing up and down in the whitecaps, Jack King going over the side in a beautiful dive, Kempton Calhoun and the villain staring at matters in a horrified, popeyed trance! The only one which kept his head, Maxim, howled that Jackie had Fay safe and to keep the life-preservers out of camera range. When he yelled "Cut!" the priceless pair of 'em was dragged aboard by willing hands and the fishes themselves must of been deafened by the cheers of a highly thrilled audience.

"Now, hang it, you'll have to be written into the first reel of this epic!" growls Maxim to Jack, but a admiring grin went with it, "That dive of yours was a pay-off!"

"Am *I* the star of this picture or is that pugilist?" demands Calhoun, running a temperature.

"It's all right," soothes Maxim. "Circumstances over which we had no control have forced us to change the sequence a bit, that's all. We'll shoot a scene offshore at the Long Island studio, where *you* come along and save them both from a watery grave!"

We was all in Manhattan when the film was released, and me, Queenie, Jack and Fay caught it at the Westminster Abbey of the motion picture. It was a sixty-three carat yell, I wouldn't fool you! Applause shook the huge theatre at every punch scene, and when the talkie gag delivered Fay's song the girl was in. She certainly had a swell pair of pipes, and she stole the show on Calhoun with that grand leap into the ocean. When the house manager tipped the audience that she was in front she had to get up and bow her head off to a full-fledged ovation. Jack King was as tickled as if he'd just won the welterweight title by default, and I don't mind admitting I was proud to be with 'em!

AFTERWARD we backed out a side door so's Fay could escape being mobbed by her worshiping fans, and we all went to a catsy night club to celebrate her victory. Helen of Troy may of had the face which launched a thousand ships, but Broadway's the place which launched a thousand gips, what I mean! The cover stick-up at this trap was five dollars a chump, ginger ale and sparkling waters was scaled at a dollar for a miniature bottle, cracked ice was free if you purchased the other ingredients for a highball and priced as it is in Hades if you didn't, while the thrifty hip-flask toters was foxed by a stiff "corkage" tariff. Everything from mock gin to near champagne could be had if they knew you—I mean if they knew you could pay for it. Outside of that the floor show was keen, with a fluent band and fodder as good as any in town. No kidding, if the wet or dry hippodrome ever goes to the nation for a vote, the bootleggers alone will keep prohibition firmly glued to our groggy Constitution!

"This whole layout here poisons me!" sneers Jack suddenly and bitterly. "Get a load of it—raw hooch at every table, dizzy college kids attendin' a far tougher school without knowin' it, society slummers gone hay wire and pretendin' everything's a howl to 'em, gunmen, racketeers, bad girls tryin' to act good and good girls tryin' to act bad, Patsys from the sticks run amuck for a night they'll tell the boys at Hog's Crossin' about for years, a boiler works for music, two-buck sandwiches, noisy, meanin'less chatter and false laughs, dicks in hired tuxedos seein' who they might want downtown, but not liftin' a hand to stop the sellin', a wisecrackin' hoofer and a undressed chorus, cold-turkey gold miners takin' the saps for a ride and makin' 'em love it—hello, *here's Maxim!*"

The famous director sat down at our table without a smile and gazed from Jack to Fay. Then he drummed on the cloth with his fingers.

"Well, young lady," he smiles finally at Fay, "you rang the bell so hard in your first voice-reproducing picture that Colossal would like to star you *alone* in the next one. They want us to start right back to the Coast tomorrow morning to film Jeanette, the biggest musical comedy hit of last year!"

"Hot dog!" exclaims Jack, beaming on the dumfounded Fay. "That's hittin' the ball!"

"Oh!" gasps Fay, turning a highly becoming red—"Oh, isn't that gorgeous! I must dash over to my hotel and pack at once. I—"

"JUST a minute!" interrupts Maxim quietly, as Fay rose excitedly. "It seems the giant brains that control Colossal at Los Angeles gave—eh—gave someone an option on your services. First of all that option must be recalled!"

"You mean, it must be *bought back!*" corrects Jack, with a happy grin.

"How much?" snaps Maxim instantly, while Fay's trying to puzzle it all out, looking wide-eyed from one to the other.

"Well," ponders Jack, "I got to put out fifty grand to get a crack at the welter-weight title, and—"

"Sold!" booms Maxim. "The New York office will give you a check in the morning—here, waiter!"

Fay and Queenie fell back limply in their chairs and stared at Jack in amazement as matters slowly dawned on 'em.

"Well, of all the fool luck!" breathes Queenie.

"Luck?" I growls. "Listen, Queenie, if this egg fell down a well, I'm satisfied he'd come up with a bucket of radium in each hand!"

"And a platinum tip on my nose!" laughs Jack.

Now *you* tell one.

The "speakies" have given Hollywood an entirely new set of problems and all the old ones aren't solved yet. You will find an authentic and diverting account of the disturbance in "Silence Isn't Golden Any More," by Rob Wagner on page 12 of this issue of Collier's

Portrait of an Artist

LATE in 1917, the Weekly Argus of Butler, N. J., went berserk and printed a cartoon. It was the first cartoon of Harry Haenigsen, whose lifelike self-portrait ogles you at the left. Harry was just seventeen, and his youthful heart was stirred by the great sewer fight which had set Butler's thousand souls agog. He drew a picture of the only prominent citizen who had ever fallen into a cesspool (Harry was against cesspools) and the editor gave him $2.00 in cash and a perpetual subscription to the Argus.

The prominent citizen sued the editor for $20,000 and young Haenigsen moved to Pompton Lakes, seeking new fields to conquer.

He became safety inspector for the DuPont Company, saw to it that the supplies of bandages and medicaments were always accessible, and drew cartoons for the Safety Bulletin.

By this time, Haenigsen was nineteen years old and began to worry lest his future slip away from him. He came to New York and the Bray Studios permitted him to draw animated cartoons for a few months, which increased his speed, if nothing else.

He joined the staff of The New York World before the animated things gave him pitcher's arm. Thus, less than three years after the publication of his first disastrous cartoon, he was firmly established with a nationally known metropolitan daily.

His first drawings for Collier's were for H. I. Phillips' "Book of Vacation Etiquette" in August, 1925. His latest are the illustrations for Owen P. White's article on page 8 of this issue. He would rather be a humorist than an artist. As it is, he is an excellent combination of both.

You'd never guess it from his name, but Haenigsen is Scotch, Irish, German and Swedish in equal doses, which entitles him, as a 100% American, to live in Lafayette, Alabama. His home is in Great Neck, L. I., because that's where Mrs. Haenigsen wants it to be.

THE EDITOR.

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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 23

it's as hot as this, and I didn't even have a rubbish fire, for you were all away yesterday, and there wasn't no picking up to do."

"Do you suppose Mother or Min could have come by and just taken them along? Mother might have felt that they weren't safe here," Hugh suggested doubtfully.

"Oh, Hugh, Minnie would have telephoned immediately. Anyway, they were moving into town. They weren't likely to burden themselves with anything so heavy as that!"

"Then there is nothing else to do but hunt!" Hugh said cheerfully.

"Mrs. Kavanaugh for you, on the foam," Nelly, who had called Aileen's number, announced at this point. Hugh went out to the hall, and Bert came over and stood close to Beatrice, looking down at her, but not touching her.

"You don't have to keep giving me those imploring little looks, Bee," he said. "I swear I don't know any more about it than you do!"

"Bert, as if I could think you did!" she exclaimed, genuinely shocked.

"Well, I didn't know what you thought," he said.

NOW that his first easy greetings, and the natural animation and excitement that the discovery of the loss had caused him were over, she could see that he looked tired and serious and strained—looked oddly old, for Bert.

"Listen," he said urgently, quickly, yet with a sort of impatient consideration for her in his tone and manner. "Listen, Bee. I'm not going to make you unhappy any more—I want you to know that. You may not believe me—but you'll see. Not by a look or a word—I promise you! I'm not going to die of this. Bee, does that make you feel any happier?"

"I suppose so, I suppose so—" she said anxiously and hurriedly. "But I can't seem to think of anything but Hugh—he would be so angry, he would be so sick. He's—" She glanced fearfully at the hall doorway. "I'm anxious about him now—" she breathed.

"It's all right," said Bert. "He's gone upstairs."

"Well, it's this—you know he is very jealous, Bert," Beatrice whispered nervously. "He says himself that he is—it's not just my saying it! And it breaks my heart to have him so quiet: as if he suspected—"

Bert gathered her two cold hands together, and held them tightly.

"What is there for him to suspect?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing—nothing! Except that I am so *miserable!*" she breathed, tears coming into her eyes.

"But that's just what you mustn't be, Bee."

"But I can't help it!"

"You're miserable," Bert said, "because I made you miserable—it's all my fault. I made a fool of myself. But listen—it's over. You'll not see any more of that—"

"BERT, if he should think that we two—his wife and his son—it would be too horrible to think about!" Bee whispered.

"Well, of course it would be, dear! And he never will think about it," Bert said, eagerly, "because—I tell you—I'm not going to make you unhappy, and myself unhappy, any more. It just came over me, a few weeks ago—and knocked me sort of flat, do you see?—and I've been getting my breath. Why, Bee, there's no reason I shouldn't love you—there's no sin in that—" he rushed on. "It's only that I didn't realize it—didn't know what was the matter with me, until that night when I came and stood under your window here, and thought about it. And it's going to make me happy, and you too, you'll see if it doesn't! I'm not going to let it get you anxious and nervous, because it's all *over*—and long before it gets bad again I'll take myself off, and you'll never know it! I had to say this to you, you poor darling: you've been looking so scared and guilty about it. And it's not your fault at all, and not mine—nothing's happened, except that you know now how much I—how much I think of you, and that you've done the one thing in the world my father really wanted—I mean made me wake up and want to stand on my own feet!"

"But Bert—Bert, how could we let it happen? We shouldn't even say this much, even think about it!" she said distressedly. "If he should ever question me—if he ever suspected it—what could I say? If he should ask me if you liked me, and if you had ever said so—it would kill him!" Beatrice said, beginning to get excited, "for I couldn't deny it—"

"Bee, listen," Bert interrupted soothingly. "There's no need for you to work yourself up this way. Nothing's happened except, as I say, that I've made a fool of myself. It's all *right*, and Dad's all right, and you can bet he's a good deal more upset right now over his plans than about anything we're doing. Why, dearest," Bert said, in the fond, amused tone of a big brother, "you mustn't let yourself get worked up like this!"

"And you'll promise me," she said, in a whisper, her eyes fixed on his—"you'll promise me that you won't—think about it—any more—"

But he had held her hands just a moment too long, and been close to her, slim and confiding and disturbed, just a moment too long. The expression on his face changed, and he said, a little brokenly:

"Oh, Bee, you're so sweet!—you're the sweetest thing in the world!"

"You mustn't—you mustn't!" she whispered in terror. And a second later she had wrenched her hands free and had run upstairs.

STRANGE days for them all followed. while the futile search for the lost plans went on and the cottages at Spy Lake were closed for the season one by one and the air grew clearer and thinner and the leaves began to turn.

Outwardly everything was as before with the three Challoners. Hugh and Beatrice opened the town house, and a more formal type of living began. Bert they saw only at infrequent intervals; he was not working, he talked restlessly of going west, of going to New York, of wishing he might return to Paris. He was more serious than he had been, not so gay, not so noisy; his grandmother observed with satisfaction that the boy had cut his wisdom teeth.

Outwardly everything was as before, but inwardly there was this great change in Bert, and there were changes to correspond in Hugh and Beatrice too.

Hugh had always been quiet, but he was actually grave now, and when he spoke or smiled it was with a perfectly visible effort. To Beatrice his manner was only a little more kind, more gentle, than it had been before, but somehow it made her feel, and with a heartsick sense of helplessness, that he was infinitely remote, that there were infinite distances between them.

No use pretending that nothing was wrong—everything was wrong! Hugh was oppressed and silent, Bert gravitated between moods of the wildest exhilaration and periods of bitter despair; she could never be sure of herself for a second; she laughed, she cried, she pondered aimlessly. Day after day she determined that she would summon up courage enough to be honest with Hugh about it; that she would somehow falter out the words she was afraid to say:

"Don't be cold to me, Hugh! I'm working it out my way—I'm doing the best I can! Just give me a little time—"

She was not fit to cope with the problems life was bringing her; it was all too confusing, too subtle for her twenty-two-year-old heart and hands.

One afternoon Hugh came home at

(*Continued on page 46*)

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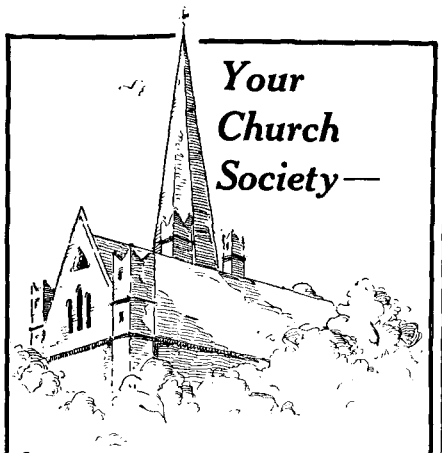

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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 45

about four o'clock, and found her upstairs in her own sitting-room, crying. She sat up suddenly when Hugh came blundering into the dim twilight of the room, her voice thick and alarmed.

"Hugh?"

"Yes, dear! What is it? Why, what"— Hugh asked concernedly and gently, sitting down beside her and looking at her swollen eyes and her pitiable attempt at a smile amazedly—"what's the matter, Bee?"

For a few dreadful minutes she could only hold his hand tightly and gulp, in a desperate effort to regain her self-control. Then she said, blinking gallantly:

"N-n-nothing! B-b-but I've been here alone thinking, and I got—I got blue, I guess!"

"I should think you might! Didn't you go out for luncheon today, Bee?"

"No. I had a headache this morning—I was tired. And then I was going over to see your mother, but Min telephoned that this was the day of the luncheon—she wanted our grapes and our chrysanthemums, so I sent them over." Beatrice's voice was steadying, she wiped her eyes vigorously with her handkerchief, and tried again to smile. "I didn't want to get mixed in with those old ladies, and I knew they were all mad for their bridge," she faltered, "so I thought maybe you and I would go over tonight—perhaps after the Lambert dinner—"

"It mightn't have been much of a thrill for you, anyway," he suggested whimsically. At his tone her eyes watered again, and she clung tighter to his hand. Twenty-two, he thought, and mistress of this big, gloomy, old-fashioned mansion, with the prospect of a call upon his mother and sisters to break the rainy day. Not much of a life for a girl, after all.

"Hugh," she said suddenly, either emboldened by the moment of intimacy and tenderness that was unusual now or forcing herself from sheer desperation to take the leap—"Hugh, are you—are you angry at me?"

"Angry at you!" he echoed, shocked and reassuring and affectionate, all in one. "My dearest child, of course not!"

She faced him bravely, indifferent to her reddened eyes.

"But Hugh—but Hugh, *something* is the matter: I mean with all of us lately, all the time!" she persisted.

"Nothing that is your fault, Bee."

"IS IT the loss of the plans, Hugh?" she asked. For the 15th of September was long past now, and Hugh Challoner's name had not been listed as a contestant for the Kreutzmann Memorial College Prize.

"No! That was the fortune of war," he said philosophically. "It still worries me," Hugh added, "not to know anything about it. It was no accident, that's plain. And if it wasn't an accident—?" He smiled and shrugged eloquently. "But I shall always love the thought of the Kreutzmann Memorial," Hugh went on, resolutely cheerful, "because of those happy days we had in this room, Bee, last winter, and last spring—"

"When I was sick," she answered.

"When you were sick, and I came home early every night, and we worked away on dormitories and gym lockers," he agreed smiling.

"And when you brought me little playing cards for my solitaire," she said, with symptoms of tears again, "and my lace negligee—"

"Lots of fun!" Hugh said, resolutely unemotional in the silence. He was watching her anxiously; she looked feverish and distressed. "Well, what's the news from the cowboys?" he asked, glancing at the sheets of one of Marcia's long letters, scattered on the silk cover of her couch.

"All good. Hugh, I really believe Marcia is going to marry that awful person who writes the spiritualism tracts, and has a beard!" Beatrice said, still struggling with her own emotion and with an almost hysterical laugh.

"Not really!"

"Really and truly it begins to sound like it, Hugh!"

"What does she say about him?" Hugh asked, with well-feigned interest.

"Well, you never heard anyone knock a person so terribly, to begin with!"

"That doesn't sound any too hopeful, Bee."

"With Marcia it does!" Beatrice's voice was still thick and her face inflamed with tears; she laughed at him shakily, through wet eyelashes that were stuck into dark points. "She's constantly talking of a certain individual who seems to feel that he can get anything just for asking for it," she went on. "And about how absurd it is, at her age, to have anyone hanging on one's words and thinking everything one does perfection, and so on."

"WOULD you feel sorry, Bee?"

"No, I'd feel glad. If she wanted to. Marcia's odd, you know; she's apt to be sensitive and morbid. If she married at all," Beatrice said, clearing her throat, and more sure of herself every minute, "it'd have to be a freak. And then it wouldn't be all—all—up to you, all your responsibility, Hugh, if Marsh married," Beatrice said shyly.

His face darkened.

"That isn't what's worrying me!" he protested briefly.

"I know it isn't. I know it isn't. Hugh. But—but just the same I don't forget it," Beatrice said. She watched his thoughtful face and distant eyes for a minute wistfully before adding, "Is it Bert?"

"No, I'm not worried about Bert!" Hugh answered, on a long sigh. "He'll find himself. Does he—does he seem to you much older?"

"Oh, much!" Beatrice said quickly.

"Did he telephone today?"

"No. Why? Did you want to get hold of him?" The color had come quickly into her face, which had paled, in these last few contented minutes, into a sort of weary restfulness.

"Not that I know of," Hugh said. And he told himself that Aileen Kavanaugh had been mistaken; that was all. Beatrice had not been downtown this afternoon having tea with Bert in a little out-of-the-way restaurant on Washington Heights.

Aileen was having remodeled the two houses on Washington Heights that afforded her her entire income. She had made this the reason for frequent calls at the offices of Challoner, Fairfax & Flint during the last few weeks; she had come in this afternoon, just before Hugh's departure for home.

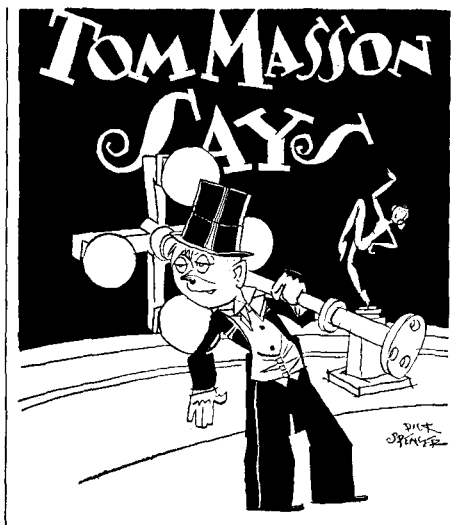
"Just saw Bert!" Aileen had said.

"Where was that?" Hugh had asked idly.

"He and that pretty belle-mère of his," Aileen had supplied innocently. "They were up my way. What's Bert going to do—real estate? They were having tea at the Arms—talking like mad. Fun to have them good friends, isn't it, Hugh?"

"They get on splendidly," he had answered. But his voice had trembled, and he had felt suddenly shaken and helpless. He had come home feeling sick and cold, supposing the house to be empty, dreading the minute when Bee would come in, and loosen her fox scarf, and take the little hat from her crushed, bright hair, and tell him some story about her afternoon.

But to find her lying crying among her pillows had been strangely disarming, strangely reassuring. Sitting here beside her, watching the gallant struggle she made to control herself—hearing the youthful, appealing notes in her voice— Hugh had allowed a certain peace and confidence to creep into his harassed spirit. This was his old Bee, restored to him: this eager, loving, ardent girl to whose flowery upstairs room he had returned so many times, during the snows and winds of last winter, to find peace and comfort and companionship after the day.



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An American recently lost his wife in Paris in a railway station crowd. Most Americans who visit Paris don't wait that long.

The man who makes his own spotlight has to stand in it.

The next offender on the list will be the chap who borrows your parachute and forgets to return it.

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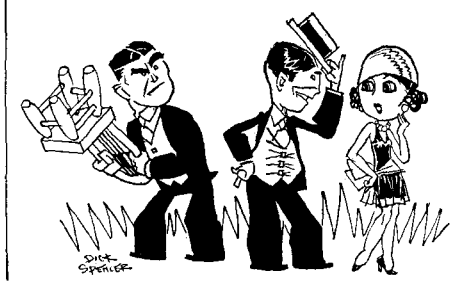

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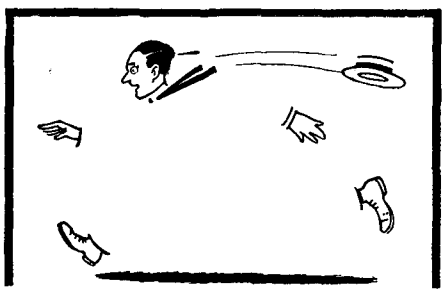

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She had a fire tonight; there was no other light in the room, and the autumn dusk had closed in early, in heavy, steady rain. They could barely see each other's faces now; the sweetness of violets crept out into the air—infinitely poignant, infinitely reminiscent of those other hours he had spent here so many months ago.

"Hugh," she said suddenly.

"Bee?"

"THERE'S something," Beatrice began quickly and resolutely — "there's something I have to say to you; something I have to explain. And I don't know whether to tell you now," she went on, straightening herself up a little on her pillows, to bring her face closer to his—"I don't know whether to tell you now —to ask you now to—to forgive me, Hugh—"

She was getting frightened again. She held tightly to his hands.

"I don't think there's anything you have to explain to me," Hugh said, reassuringly, quietly, in a falling world. "You mustn't worry so much, dear. There's nothing—you know that—nothing that I wouldn't forgive you. You're just like a little girl with her big brother, to me, Bee. You don't have to be afraid of me."

"I'm such a fool!" she whispered penitently, the tears starting again. "And you're—you're so wonderful to me, Hugh!"

"I want to be."

Beatrice wiped her eyes with the wet ball into which she had rolled her handkerchief, and rushed quickly on, as if she feared that with hesitation her resolution might fail her.

"I did something terribly silly a month ago, Hugh," she began again, not looking at him, her voice very low. "And it's worried me—worried me horribly ever since. I didn't do it deliberately—I was sort of carried away by—by feelings that I didn't know myself that I could feel—and I—I had no one to consult, and—in a crazy moment—"

"Well—" he said slowly, as she paused. The hand that held hers was still warm and steady. But his world was still rocking about him.

"There's something—there's something I want tremendously to happen before I can tell you, Hugh!" Beatrice said, her lips trembling. "And yet—I know you're worried, I know you see that I am—am not like myself—and it kills me to wait—not to tell—

"I don't know why I shouldn't tell you what I'm waiting for!" she presently burst out, as Hugh, his face invisible in the gloom of the winter afternoon, was silent. "I want—*terribly*—to have Bert get settled, to have you see what—what he's really got in him, Hugh, how really clever he is! And if —if he proves that to you—if you feel that he has really found his work, then —then I shan't mind so much your knowing just how—just how silly—" She stopped short.

"I think I do know something of what you've been going through," Hugh said, in a voice that did not sound to him like his own.

"You know everything!" she conceded, with a little shamed and penitent laugh. "Hugh," she added quickly, looking up, "I have nothing really on my mind, you know—nothing wrong!" she said, with her own characteristic childish widening of eyes and shaking of head.

"As if I didn't know that!"

"But in some moods," Beatrice said, "it does seem wrong—it *does* seem wrong!"

"I don't think anything is ever wrong," Hugh offered steadily, "if it makes things clearer. It seems to me half measures—being afraid to tell the truth—is what's really wrong. You've given me a year of Heaven, Bee—no man in the world could ask more than that! And now, if something's changed—"

SHE lay there silent, answering him only by a sudden closer pressure of her fingers on his. He knew she was not listening, and fell silent.

"Only promise me you'll never be cross with me, Hugh," she whispered. "I couldn't—I couldn't bear it!"

"How would you like," he said, in another silence—"how would you like to go out to California for a while, just by yourself? How'd you like to see your mother and Marcia again, and think things over—"

"But now, Hugh, now"—she began eagerly, in a puzzled voice, "since your plans didn't go in for the Kreutzmann, we aren't going to California at all!"

"No, I'm not. But it seems to me that it would do you a world of good."

"What—alone?" Beatrice asked alarmedly.

"Well, alone only on the trip. You'd have company when you got there. And then you could make up your mind—think things over, and write me—"

He could see the glint of her eyes, trying to see his in the dark.

"Think what over?" she asked surprised. "Make up my mind about *what?*"

(*To be continued next week*)

Silence Isn't Golden

Continued from page 13

scene is shot, the camera on the camera car getting the action, while the mike, sometimes standing on the running board, sometimes right inside the car, and at other times held aloft by Pete, sitting ridiculously astride the hood, gets the dialogue. You may easily imagine the excitement at the studio next morning when the executives gather in the projection-room to hear and see the rushes and learn that the experiment has been a huge success.

Now for the interior shots out at the Fox Hills studio. We go there because it is much quieter than in the turmoil of the Hollywood plant.

Kidding the Speakies

AS THE overhead expense on a single production is often $4,000 or $5,000 a day, and as there are sometimes five or six companies working at once, it can be seen that long interruptions are likely to cost the company plenty of money. The only relief will come with soundproof studios—and they are furiously under construction all over Hollywood.

Within the temporarily inclosed stage everything is set as in an ordinary picture, and then after the action and dialogue have been gone over several times, the siren blows and in the strange calm that follows a silent rehearsal is held.

"I hear a hissing lamp!" calls the mikerobe from his little booth. "Somebody's creaking a floor board! And, say, you juicers, lay off handling those wires. I can hear 'em flap."

Finally all interior noises are stilled and as the lot has obeyed the siren the scene is started in utter silence. No sooner, however, has Emma spoken her first lines than a cry of "Cut!" comes from the mikerobe. "I hear a distant street car!" he calls. Again the action starts, then again the cry of "Cut! Airplane overhead!"

Do you wonder that pictures cost money and that the boobyhatches are said to be full of assistant directors? The problem of light has always made the shooting of pictures an exasperatingly slow business; with the added problem of sound it is going to take twice as long. In fact, so absolutely silent must the stages be that while we are witnessing this pioneering experiment the order goes forth that everybody coming into any Movietone set must henceforth wear gum-soled shoes.

I can easily see that this revelation is going to give the magazine illustrators a great chance to kid the speakies. Heretofore they have pictured "the silent drama" being filmed amid a perfect bedlam of noises, but now the joke is

(*Continued on page 48*)

Before Shaving
HINDS CREAM

The secret
Of a smooth shave
Is a soft beard.
But who will take
Three minutes
To rub in lather?
Men *don't.*
They just rub
Hinds Cream
On their faces
Before lathering up.
And cut their
Shaving time
In half.
Try it.
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Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!

After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving
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(This coupon not good after August, 1929)

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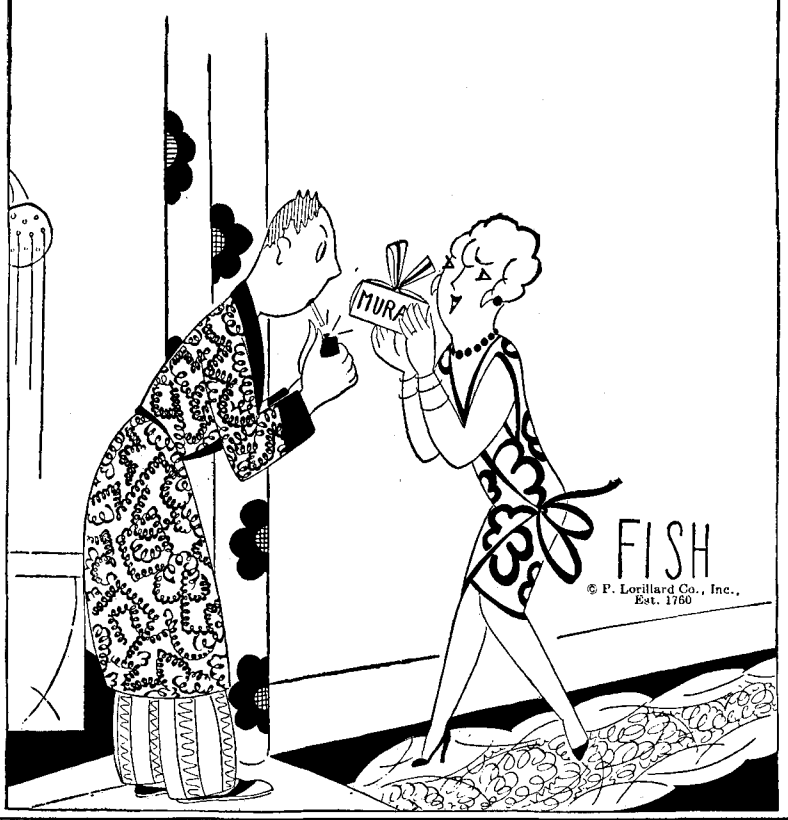
EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you forget that it is your wedding anniversary . . . . *be nonchalant* . . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.



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Silence Isn't Golden

Continued from page 47

reversed, for the noises are being made in the quietude of the grave!

Now for our little neighborhood house, where we can enjoy the thing quietly.

Heretofore Al Swasey, the operator, has received his five or six reels of film in a tin container about the size of a hatbox. But now—if he has installed the phonograph method—a young trunk arrives, containing not only the film but also the huge wax records.

Flickering Love

AL HAS been carefully instructed how to handle and adjust the delicate instruments of sound and picture reproduction, but with all his care there are many dangers ahead that may lead him into trouble. In the first place, he may put the wrong record on the right reel, an absurdity that has already happened many times—once in New York City!

Or he may not start the two devices exactly on the spots indicated, which will, of course, throw picture and sound out of synchronism.

He may scratch the disk, or—heavens!—even break it! Furthermore, he may tear the film and have to patch it, thereby cutting out a few frames. If this has been done by several other operators before it reaches him, the result will be disastrous, for there is no way that he can cut the accompanying sound off the record.

In fact, one of the greatest handicaps in the wax method of reproducing sound is its dependability upon the human factor. There are many Als in our small towns.

But don't think the Movietone method is exempt from Al's blunders and weaknesses. True, it is fool-proof in so far as projection is concerned, but when the film is cut the sound is cut with it. But if Al is anything like a lot of his brothers, he has a decided yen for collecting a few film feet of his favorites and patching them together for private showing. He can run the piece of film over and over again, while he, alone with his sweetie, looks into the depths of mascaraed eyes, as she whispers to him, "I love you! I love you!"

We're learning this new and difficult art amazingly fast, and we'll soon tame Al. It won't be long now until everybody throughout the country will be seeing and hearing great artists that hitherto have been merely phantoms or phonographic records to them; and every audience, even the remotest, will hear pictures accompanied by the greatest symphonic and band music in the world.

But in the meantime have your earmuffs handy!

Bait

Continued from page 25

rolled from his tongue, inaudibly. His gaze shifted up the street to a sign on the marquee in front of the Wellmount Theatre where The Night Club was playing. He put the post card back into his pocket, then strode off up the street.

McCorkle stopped in front of the Wellmount, under the marquee, and studied the photographs of scenes from the play on lobby stands resting against the entrance. Matinée goers brushed past him into the theatre. Just a few straggled in, which confirmed the opinion of the critics that the show was a raw, creepy melodrama and a rank flop. But wise tongues had quietly noised around the fact that there were some incidents in the show that had been borrowed from the Marsdon case. He had heard these whispers.

He walked into the lobby and flashing his shield at the doorkeeper crashed the gate. He went quietly to a seat in the last row and sat in the shadow of a curtained wall dividing auditorium from foyer. He surveyed the audience. The house was less than half-filled. Suddenly he caught the profile of a face six rows in front of him. It was a mug he had seen more than once in the overnight line-up at Police Headquarters.

It was after the second act, during the intermission, that McCorkle spotted Dave Woodman, manager of the show, in the foyer. He ambled over to where Woodman stood.

"That second act sounds like the Marsdon case," he said to the manager.

"Maybe it does, but we ain't saying anything about that publicly," said Woodman.

"You make a mistake not coming out in the open and calling this The Marsdon Case," McCorkle suggested. "There's no big kick in a title like The Night Club. Why don't you take a tip from the tabloid sheets and bill this show as the inside of the Marsdon case?"

Woodman drew the detective into a corner under the balcony stairway.

"Don't you know," whispered Woodman, "that rum dough is backing this show? A couple of rich bootleggers are the angels. Now you don't suppose they're going to hurt the feelings of their best customers, the night clubs, by openly tacking this murder onto the clubs?"

"But you gonna go on starving to death on thin audiences like you got here this afternoon?" said McCorkle. "Rum money bags are like others—they got bottoms. You can't stand this gaff for long."

Woodman couldn't see any merit in the detective's suggestion, but McCorkle was insistent.

"What's more," said McCorkle, "if you'll take a tip, switch this title and call it The Marsdon Case: maybe the comish'll fix it up so you can come out flat and advertise it as being built around facts from the real case furnished by the Police Department. Now I ask you wouldn't that help your business?"

Woodman's face lighted up. "Well, now, that listens better," he replied. "Do you think the commissioner would stand for a racket like that?"

"Sure," said McCorkle eagerly, "and, what's more, what's to prevent me from planting myself here near the door during performances? Lot's of people know me. Of course you couldn't advertise that but it would give the joint a touch of real color. What?"

WOODMAN'S attitude had changed. "You're talking turkey now," he said. "Maybe I can swing the angels around to seeing something in it."

"Sell 'em the idea," McCorkle concluded, "and maybe, if we work together, we can make a wow out of this flop."

Woodman darted out the door, bent for the headquarters of the angels. McCorkle returned to his seat.

The Night Club died on the following Saturday night, and The Marsdon Case blossomed in its stead. The rum-running angels, on Woodman's say-so, took McCorkle's tip. An incandescent streamer across the front of the marquee announced "An Official Police Version of the Latest Murder Mystery." The press agent put across a new line of publicity telling how the police had added bits of authentic realism to the piece. Nothing was said about Dandy Phil's hand in the revision, but he had helped rebuild the second act, the scene where Dorothy Marsdon was strangled. Much was made of this change in the newspapers, though the contributor of this authentic bit remained anonymous. The commissioner stood for it, willingly, gladly, after a talk with McCorkle.

The show was closed two days for

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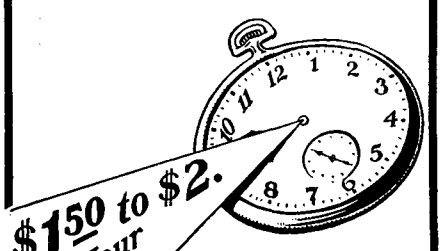

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repairs, and when it reopened on Saturday night Dandy Phil stood at the door back of the ticket taker, where his eyes could catch every face that entered. Then suddenly, as a lone stub was dropped into the ticket box, he stepped back a few paces and stood close to the wall.

He remained there for a minute, and then, as the curtain arose on the first act, he eased himself into a seat in the last row, an unsalable seat behind a pillar. The pillar cast a shadow across McCorkle's features, and in order to see the stage he had to tilt his head to the right. It almost touched the head of the man sitting next to him.

During the strangling scene, in the middle of the second act, McCorkle leaned far over to the right. His chin touched the shoulder of the man; just brushed it. The man sat erect, startled, and his eyes shifted from the stage to McCorkle. Their eyes met. McCorkle spoke. His breath touched the man's ear.

"Choking a woman to death in less than a minute—that's the bunk," McCorkle grumbled protestingly.

The detective's manner and his complaining tone invited a reply. But the man looked again at the stage, and sat silent. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He drew out a handkerchief, brushed it across his forehead, then down his nose. Dandy Phil's eyes caught smudges of dark pink, daubs of powder, on the folds of the handkerchief. He studied the man's face.

Dandy Phil saw a red mark, partially obscured under grease paint and powder, running down the ridge of the man's nose like a furrow with tiny thornlike marks projecting from the edges!

"You'd 'a' thought," McCorkle explained to the newspaper reporters, in telling of his capture of the Slit-Nosed Strangler, "that he would've stayed away from a show he'd already seen, but, as a con man would say, the wiser they are the harder they fall."

And the seat in the Wellmount, just to the right of the pillar in the last row, brings something like $10, plus war tax. There are plenty who would willingly pay more to sit in it and see The Marsdon Case—biggest wow in town.

IN THIS ISSUE

THE SEVEN POLICEMEN
By Arnold Bennett.
A romantic comedy by a great master of fiction . . . Page 5

BEHIND THE SCARECROW
By Owen P. White.
An arresting article revealing the inside politics of the farmer row . . . . . Page 8

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES
By Grantland Rice.
Champions have their moments of weakness and victory slips by. Page 10

HOOKED RUGS. *By George F. Worts.*
A short short story . . . . . Page 11

SILENCE ISN'T GOLDEN ANY MORE. *By Rob Wagner.*
Rob Wagner catches the dumb actors in their merry act of learning to talk . . . . . Page 12

SEA GULLIBLES. *By H. C. Witwer.*
Reel seven of Bigger and Better. Our own H. C. Witwer at his best . . . . . Page 14

KEEPERS OF THE WILD. *By Frank J. Taylor.*
Forest rangers who do everything from vaccinating buffaloes to cooking for kings . . . Page 16

HEAT. *By Elsie Singmaster.*
A great short story by a famous author . . . Page 18

GIANT KILLER. *By Elmer Davis.*
Elmer Davis' brilliant story of an immortal hero. Page 20

THE MAKE-BELIEVE WIFE. *By Kathleen Norris.*
Kathleen Norris' latest and most interesting novel. Page 22

DRIVE IN. *Short turns both left and right . . . Page 24*

BAIT. *By Howard McLellan.*
A short detective story . . . . . Page 25

THE PURSUIT OF POISE
By Elizabeth MacDonald Osborne.
How to achieve woman's most beguiling charm. Page 26

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? *By Milton C. Work . . Page 28*

THE NEW POWER. *By The Gentleman at the Keyhole. Page 30*

COLD WATER CURE FOR DESERTS
By Edwin E. Slosson . . . . . Page 32

LOUDER AND FUNNIER. *By Jack Binns . . . . Page 34*

NAMEOGRAPHS . . . . . Page 38

JINGLES . . . . . Page 40

TOM MASSON SAYS . . . . . Page 46

EDITORIALS . . . . . Page 50

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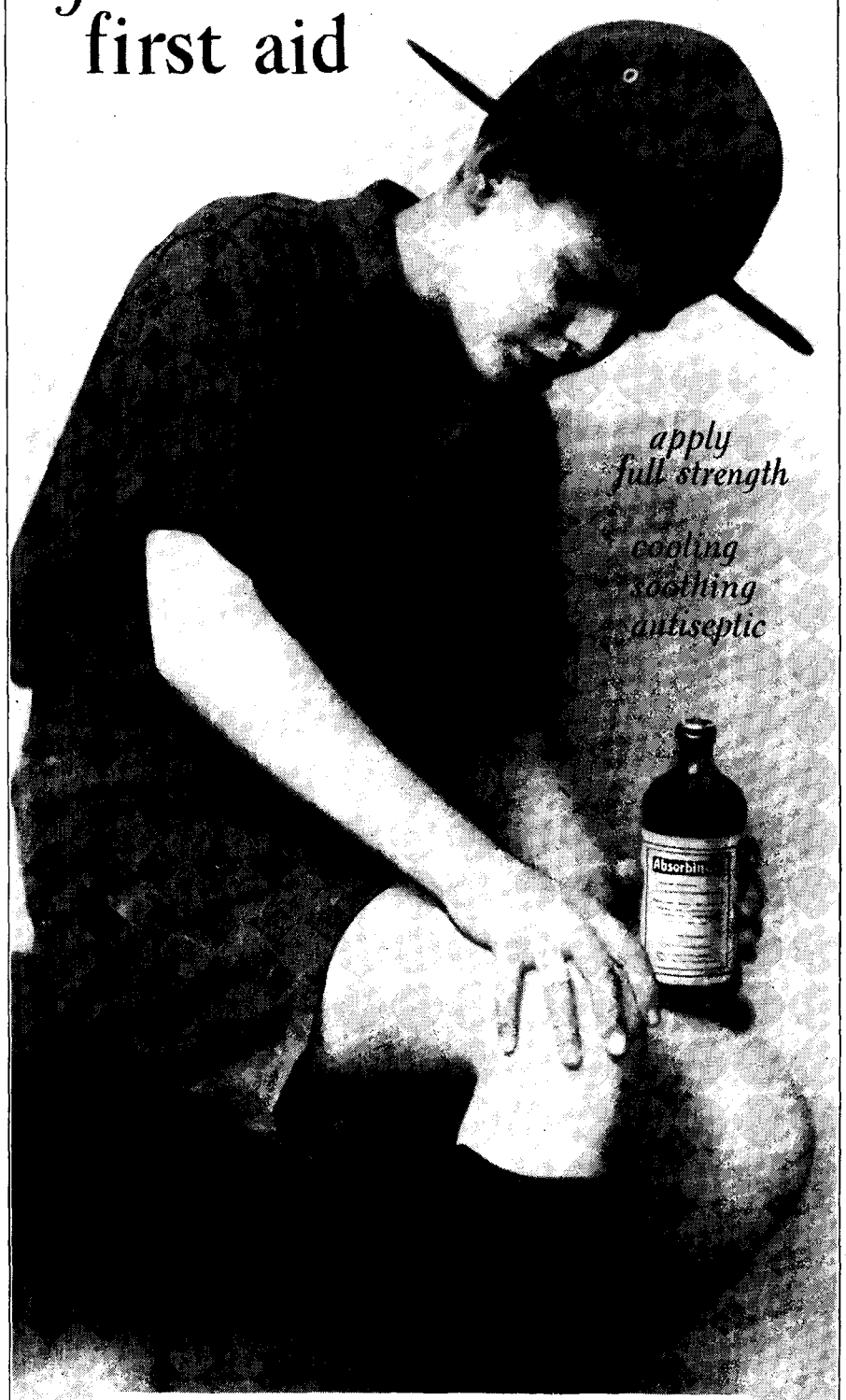

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, Editorial Director
William L. Chenery, Editor
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Indispensable

IF YOU had to pick out the one most important tool in our modern life, what would you choose?

The electric motor, and its twin, the dynamo, might make a good guess. You would have a hard time living your life without these servants.

Yet just ninety-seven years ago when Joseph Henry of Albany, New York, put together his first electric engine, he said it had "not much importance."

It was very simple, but it harnessed an unknown force and that new force has made our modern world different from everything which went before.

In your home the light you use, the telephone over which you talk, your vacuum cleaner, your washing machine, every electrical convenience you possess is made possible by the growth of that one "philosophical toy."

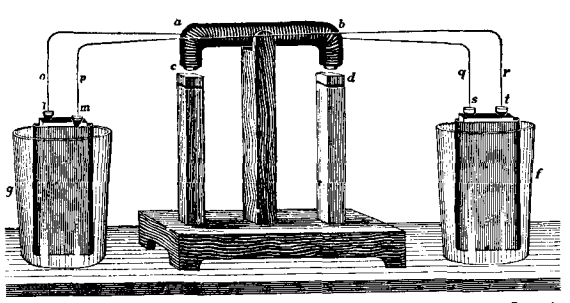
Your automobile moves only because generators can provide current to explode gasoline. Your radio carries sound from remote places through energy developed by dynamos.

The elevator you use to go to your office or to shop, the airplane which carries letters for you, the factory in which you work or which supplies the necessities and comforts so much a part of your routine, all exist because someone perfected the electric engine.

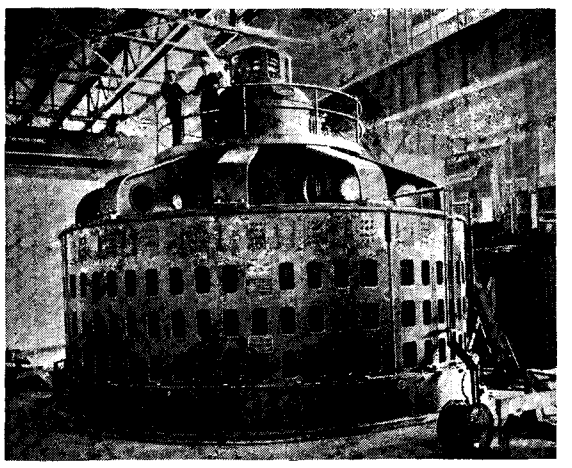
Without motors our civilization would undergo changes far more drastic and devastating than anything the most fanatical band of revolutionaries could devise.

Our homes, our means of transportation, our work, our pleasures, all depend on revolving magnets which we seldom see or consider.

Without electrical energy we would abandon such things as motion pictures. Skyscrapers would be deserted. Manufacturing industries would be blighted and the earth would be able to support only a fraction of the present population.



Henry's electric engine: your boy can make it



The greatest hydroelectric plant in the world, in Canada at Niagara Falls

Yet for thousands of years before Joseph Henry made his toy, the raw materials were at hand ready for the inventor. Given the men and the scientific habit of thought, motors could have been produced when David was still a shepherd boy or Julius Cæsar was studying oratory in a Grecian school. Our world was created in men's minds.

Joseph Henry with the primitive motor, Morse with the telegraph, Bell with the telephone, Marconi with radio, Daimler and the host who developed the automobile, the Wrights with the airplane, were the very practical men whose work affected everybody.

Scientific thought is the greatest driving force. Soldiers and politicians seem important when their stars are high, but actually the men who leave their mark upon the world are those who contribute and apply new ideas.

The Crook's Life

ONE of Chicago's gang leaders, killed by rivals a while back, pursued so-called easy money the greater part of his life.

Small business concerns were blackmailed into paying him for protection from bombings by his henchmen. He "muscled in" on bootlegging ventures. Dirty money came to him in a huge stream.

But living outside the law increases one's perils. The gang chieftain had to distribute a fortune to get a transient personal security that finally failed. His estate amounted to a bare $1,100.

People needn't grow cynical about copybook maxims as to the rewards of integrity.

Tilden

"BILL" TILDEN was rudely put off the Davis Cup Team because he wrote newspaper articles about tennis. Only the plea of an ambassador restored him to competition.

It is absurd to hold that writing about sport makes a man or a woman a professional.

As a reporter, Tilden capitalized his knowledge of the game and not his skill as a player. Knowledge of the game can be acquired either as a player or as an observer.

Grantland Rice is a great sports writer and a good amateur golf player. He could become a professional golfer only by selling his skill as a player.

Of course, the reputation a great player earns helps to sell his writings. In any occupation, fame is an asset.

If Tilden or Paddock were lawyers, or surgeons, or bond salesmen, their earnings would be fattened by the advertising they have had as champions.

The logical effect of the narrow rule applied so arrogantly to Tilden is to restrict amateur sport to those supported by long purses of their parents. This may seem desirable to the coterie making the rules, but it would quickly alienate that popular support which is essential to healthy sport.

Trader United States

YOUR radio set—tune in on this inventory from the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce next time you hear an isolationist begging you to vote the country out of all foreign relationships and into complete self-dependence.

The manganese steel is from ore dragged out of the interior of Brazil or from a mountain mine in southern Russia.

As likely as not the insulation on the wiring is a mixture of Japanese silk and Egyptian cotton.

It's a safe bet that the tin came either from Bolivia or from the Federated Malay States.

You've had reason to know several times since the war that none of the rubber came from the United States.

The tungsten first ventured into the outer world on the back of a coolie glad to make his living toting it over dangerous trails in south China.

The ancient Hindoos discovered a way to make shellac from a resinous substance left on trees by tiny bugs, and all the skill of modern chemistry still pays tribute to them and the bugs. You paid them about a nickel when you bought the set, and probably the nickel came from Canada.

The most American thing about the radio is the fact that it was put together and sold by the people with enough good sense to trade where the trading is good.

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Troop dismissed—it's Eskimo Pie time!

Down go their hats . . . up goes a cheer . . . they've heard the signal. Eskimo Pie!

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At picnics, parties, amusement parks, luncheons, bazaars—you'll find Eskimo Pie taking first place among refreshments. Women are serving it as a delightful surprise dessert.

And best of all, this popular ice cream confection is as good for health as it is good to eat. Contains valuable health-building, energizing elements. Men say it's the perfect three-o'clock "bracer."

Start today to make Eskimo Pie an everyday custom. Ask for it at your nearest drug store or confectioner's.

WARNING

All good things are imitated. The Genuine is always the best. Refuse a substitute when you ask for Eskimo Pie. Unless the wrapper bears this name and trademark, it is not Eskimo Pie.

An enticing bar of firm, delicious ice cream, enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate, protected by a gleaming, sanitary foil wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie*.
Obtainable throughout the United States, Canada, and in many foreign countries.

Over three hundred million sold yearly

NOTE TO RETAIL DEALERS: *If your ice cream manufacturer is unable to supply you with Eskimo Pie advise us immediately.*

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION

ICE CREAM for health

ESKIMO PIE MANUFACTURERS: *Our retail selling plans and point-of-purchase advertising are ready for you. Write us for full information.*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Copyrighted 1928 by Eskimo Pie Corp.

BUY THEM BY THE BOX—SERVE THEM ON ALL OCCASIONS

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Replace your old radio!

Seven and a half million sets now obsolete

1928 Features

Few radios AT ANY PRICE combine ALL these features which are essential to today's radio reception.

The Crosley Radio Corporation
NEUTRODYNE
AMPLIFICATION
Neutrodyne 10×10×10=1,000
Other systems 5×5×5=125

Crosley Radios tune efficiently

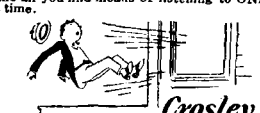
Crosley Neutrodyne circuit is sharp, sensitive and selective. Distant stations are easily found. Local stations tune without squealing.

Crosley Radios are shielded

Each element shielded from each other provides maximum selectivity and *is featured* in the most expensive sets.

Crosley Radios are very selective

In crowded districts where many local stations fill the air you find means of listening to ONE at a time.



Crosley Radios have great volume

Volume may be increased to tremendous proportions without distortion.

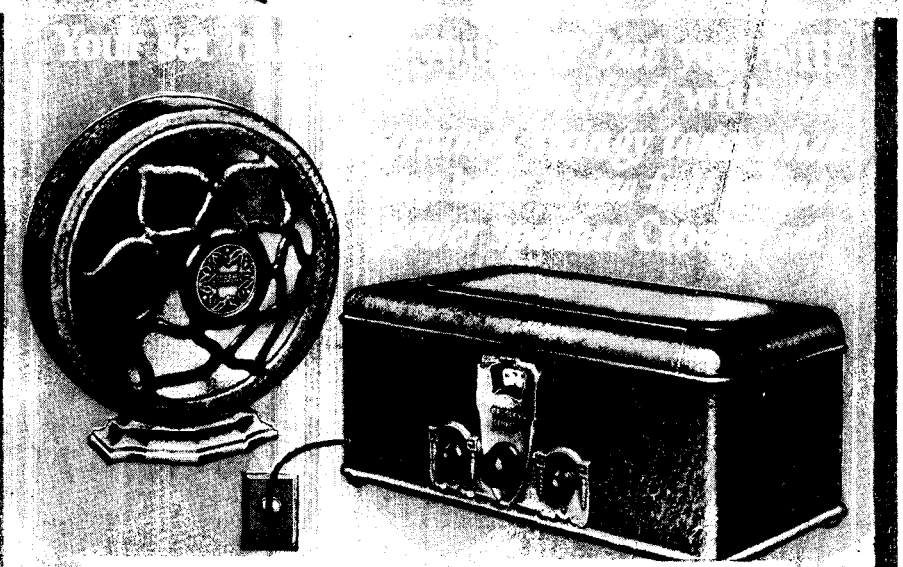
Crosley Radios can be softened to a whisper

A positive volume control enables operator to cut any program down to faint and scarcely audible reception.

Crosley Radios fit any kind of furniture

Outside cases are easily removable and chassis are quickly fitted into any type or shape console cabinet.

Crosley Radios have illuminated dials



$25 New Dynamic DYNACONE *Amazing Speaker*

6 tube GEMBOX AC ELECTRIC $65

FIVE DAYS FREE TRIAL IN YOUR OWN HOME

Crosley originated the idea of a national policy of home demonstration. Home is the place to buy a radio set. Compare a Crosley radio set with any other that you are contemplating buying and you will choose the Crosley. If you have electric current in your home, your set should be a modern, AC electric receiver. A converted battery set is out of date. If you pay more than $65.00 for a radio set, it should have two 171 output tubes, push-pull instead of one, eight tubes instead of seven. To be up-to-date, your new radio set should be designed to take and supply the current for a power or dynamic type of speaker. Crosley sets are so designed. Other sets designed for power speaker use are much more costly. You should demand the tone quality and the performance resulting from high power putput coupled with dynamic speaker. Your set should be completely shielded and incorporate the highly sensitive, genuine, neutrodyne circuit. It should have a modern illuminated dial. An examination of Crosley radio sets will show you many other modern exclusive features.

$25.00 NEW DYNAMIC DYNACONE AMAZING SPEAKER!

The Dynacone is a new revolutionary speaker at a price less than many good magnetic speakers. The first minute you hear this new reproducer, it will thrill you to a new conception of what radio broadcast reception should be. Crosley manufacturing speed and straight line methods permit the extremely low price.

WHY PAY MORE THAN CROSLEY PRICES?

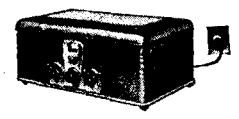
We urge you to listen to a Crosley radio set, try it, put it to any test you can think of. No sets that approximate Crosley prices can compare in performance. Why pay a high price for a set that can compare favorably with Crosley?

SIX TUBE GEMBOX AC ELECTRIC, $65.00

Self-contained AC electric receiver. It utilizes two radio, detector, two audio and a rectifier tube—171 power output tube. Designed for use with the new Crosley Dynamic power speaker. Operates from 110 volts 60 cycle AC house lighting current.

Crosley prices do not include tubes

1928's greatest radio

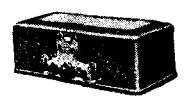


8 tube SHOWBOX $80

Genuine Neutrodyne, 3 stages radio amplification, detector, 3 stages audio (last two being 171 push-pull power tubes) and 280 rectifier tube.

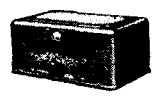
8 tube JEWELBOX $95

Genuine Neutrodyne, 3 stages radio amplification—227 detector tube, 3 stages audio frequency, and 280 rectifier. Shielded coils, modern illuminated dial and highly selective.



6 tube BANDBOX $55

An improved model of the 1927 receiver that led the world to better radio. Genuine Neutrodyne—every modern fitting and refinement including illuminated dial. The set you can safely buy where AC current is not available—selective, sensitive.



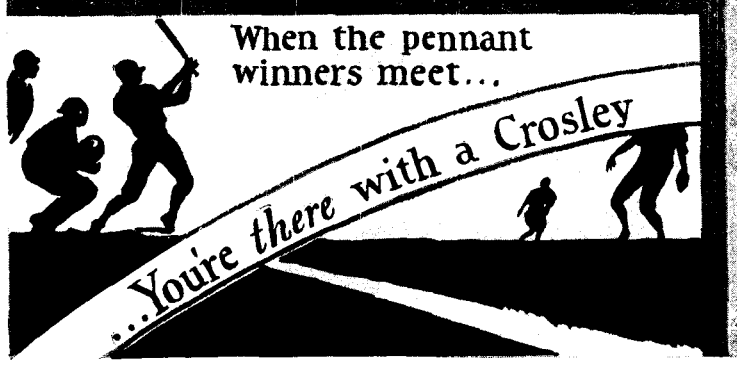
5 tube BANDBOX Jr. $35

Operates entirely from dry cells and is especially designed where no electric current is available for AC radio or recharging storage batteries.

Improved MUSICONE $15

The outstanding Magnetic type speaker available, still maintaining its leadership, today, as from its inception in 1925.

CROSLEY



The Crosley Radio Corporation

Powel Crosley, Jr., *Pres.*

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West, prices slightly higher.

*Your name*_____

*Address*_____

5 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON

MAIL THIS COUPON TO THE FACTORY. NEAREST DEALER WILL BRING YOU RECEIVER CHECKED

PLEASE LET ME TRY RECEIVER AND PROPER SPEAKER, I HAVE CHECKED, IN MY OWN HOME WITHOUT OBLIGATION FOR 5 DAYS

JEWELBOX ☐ SHOWBOX ☐

GEMBOX ☐ BANDBOX ☐ BANDBOX JR. ☐

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